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SONGS OF THE
ROCKIES

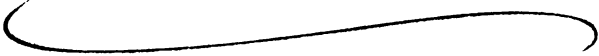


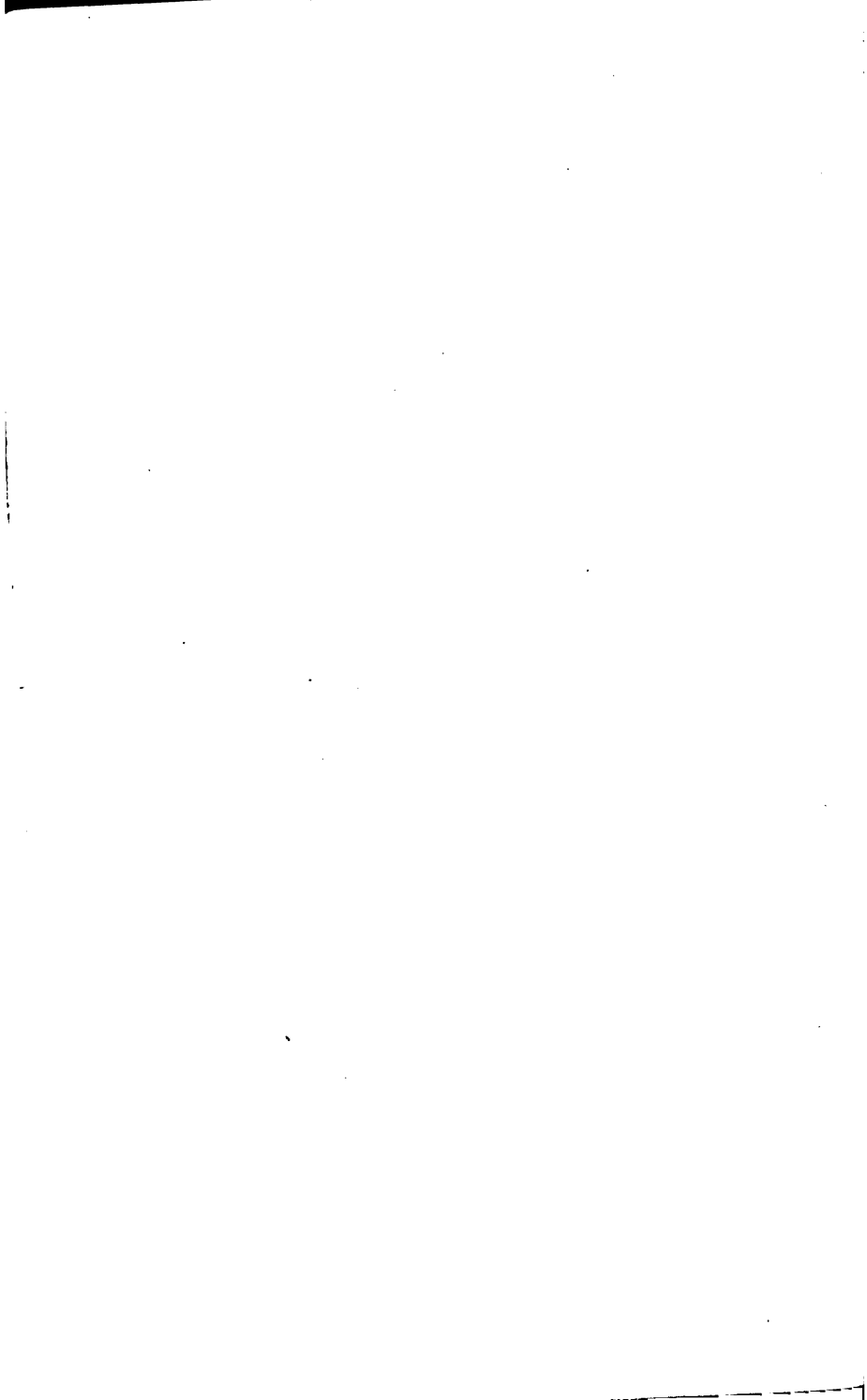
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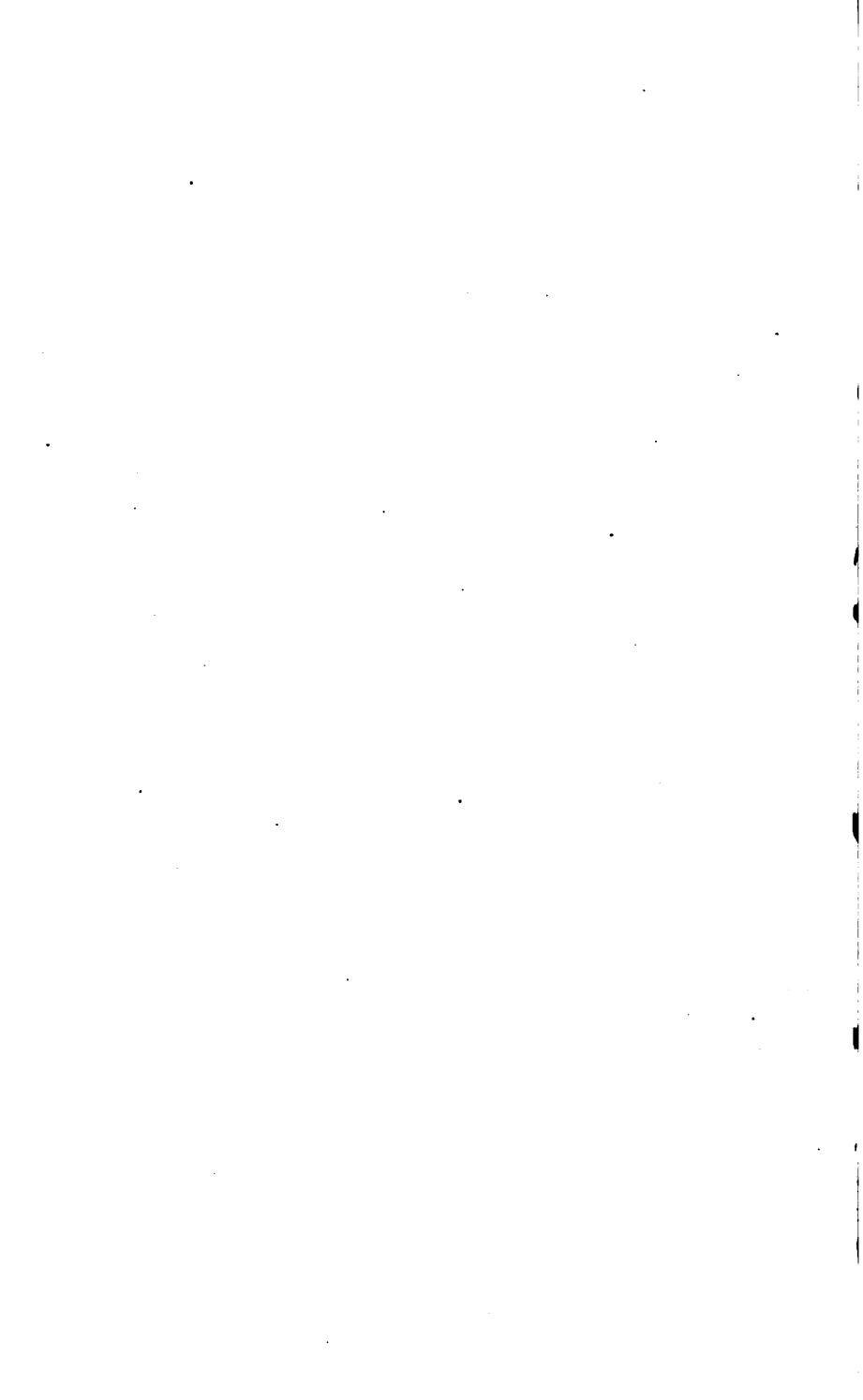


Charles Edurn Hewes













SONGS OF THE ROCKIES

SONGS OF THE ROCKIES

"Poetry is the radium of literature."

Henry Nelson Palmer.

· SONGS ·
OF
THE
ROCKIES



BY
CHARLES
EDWIN
· HEWES ·

DRAWINGS BY DEAN BABCOCK

THE EGERTON-PALMER PRESS
HEWES-KIRKWOOD
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK
COLORADO

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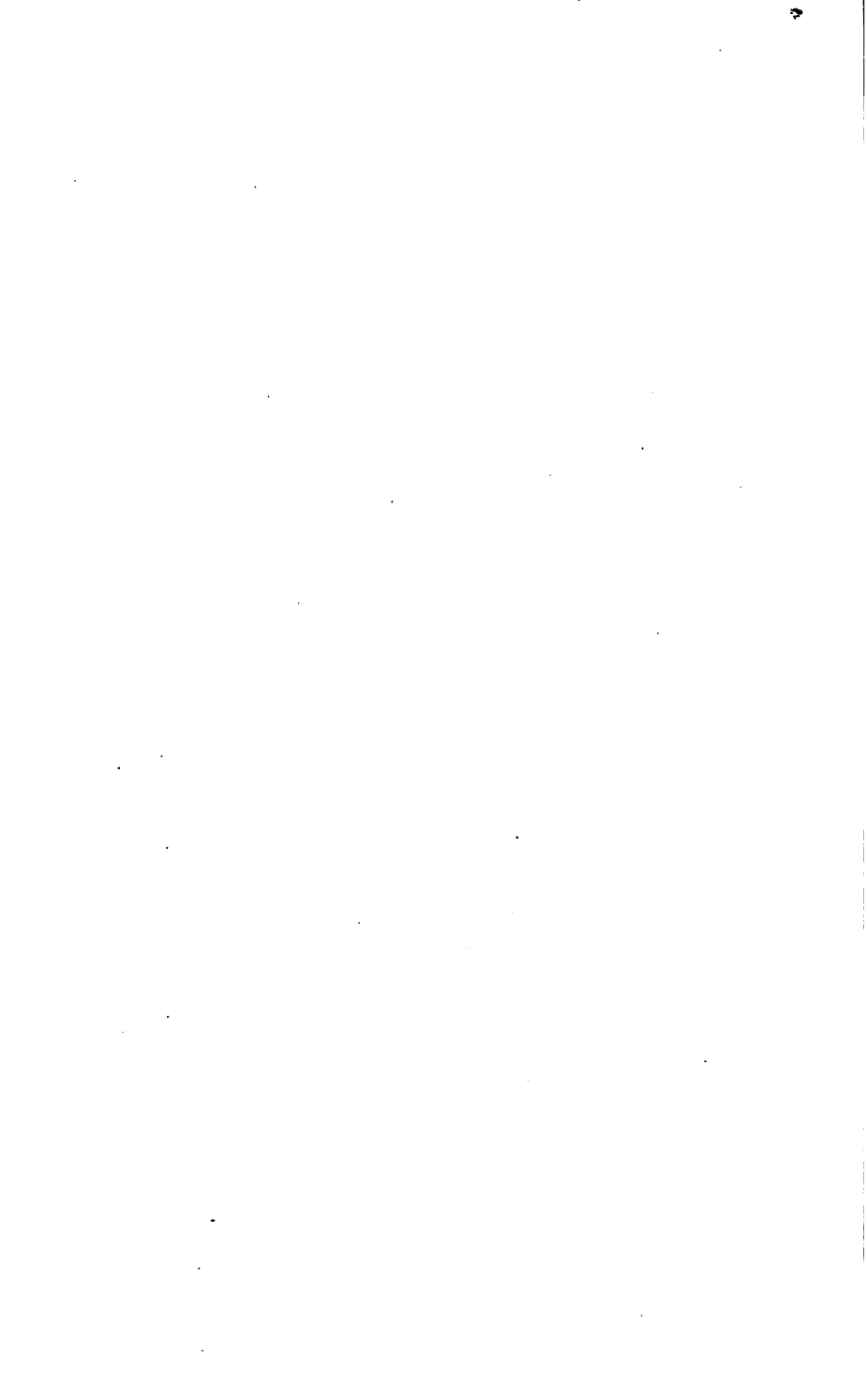


There is but *one*
In all this world
Who hath my soul
Most tender stirred;
And these wild songs,
Writ the peaks among,
I, as flowers
Proff'ed by a lover,
Place at the feet
Of that One, my Mother;
And next to her,
My dear beloved Brother.

C. E. H.

April 11, 1914.

Elkanah Valley
Rocky Mountain National Park
Colorado.



THE Longs Peak *oberland*, and the region closely associated with it, includes both slopes of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, from the Arapahoes on the south to Flat Top on the north, including the connecting Mummy and Medicine Bow ranges and the Continental Divide to the Rabbit Ears.

Seen from Estes Park and the Great Plains on the east, and from the floors and west rims of Middle and North Parks, the great mountain appears as a huge central mass supported by vast ranges on the north and south. In reality, the peak is on a short spur range a mile east of the Continental Divide, but this separating distance is so slight as to be imperceptible when the range is viewed *en masse*.

Two of the four large interstate rivers rising in Colorado, the Platte and the Colorado, find their sources in this region; the former, not only receives an immense flood from the tributary Boulder, St. Vrain, Thompson and Poudre streams, but is also greatly augmented by the splendid flow of the North Platte, streaming northward into Wyoming.

The three great parks—Middle, North and Estes, all head in the close vicinity of the lofty summit of the American Matterhorn—Longs Peak.

NOTE: On January 26, 1915, nearly a year after the publication of the first edition of this work, most of the Long's Peak *oberland* was incorporated, by Act of Congress into the Rocky Mountain National Park.





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1915-1921

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK COLORADO

SPREAD a magnificent wilderness of mountain crags forever lifted unto the bright eyes of the beaming stars; of foaming waters issuing from glistening fields of snow and ice, and gathered and pooled in lakes reflecting peak and spire in skies of melting azure; of streams forever clasped in the arms of the brooding forest and foam-flecked gorge; place mountain meadows sweet and odorous with the scent of lilies, of roses, of orchids rare and delicate; clothe broad alpine slopes with soft green coats of fragrant balsam, pine, fir, and aspen, and populate them with bighorn, deer, elk, bear, beaver, cougar, wolf, and the other quadruped multitudes of the *oberland*; fill the streams with the play and flash of silvery-finned companies; in the dizzy reaches of the uplifted skies place the American eagle enthroned among the clouds; and in the low recesses of valley, of cañon, glade and wood, place wing and voice of the ecstatic lark and thrush and other innumerable and melodious warblers of sylvan song, and with them the diaphanous winged myriads of an insect world of brilliant moth and butterfly, and where the wild bee hoards honeyed treasures supped from blooms of ravishing beauty; then in the heart of this teeming wonderland, piercing the very bosom of the empyrean, stand one great peak—a glorious shaft of gleaming granite—so noble, so vast in its overwhelming beetling solitude of grandeur that the spectacle stills the very heart with infinite awe; then over all, from the great peak's lofty brow down to the depths of the shining stream-paved bed of the deepest cañon, dash the golden beams of a Colorado sunrise summoning the mountain world to the shrine of a perfect day—this is Longs Peak in the midst of the Rocky Mountain National Park; this is the crest of the American continent, the heart of the Rocky Mountains; here is the beauty, the inspiration, the romance, of Denver's Great-White-Way—her two hundred miles of peerless mountains—the Snowy Range!

I'M GOING BACK TO THE HILLS, OLD WORLD

I'M going back to the Hills, old World,
Back to the Promised Land.
I'm going back to the Wilderness
Where the snowy Mountains stand.

Old World, you have left your marks on me;
For bread you've given me stone.
With joy I'm off for the Hills, old World;
I'm leaving you all alone.

Alone with your sins, your wiles, your ways;
Alone with your sold, slave days;
With your Game of busy Business
Which craven Man so foolish plays—
I'm going back to the Hills, old World,
To the Hills where Nature stays.

Old World, I'll accept your Challenge cold—
I'll dwell in the Hills of Stone.
Proud Mammon, I've got my pack on my back,
I'm leaving you all alone.

Alone with your gold by the Money Throne;
Alone with your measly bone;
To wrangle and gnaw the living Flesh
In the lust of your Very Own—
I'm going back to the Hills, old World,
With pray'r, that you'll some day atone.

I'm going back to the Hills, old World,
Back to the Promised Land.
I'm going back to the Wilderness
Where the snowy Mountains stand.

The cañons are the natural gateways to the *oberland* and the streams which flow thru them usually afford the engineer and the road maker a natural grade to their sources, the foot of the loftiest peaks of the Snowy Range. The cañons of the Cache La Poudre, Big Thompson, St. Vrain, and Boulder streams in the Colorado National Forest on the east slope, and the various branches of the Grand-Colorado river in the Arapahoe National Forest on the west slope, of the Continental Divide, are the natural entrances to the Rocky Mountain National Park.

THE GATES OF THE CAÑON

THE Gates of the Cañon welcome you—
They're the oldest gates in the world;
They were ancient with hoary verdure
When Greece and Rome their banners unfurled.

The Gates of the Cañon welcome you—
Their portals ope' in glory grand;
Ledge on ledge, pier on pier, height on height,
They were reared by Nature's hand.

The Gates of the Cañon welcome you
To the haunts and homes of the gods;
To mountains and peaks in distant view;
To dizzy crags where man never plods.

The Gates of the Cañon welcome you
To forests, meadows, and flowers;
To the charms of the stream beside you
With its miles of watery bowers.

The Gates of the Cañon welcome you
To bright clouds, to mists, and the storm;
To the rainbow's arch, the wind god's spew,
To the gulf where the tempest takes form.

The Gates of the Cañon welcome you
To clear lakes, to fountains, and snows;
To temples of light and rosy hue;
To spires where the sunrise first glows.

The Gates of the Cañon welcome you
To lift your soul to heavenly skies;
For Nature to love you and lead you
Where the songs of Creation rise.

FOOTPRINTS OF HIS GLORY

Holy—Holy!
The mountain side is decked in floral beauty!
Softly—Softly—
Let us kneel down, it is our sacred duty;
For the Lord, Himself, hath passed this way—
Flowers are footprints of His glory.

WE GO SINGING TO THE MOUNTAINS

WE have waited for the summer;
We have waited for the flowers;
We are going to the mountains
To spend the bright glad hours.
Our thoughts are fleet and merry—
The road is wide and broad—
The hills are sweet with promise
And we glorify our God.

We go singing to the mountains,
With the gladness of the plains.
We go singing to the mountains
Where the joy of summer reigns.
Our hearts are light and joyful—
Hours pass like happy dreams—
We go singing to the mountains
Beside the crystal streams.

The fields are green and smiling;
The woods are deep and cool;
The brooks are clear and sparkling
And the skies of sunshine rule.
The birds are singing blithely;
The meadows are in bloom;
The bee is in the clover—
Gay we'll greet our mountain home.

We go singing to the mountains,
With the gladness of the plains.
We go singing to the mountains
Where the joy of summer reigns.
Our hearts are light and joyful—
Hours pass like happy dreams—
We go singing to the mountains
Beside the crystal streams.

SPRITE OF THE FALL

A CHARMING sprite lives 'neath the waterfall;
The Ouzel, flitting elf, voice musical;
Swift winging down the stream 'mid misty spray,
Its body agleam o'er the watery way
Like burst of light under the sun's gold ray,
Flashing wings wet with moisture vapory.
Afoot on the ledge of a mid-stream rock
Amid the flood where the torrent swells shock,
It dips its form where the white ripples swarm—
Where the young trout teem in the still pool's calm;
Then, with cry mingling clear with stream's low song,
Fleet to its cave where its nestlings throng.
On a stone at foot of the waterfall
A moment it pauses to sense the call,
While the stream rolling full o'er the wide ledge,
Pours its clear flood in thin veils o'er the edge.
Thru this the fowl plunges to cave within—
Shrill now cry the young with clamor and din;
Then to silence as with food their mouths brim—
Brood of the ouzel in cavern so dim.
A flash in the sun above the fall's brawl,
Its veil bright shattered with flight beautiful—
Piercing the water like shot thru a wall,
The Ouzel darts forth—wild Sprite of the Fall.



Slide and avalanche ever lurk in the cañon walls of the streams descending from the *oberland*. During the summer, fall, and winter months, the danger is not so great, but during the period of the spring thaws, rocks of every size and description, from mere pebbles to whole ledges of vast bulk and weight, and constantly sprung and loosened by the cleavage of ice and frost, are finally broken from the mountain and precipitated into the depths of the cañons.

Two notable instances of this character have occurred in the past decade. "Sheep's Head," a famous land-mark in the Big Thompson cañon, fell into the State highway and obstructed it for some distance until removed by workmen. In the cañon of the Middle St. Vrain, a huge ledge of granite in the "Big Narrows" slipped into the stream diverting its course, destroyed a bridge and buried the road so deeply that it was necessary to construct an entirely new highway at this point. Both of these slides happened in the dead of night when there was no traffic on the roads and up to the present time no serious accidents to human life or property from this cause have occurred.

THE LURK IN THE CAÑON WALL

ENTER the Cañon Gates with confidence
Tho a thousand tons may fall;
Enter ye in with faith, hope, and love,
Tho there's death in the cañon wall:
The rock that for ages has tottered
Will fall by the Lurk in the wall;
Tho it cleaves a path of ruin wide
It will miss you in its fall.

A ledge that has hung for centuries
For the push of the Lurk in the wall;
Tho it fills the gorge and dams the stream,
Yet its fated for that—that's all.
For Fate is so turned by the Master hand,
When one has faith, and hope, and love;
Tho a thousand tons fall from the heights above
There is nothing to fear at all.



SQUALL O' WOOD

THE noisy Jay with wing of flashing blue—
Painted Huron, whooping the wild woods thru;
Filling the glades with real and false alarms,
Yet beautiful to view, its bright plumed charms.
Doubter—e'en to itself, nor trusts its mind;
Rank skeptic, yet most daring of fowl kind;
Acknowledged bird scout and spy of danger,
Lurking 'mong the trees like forest ranger;
Seeking scalp of each intrusive stranger
Entering its domain; squalling anger—
Fierce, vengeful; yet, withal, sly laughing rogue;
Mere buffoon, brawling, its long accustomed vogue.
Pretended epicure, toying its food,
Yet miser, hoarding, its inherent mood.
Secretive, rearing hidden, its shy brood;
The Bluejay, with crested hood—Squall O' Wood.

BESIDE THE BIG THOMPSON

BESIDE the Big Thompson so bright and so blue,
I met a sweet maid in red calico's hue.
She had dainty dimples in her rosy cheeks fair,
And I fetched her a rosebud to put in her hair.
Singing, flow, away, flow—
Big Thompson so blue,
As I sing you the song
Of my Calico Sue.

All day as we fished in the river so blue,
I ardently sought for the love of Miss Sue.
But she was as game as the trout that we caught,
And for all my day's woo I won only a pout.
Singing, flow, away, flow—
Big Thompson so blue,
As I sing you the song
Of my Calico Sue.

But in the soft evening as we ate our fish,
I captured her heart quite against her stout wish;
And as over the hills when first peeped the full moon,
We were eating together out of the same spoon.
Singing, flow, away, flow—
Big Thompson so blue,
As I sing you the song
Of my Calico Sue.

And now she's my fair bride so sweet and so true;
She is my heart's idol, my Calico Sue.
And whenever we wish our fond love to renew,
We stroll up the Big Thompson so bright and so blue.
Singing, flow, away, flow—
Big Thompson so blue,
As I sing you the song
Of my Calico Sue.

PARK HILL

WHEN, on the border of some rare Region—
Perhaps, a dream, so fair its magic view,
That the senses catch a waft of Beauty
Which ravishes the soul with visions new;
So the majestic summit of Park Hill,
Where Muggins Gulch declines its meadows east;
Where Mountain Jim, his cabin near the spring,
Upon the vista to the west did feast.
Ah! Nugent, scion of a British peer—
Degenerate, perhaps, but not in eye;
Thine English landscape, softly pastoral,
But raised thy taste to mountain's grandeur sky.

Behold—upon the curtains of the West
Such altitudes as England never knew;
Beauty on beauty, beautifully piled—
Successive ranges of stupendous view.
One of World's fairest parks spread at your feet,
Its farthest forests reaching to the snow;
Then terrestrial solitudes of stark rock
Unconscious of the verdured sward below.
'Bove the whole, continent on continent
Piled, of red lightning's fire illumèd cloud—
Great Jove astride the swan-spread, hail-keeled Storm,
His thunders booming thru the cañons loud.

Here, by the Pillars of Exalted Sky,
Dwelt Jim, first bard of Rocky Mountain Park;
Nugent, "the lone trapper," his rude cabin,
On that Mystic Border, a Poet's ark.
What matter, his verses be forgotten
In the swift ebb of careless, fleeting Time;
He wept at the spectacle of Sunrise—
Evening stirred him to melancholy rhyme.
The *gift* he had, wild frenzy of the art;
His soul deep emotioned to Beauty in its prime:
Park Hill, where dwelt the Poet by his shrine—
Trust for Aye, the Bard, to find the scene sublime.

THE ESTES TRAIL

Estes Park, the eastern approach and sublime portico of the Rocky Mountain National Park, is doubtless one of the most naturally beautiful mountain parks in the world. It consists of a deep, symmetrical, meadowy, grassy amphitheatre several miles in length, completely surrounded by lofty mountains verdured with vast forests of handsome conifers, and presenting near and perfect perspectives and vistas of the Snowy Range, the Continental Divide, the Mummy Range, Long's Peak, and the Twin Sisters; with Castle, Deer, Old Man, Prospect, and Sheep and other mountains, all lower but nobly picturesque eminences, together with the great foothills of the Rockies, north, east, and south. It is drained by the Big Thompson river.

It was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians previous to 1850, and was first settled by Joel Estes and family in 1860, taking its name from them. Tradition asserts that Kit Carson and other trappers visited it about 1850. In 1867, Griffith Evans succeeded to the Estes claims. In 1873, the Earl of Dunraven began the acquisition of the lands of the park from the Government for a game preserve and the Evans holdings were purchased by him; later, the Earl's possessions in Estes Park passed into the hands of Stanley & Sanborn; this tract, about 7,000 acres, together with the numerous homesteads and acquisitions of other settlers, has put most of the park into private hands. The eastern boundary of the Rocky Mountain National Park and the western boundary of the Colorado National Forest is one and a half miles west of Estes Park village, the two reservations adjoining at that point.

THERE are trails to the Western Country—
To the lap of the Land Sublime;
Where men in the ardor of living,
Forget the slow measures of Time.
There are ways to Vacation's Doorway—
To high regions of snow-cooled clime;
Where outdoors, in the open, dwelling,
Men renew the youth of their prime.
Yet there's none so fair in the Trav'ler's tale,
Where Nature with grandeur the senses regale,
As the path to the Nation's fairest vale—
Great Park of the Rockies on the Estes Trail.

When this land was young the Indian came
And camped by the shore of the winding stream.
He broke thru the cañons in search of game—
Discovered the land of his hunting dream.
Afar spread the tale of its beautiful fame—
The Arapahoe fought to possess the same;
On many a crest, with war-whoop and scream,
He held the fair land by battle supreme.

Then to this land the first white settler came—
Joel Estes with rifle and oxen team;
The Arapahoe fled in despair from the scene—
His tepee gave way to the log cabin's beam.
The next pioneer was Golden Haired Jim,
Who, with Grif Evans, wrought blood's crimson stain:
Then the Earl of Dunraven claimed the domain,
With his knights and ladies of noble mien.

Thus the Park of the Rockies, from man to man,
Passed, as all Earth does, in the human span:
Aborigine, settler, aristocrat—
Then to the wise laws of the free Democrat,
Which gave to the Nation this beautiful land,
Forever free to Democracy's band;
Great Park of the Rockies it ever shall be,
Preserved for all time in virgin purity.

Here in the heart of the Nation's broad lea;
Here on the Heights that divide the Great Sea,
O'erlooking the Oceans, Cities, and Plains—
Here where the glacier and snow ever reigns;
Here are welcomed all people, rich and poor,
To the Beautiful Land at the Mountain's Door—
The Park of the Rockies, Vacation's throne;
Recreation Land that the People own.

There are trails to the Western Country—
 To the lap of the Land Sublime;
 Where men in the ardor of living,
 Forget the slow measures of Time.
 There are ways to Vacation's Doorway—
 To high regions of snow-cooled clime;
 Where outdoors, in the open, dwelling,
 Men renew the youth of their prime.
 Yet there's none so fair in the Trav'ler's tale,
 Where nature with grandeur the senses regale,
 As the path to the Nation's fairest vale—
 Great Park of the Rockies on the Estes Trail.

The conservation of wild flowers in the Rocky Mountain National Park is strongly insisted on by the Park Service and signs cautioning visitors against needless and promiscuous picking are in evidence in those regions of the park where the wild flowers are particularly tempting to the greedy and thoughtless visitor.

YOU SAY YOU LOVE ME—YET PLUCK ME?

THEY come, our enemies! We tremble—Let us
 pray;
 Thus the flowers, as strolling people come their
 way.
 Some, rudely ravage, ruthless tear, uproot and crush;
 Some, gently, sweetly worship in adoring hush.
 "You say you love me—Yet pluck me?"
 Thus, the flowers, to those that pluck too rude and free.

Those persons that fulfill too well the flower's fears,
 Most brutal ravish and assault with heedless ears;
 Yet true flower lovers, sensitive, know their speech,
 And thus soft assure as they gently pluck and reach;
 "Yes, darlings, we love, caress thee thus and pluck thee,
 Bright, perfumed beauties, for our Bride's festivity."
 "Oh! Great joy comes now to me," replies the flower,
 "That I have lived to adorn a bridal bower."

Thus, the lesson poets gather from the flowers:
 To fair adorn the votive vase, the dining hours,
 Blossoms on a maiden's breast, a bridal bower—
 All functions appropriate to social power—
 Are holy offices of flowers beautiful,
 If plucked with tender hands, sparing, dutiful.
 A blossom here, a blossom there, some left for seed;
 No root disturbed, with knife or shears the stem is freed.
 If plucked thus, fair and just, with careful touch—no
 greed—
 Perpetual they'll grow—nor say to us they'll need:
 "You say you love me—yet pluck me?"
 Thus, the flowers, to those that pluck too rude and free.

THE NUTHATCH

PYGMY Nuthatch, short waistcoated creature,
 With trim vest, neater than any waiter.
 Flocking yellow-pine boughs like playing elves,
 Pecking the bark, singing low to themselves.
 With a sudden alarm or sportive fly
 They spring from one tree to another by;
 Sweet warbling, creeping, darting, fluttering,
 Delighting observer with winsome wing.
 The Nuthatch, wee creeper 'mong yellow-pine,
 Gath'ring pestful beetles, this office thine.



The crest of Post Hill in the Colorado National Forest, three miles to the east of the village of Allenspark on the great State highway that enters the Rocky Mountain National Park from the southeast, affords the traveler coming west out of the Middle St. Vrain cañon, one of the grandest views to be seen in the Rocky Mountains; and it is also unique in the fact that where this road crosses Post Hill, the hill itself forming the eastern skyline of Allens Park, being the divide between the Middle and North St. Vrain rivers, the dwellers in the village can observe at that point, three miles distant, the passing of all road traffic in and out of the region. The hill is named after an early settler who lived near its crest—Bill Post.

COMING WEST OVER POST HILL

IT'S a scraggy bit of country;
Rocks, and sand, and scrubby heath;
And the pines that still exist there
Barely hang on with their teeth:
For the wind that hits that hill top
Simply blows its very worst,
Roaring off the Western ranges
'Till you'd think its cheeks would burst.
That's the way it is in winter,
But in summer—'Tis a dream;
When you're coming from the outside
And behold the noble scene,
That spreads westward toward the sunset—
Towards the mountains calm and still—
That fills your utmost vision
Coming West over bleak Post Hill.
There lies the nation's Great Divide,
A full score of peaks or so;
The grandest sight in Christendom—
World of mountain, ice, and snow;
With purple forests sentinel
In dark cañons deep below;
With *Chief's Head*, *Alice*, and *Meeker*,
Three noble snow peaks in a row;
A trinity of beetling grandeur
Bathed in golden afterglow.
And you pause in speechless rapture—
Feel your soul expand and grow;
As you look westward toward the sunset—
Towards the mountains calm and still—
That fills your utmost vision
Coming West over bleak Post Hill.

I can see the whole World moving
 O'er that spot of eastern sky.
 The caravans of travelers—
 Happy children, drifting by.
 In my fancy, see all peoples,
 Trudging slow the open road;
 From East to West toward Beulah Land—
 To their place of last abode.
 Ah! Life is Yeast and Life's a Feast
 When you gaze on Sunrise East;
 But Life is Quest for Peace and Rest
 When you look on Sunset West.
 And I never knew what Big Living meant—
 To get Life's fullest, truest fill;
 'Till I watched all Creation traveling—
 Coming West over bleak Post Hill.

I like a road that's straight ahead—
 That turns neither left nor right;
 Just like the path to Heaven's gate,
 Clear and plain in honest sight.
 I feel that God is good to those
 Who live lives in open view;
 For all the World might better be
 If it lived as simply too.
 It's different in the country
 Where there's roads on every side.
 It's different in the city
 Where the streets stretch far and wide.
 But up here in this mountain land
 There is only one road still,
 And that's the road all travel
 Coming West over bleak Post Hill.

At dawn comes the blessed sunrise
 From the same place as the mail;
 Coming West over bleak Post Hill
 As if it knew the trail.
 I tell you, its gorgeous greeting—
 This bright, warming, golden Sun,
 Just stirs the heart to fellowship
 Like as if you knew Some One.
 Then once a month comes that full Moon,
 Big as if 'twas going to bust;

Greeting you with its great broad smile
 That makes you feel as if you must.
 And to see it creeping, rising,
 Right off Post Hill into the sky;
 It just makes you feel so happy
 When you see it wink its eye.
 I don't care so much about the stars—
 There's millions of them to see;
 They're the dandelions of heaven's lawn.
 As common as one, two, three.
 Yet it's nice in the early ev'ning
 To see them peep up soft and still,
 And leaving the road and climbing
 To God-knows-where, o'er bleak Post Hill.
 Then sometimes I get to thinking
 Of the One that looks over All.
 I oft think I'll see Him coming West
 Over Post Hill—so Wonderfull
 And I can see those Judgment angels—
 By imag'ning a little high.
 Makes me sort of shake and shiver
 To know Some Day, they'll come by.
 Then I stand and get the feeling
 That I'm going to look my best,
 When precious God-A'mighty
 Comes over Post Hill going West.

SAY'S SPERMOPHILE

SPERMOPHILE—classified by Thomas Say,
 Of Long's party, member, Eighteen-twenty—
 The mountain ground-squirrel, prolific breed,
 Satisfying darting hawk and weasel's need.
 In winter, 'neath the ground imprisoned, holed,
 Till April's sun warm melts the icy fold.
 To Settler, tame, greedy, gopher, rodent;
 Infesting bin, and store—on forage bent:
 Quantities of grain, crammed full in its jaws,
 It stores in cache deep hollowed by its paws.
 Oft the delight of children innocent,
 From their hands nuts taken in fat content;
 Hands empty, will their pockets cool explore
 And upright on its haunches beg for more.
 Tom Say's spermophile—ground-squirrel, greedy-gut;
 In spring, welcomed—in summer, door 'gainst him shut.

'MONG THE HILLS OF COLORADO

'MONG the hills of Colorado,
By a hut of mountain pine,
There I lit a fire of Fellowship—
There I dreamed of Love divine.

I saw a wolf upon the marge—
A bear, and panther bold.
"Hal! Hal," I cried, exultingly,
"The World-beasts seek my fold!"

For one was stalking Hunger keen—
My board, he saw, close by.
The others, Woe and Lust, were they—
But bright my fire flamed high.

And then a snake upraised its head
And hissed its jealousy—
That Serpent, old, of Sin and Death—
Here led most subtilely.

Then beat my heart in sympathy
As dear Heaven spread the board;
I fed the beasts—the serpent warmed—
By the blessing of my Lord.

Ah! 'Tis hard to master evils
In the cities of the World,
But Love can conquer triumphal
Where Fellowship flames, bright curled.

'Mong the hills of Colorado,
Where the wilderness spreads broad;
'Mong the hills of Colorado,
There I found the living God.

Allens Park, which is within the boundaries of the great Colorado National Forest, is also the southeastern gateway to the Rocky Mountain National Park, the boundaries of the two reservations being less than a mile west of the village. It is a beautiful region of mountain, stream, gulch, grove, and meadow, right at the foot of the Front Range of the Rockies, with trails leading to the upper waters of the North and Middle St. Vrain rivers. The village is the center of a community of hardy mountain folk whose lives are almost exclusively devoted to the serving of visitors and tourists. Besides the original town-site of Allens Park, homesteaded about 1900 by George Mack, there are the homesteads of Henry Slaughter, James Webber, Harry Jordan, Stephen Tregemba, David Dannels, John F. McCary, Oscar Rubendall, George W. Sebern, Albert Roberts, Leslie L. Porter, and Frank Walstrom.

Allens Park was named after Alonzo Nelson Allen, who, on a prospecting trip in 1864, in company of two brothers by the name of Jackson and one, Mr. Beckwith, blazed a trail from the vicinity of the town of Ward to a point at the foot of Taylor mountain to the east of the village which now bears his name. Finding what they thought was an excellent prospect of mineral and which they named the *Mammoth Lode*, they built a cabin and worked the lode that winter. The fireplace which they built still stands at the foot of Taylor, a mute and eloquent monument of those sturdy pioneers of a former generation.

About 1902, another prospecting and mining period ensued, and which led to the permanent establishment of the village, among the founders of the town-site being W. W. McCollister, George Pfeiffer, C. K. Hirshfield, and Charles Spaulding. Among the pioneers who participated in the settlement of the region at this time and later, must be mentioned, George Sebern, Charles Bradford, William Emanuel, Peter Sites, V. H. Rowley, James Scobee, Daniel Slaughter, William Bishop, Burns Will, Adelbar and Eugene Webber, Charles W. Boynton, J. D. Hacker, Henry Smith, and John K. Miller.

THE WOODS OF ALLENS

AH! Can we forget, dear Stephen,
Those times so happy and so free,
When we roamed the Woods of Allens
With the butterfly and bee.
By the brook and purling streamlet,
Where the moss clings to the tree;
Where Nature shy revealed its charms—
Bloomed so fragrant, sweet, and glee.

When we wandered thru the Woods of Allens,
Dear Stephen, you and I.
When the robin-reds were blithely singing
As above us arched the sky.
Then the world was smiling bright and gladsome
And no tear was in our eye;
When we wandered thru the Woods of Allens,
Dear Stephen, you and I.

Those were days we had no sorrows—
When woodpecker tapped the tree.
When the squirrel dropped his shells upon us
From the spruce boughs saucily.
When the breeze gushed from the cañon
And we heard the chick-a-dee-
Those dear companions innocent,
Singing low and happily.

Those were days when life was Eden—
When the dun deer ranged the lea.
The nuthatch thronged the yellow pines
And the bluebirds winged gayly.
It was then we loved like brothers
In a land of Freedom free;
All the cares of world forgotten
In the Love that does not dee.

When we wandered thru the Woods of Allens,
Dear Stephen, you and I.
When the robin-reds were blithely singing
As above us arched the sky.
Then the world was smiling bright and gladsome
And no tear was in our eye;
When we wandered thru the Woods of Allens,
Dear Stephen, you and I.

STAY, FRIEND—I CANNOT LET YOU GO

STAY, Friend—I cannot let you go;
The night is dark, bleak drives the wintry snow.
Stay, Friend—Your charms on me bestow;
Let us pass the night beside the fireside glow.

Friend, God's good Years speed by. Do you not know,
Men should seek companionship, here, below?
That Word is sweetest word that we can know—
Dear God, Himself, with it, is all aglow.

Stay, Friend—I cannot let you go;
The night is dark, bleak drives the wintry snow.
Stay, Friend—Your charms on me bestow;
Let us pass the night beside the fireside glow.

THE SIGNET

CLOUD arch of white and gold;
Three peaks inset—*Meeker, Lady, Longs*,
Against a field of blue:
Signet of grandeur bold!
Trinity of glory—Triple prongs
Sharp stamped on sky, their view.

How often, this stupendous signature
Is writ aloft the Park, as tho Nature,
In proud autocracy of great queen-hood,
Has set a seal upon her solitude.

THE GUIDE

IF you were come to a wonderful land—
A land you had never known;
And met a man there, who, with pointing hand,
Had made that land all your own;
I deem that the man, the Guide you had found—
You would cherish his honest fame,
As one who had shown you Life without bound—
Where the soul shines bright in the flame,
Of the Wilderness pure, where truths endure;
A life that is lived in God's name.

He said, as you vaulted your saddle gay,
When over the mountain broke the new Day;
"I'm leading you to a beautiful land,
A land of the sun and the sky.

I'm taking you to a solitude strand,
A strand where the alp zephyrs sigh.
I'm showing you a region most grand,
A region, vast, lofty, and high;
I'm guiding you where the Great Mountains stand
Among scenes that can never die;
A prospect so fair—you'll say God lives there;
In joy, the truth of my words you'll declare."

So you followed him off, and hit the trail,
Little heeding his boasting, simple tale.
You followed him into his beautiful land—
You drank of its sun and its sky.
You rode to the shore of that solitude strand—
Where the zephyrs on you did sigh.
You entered the gates of that region grand—
Gazed aloft on its summits high.
You traveled to where the Great Mountains stand—
Viewed those scenes that can never die;
And affirmed full fair—that God *does* live there—
The words of your Guide, most true, you declare.

Now that you've seen that most wonderful land—
That land you had never known;
And met a man there, who, with pointing hand,
Made that land your very own;
I deem that the man, the Guide you thus found—
You will honor his honest fame,
As one who has shown you Life without bound—
Where the soul shines bright in the flame,
Of the Wilderness pure, where truths endure;
A life that is lived in God's name.

GLIST'NING SOUL

GLIST'NING Soul!
Like this snowy mountain gleam,
Toward Heaven's fairest sky.
Uplifted be,
As this pure alp,
Above Life's storm clouds high.

SKY BLUE

I'VE seen a maid—I worship her—
She lives high in the sky;
But all I can see of her beauty
Is the beam of her lovely eye.
They are deep and bright, of heav'nly hue;
They reflect the sun and the moon;
They're the same in the deep night gloaming
As they are in the highest noon.
So I sing to her from my bit of earth
As she smiles in the morning view;
For I love her best when the Dawn gives birth
And I call her my own Sky-Blue.

Blue! Blue! Sweet Sky-Blue—
I love you fond and true.
Across the far hills
And above the white clouds,
I'm looking at you—Sky-Blue!

This maid is fair—A Goddess, she—
She lives high in the sky;
When she bathes, or robes, or combs her hair,
She veils with a cloud passing by.
Her eyes shine the same in mirrored lake
And in the still pools of the stream;
They gleam and glint when the waters stir—
From the spring where I drink, they beam.
So I sing to her from my bit of earth
As she smiles in the morning view;
For I love her best when the Dawn gives birth
And I call her my own Sky-Blue.

Blue! Blue! Sweet Sky-Blue—
I love you fond and true.
Across the far hills
And above the white clouds,
I'm looking at you—Sky-Blue!

It is only because that wonderful mountain, the Twin Sisters, standing almost exactly parallel to the Front Range and the Longs Peak group of mountains, which follow an almost due north and south direction in this region, and also because of its great elevation, being only a few hundred feet less in height than the general altitude of the Continental Divide, and in both instances the only such peak in the Rocky Mountain National Park, that such beautiful phenomena as the *Three Sunsets*, *The Mist Dragon*, *Purples*, and others, are possible. A prominent civil engineer, impressed with the remarkable fact that the Vale of Elkanah lies exactly with the four points of the compass, called it "Meridian Valley."

From the base of either of the loftier slopes of the Vale and high enough for correct perspective, say 200 feet, the Twin Sisters on the east, or Estes Cone and the higher peak slopes on the west, the opposite side appears as a vast stage exhibiting the forest cover in its different botanical zones clear to timberline and presenting miles and miles of background and superb scenery in closest view, and against which is continually acted the Protean dramas of Wind, Rain, and Storm; with sublime Morning and Evening spectacles of Dawn and Sunset; and at night, the nocturnal ballets of Luna and the Stars.

THE THREE SUNSETS

THREE sunsets, to the glory of God,
Sweep the Vale with their parting ray.
Three glorias bright of cosmic flame
Close at night the Portals of Day.
One burns aloft on the western rim—
On Lady, and Meeker, and Longs—
A blaze of fires on their peak top pyres
'Mid the vespers of sweet bird songs.
A full hour later, a second one,
Where the Twin Sisters east, extend;
From the Vale's deep bed to heights instead,
The beams of the sun ascend.
This second one—the lingering one—
Glow's ruddy and red to the gaze;
Its fires gleam softly as embers bright,
Where the western ones were in blaze.
For a space, the Vale, in dying light,
Stands deep in shadow and solemn gloom;
Till the clouds above—still in the sun—
Catch fire from the second sunset's bloom;
Then sweep the flames up the Peaks of Sky—
The Vale smiles again in bright glows;
'Tis a third sunset—celestial one—
Which expires in blushes of rose.

DEER

HUSH! Here is the Herd—the timid Blacktails,
Nibbling the herbage which the slope avails.
Deer—moving line of branching antlers green;
Copse of living velvet, dun forms between.
Wild doe and buck which the Oberland boasts,
Bright animating crags and mountain coasts;
Swift foot that flees with danger-scented wind;
Sharp hoof stamping death to foes of its kind.
Grace and beauty, bounding, they lend the scene;
Other office—food, cougar or hunter keen.
Form loved of the ranger, saddle and haunch;
There in the glade—mark for one rifle launch.
See! There—where the quakers stand by the spring;
Yon big buck, square, side-on, quiet feeding.
Steady—one lone, *bing*—reverberating—
Loud shattering the air—long echoing
'Mong the hollows, cañons; booming far hills.
Sound—which with fear, wild life, sinister, fills.
Ah! There is no doubt—that one single shot
Has found the roe's red heart—mark careful sought.
Miles away, such a sound, *not* repeated,
To settler tells, hunter true, his prized dead
Lies prone, quivering, for instant bleeding;
Venison is there, hunter delighting.

Had there been other shots, more, repeated,
With low laugh, the settler knows, defeated
Is some novice, wasting lead and powder;
Of the town he, farm beef his true fodder.
But that solitary shot—God! the thrill—
Which sweeps the settler's heart at the lone kill,
Generations bred. Mighty stags have fled
From his deadly tread—English poacher dread.
Then, on Virginia's shore, colonial,
Native deer his venison, provincial;
A free man loosed amid the vasty West,
His children conquering the Wilderness
To mid-Continent ranges—then, across—
Down to the oceans of the albatross.
The Colonial, Settler, Pioneer

American, hunting the freeborn deer;
Which here, protected in the Nation's park,
Multiply and stock, for hunter's fair mark,
Those regions open to the noble sport.
Here preserved, for the future's sure support,
In their native haunts, for visitor's cheer;
Free, in full liberty, the Blacktail Deer.

THE FLOCKS OF THE SKIES

HERE come the Clouds, the Flocks of the Skies.
From the deep Gorge they scamper and rise.
At Noon, in pastures of azure and blue,
They'll feed, overhead, in the Vale.
At Night, 'mong the Peaks, they'll cluster and fold,
Fast asleep on the rocking Gale.
In the Dawn, when the Sun, rosy and gold,
Chases the Moon, ghostly and pale;
They'll awake, alarmed, and cross the Divide,
And on, 'till they reach Ocean's tide.
Clouds, pretty Clouds, gay Flocks of the Skies;
Return, pretty Clouds, with the glad sunrise.

SONG OF THE OWL

THERE'S a delicate hush
At the end of the day,
While yet the light
Clings to the West;
'Tis the hour of Gloaming
With charms shadowy,
Which cradles the Day
To its rest.

Then there rises afar
A sweet rhapsody;
Low its note—
A hushed melody;
'Tis the call of the owl
From the shade of a tree,
To its mate—
Loved affinity.

Sol. "Peace be with you, son of mine,
I'll seek thee at that hour,
When Gray Dusk leaves for
Her deep hill cave
And Night brings her starry bow'r."

Poet. "Mothers, mine, I leave you, dears,
Accept my love as of yore;
Without thee, gods, I'd despair of song
And my pen would miss thee sore.
You've given me shade to etch the light—
You have given me courage bold—
You've given me thoughts which Day's bright
glare
Was too strong to sketch Fancy's delicate hold.
You've given me heart, and faith, and cheer,
And truths that will never grow old;
God bless you, mothers, dear, of mine,
With love your forms I enfold."

The Gray Dusk walked to her cave in the hill
As the owl hushed her song in the wood,
And Night came in with the moon and the stars
And greeted Solitude.

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL DAY HAS GONE

ANOTHER beautiful Day has gone—
Fair, glorious, and bright.
Another celestial Sun has run—
Sunk in the arms of Night.
In Thy name, Oh! God! I walked this day,
With Christ Jesus, your dear Son's.
I kept the Faith of your priests and nuns—
Oh! Joy! That I've found the Way!

HOUNDS OF THE DAWN

SPEED on—Great Winds, rushing toward the Dawn;
Roaring o'er the summits of the crest:
Before you the Plainward gorges yawn—
'Neath you, sleeping woodlands are at rest.
Surge on—Ye wild Gustings, Red Dawn to greet;
Blow your piney zephyrs upon her rosy feet.

Fly on—Great Dogs, bounding o'er the Way;
Rude assaulting all the mountain vales;
Your cry heralding the birth of Day,
Bayed to chasms, rivers, verdured dales.
Surge on—Ye wild Gustings, Red Dawn to greet;
Blow your piney zephyrs upon her rosy feet.

Rush on—Great Hounds, springing up the East;
Loosed from the cañoned kennels of the West;
Baying deep the howl of crying beast;
Frightening Aurora from her nest.
Surge on—Ye wild Gustings, Red Dawn to greet;
Blow your piney zephyrs upon her rosy feet.

THE KING OF THE WOLVES

AT the foot of the Twins on a ledge of stone
The King of the Wolves greets the rising moon;
He calls to his subjects from his rude throne
And lonely the mountains echo his tune.

"Oh! Moon! Beautiful is your misty light.
Beneath it I'll summon my pack in sight,
For the council lit by your white flames bright;
Oh! Moon! I am King of the Wolves tonight!"

Weird and eery that lone warrior cry
Echoes the glades 'neath the brightening sky;
O'er the deep snows and the drifted wilds,
On which the moon beams her gilded smiles.
The call of the Wolf King o'er glen and crag
Chills the red blood of the listening stag;
While answering, cries the far scattered band,
On every hand, where they howling stand;
And figures dark overleap the white snow,
Fleeing swift to the council rock below.

Again the King calls; he assures the band
He has heard them answering the command;
Then to the moon, which now on him full shines,
He lifts his bay to the mate he divines.

"Oh! Moon! Bring to me my beautiful queen,
Who roams the loved Vale 'neath your silv'ry sheen;
The Queen of the Wolves, my wonderful Mate;
Oh! Moon! I am King of the Wolves most great!"

Then bounds a black shadow to the throne rock,
The Queen of the Wolves, the pride of the Pack.
At the foot of the Master she bows low;
He licks her form in the moon's white glow.
Then other dark objects spring swiftly near;
The furry band gathers in subject fear,
'Till at last the whole kingdom gathered nigh
Yields allegiance to their Sovereign high.
'Tis then the dread Monarch the council ope's—
Far o'er the wilderness ring the wild notes.

"Oh! Moon! I am King of the Wolves tonight!
Our council we ope 'neath your friendly light.
Look down on the Wolves in their hunting might.
Oh! Moon! We worship You, our Goddess bright!"

IT'S A COMING—HEAR IT BELLOW

IT'S a coming—Hear it bellow!
Fearful, dreaded, Western gale;
It's broke loose from howling Hades—
Sounds like all Hell was on the trail.
See that snow in fury driven
O'er that mighty mountain wall.
God A'Mighty! See it coming—
Fiend of Storm, diabolical!

Bring in wood—Bring fresh water.
Take in every sail;
For the Cabin's going to stagger
When its rafters feel that gale.

It's a rolling—Hear it roaring!
Hear the forest groan and wail;
It will almost blow the skin off
The peaks that rim Elkanah's vale.
See that smother—Feel that pressure,
Which lifts gravel, ice, and snow;
O! Wild will be the carnival
In Elkanah's vale below!

Bar that door—Close that shutter.
Tend to each detail;
For the Cabin's going to tremble
When that Demon hits the Vale.

THE GREAT ARM OF WINTER

THE Great Arm of Winter reaches now o'er the
Crest;
Once more the Pleiads are gripping the West:
Those fingers so cold, leading huge Taurus, the Bull,
Bright Aldebaran, the Hyades, full.

I've a hut that is snug—
Wood for the hearth.
I have books on the shelf—
Food without dearth.
I have clothes that are warm—
I've a beard in the birth.
Avaunt! then, cold Winter—
I'm a King on the Earth!

I fear not those far fingers so bejeweled with Stars;
I care not the iced Glove driving Auriga's bright Car;
Nor Orion, his frost-spitting Dog, trailing, afar;
Fie on you, cold Winter, I have put up the bars.

I've a hut that is snug—
Wood for the hearth.
I have books on the shelf—
Food without dearth.
I have clothes that are warm—
I've a beard in the birth.
Avaunt! then, cold Winter—
I'm a King on the Earth!

SOFTLY SNOWING MOOD OF NATURE

SOFTLY snowing mood of Nature—
White flakes falling, more gently than the
Coo of a tender mating dove.
White flakes laid o'er the brown, autumn-dappled
Land like a silken robe.
White flakes, spread lightly as a mantle,
O'er meadows low and silent grove.

Softly snowing mood of Nature—
A sweet humidity draws the scent of earth
And herbage from the ground;
The low, gray clouds, sail on sail,
As galleon'd Argosies, ocean bound,
Loose their fleece, spirit-like,
On every castled crag, without a sound.

FAITH

AS up I gaze at Heaven's stars,
Then glance down at my feet,
I've viewed the awful interval
From Earth to Infinite.
To ken those planets, suns, and moons—
Where dwells One I must meet;
Oh! God! all strength, all virtues fail,
Save Faith, my Angel bright.

ELK

HERE come the antlered bulls, the calves, the
cows;
Here, where verdant herbage attracts their
browse.

Wapiti! Once, by their Creator spread,
Sea to Sea, o'er Continent watershed.
Now shrunk to Rocky Mountain dwelling bands;
E'en there, close protection by jealous hands
Is need, to stem the murder of its kind:
Hunters, damned—who kill e'en for teeth to find
Of this stricken breed, now rescued timely—
From this Park to again stock, free, nobly,
Those public slopes and pastures of the West
By Nation ope'd to Recreation blest.
Oh! Friends! Is it not sweet? most grandly meet?
That these wondrous herds, once so wildly fleet;
Antelope, bison, elk, deer, mountain-sheep,
Feeding Settler, Maine to Oregon's deep;
Fresh meat, plentiful, 'till domestic breed,
Imported from abroad, filled Nation's need:
Should, in Meridian of this Free Land,
Preserved be—protected with loving hand.

Bless'd Nation! Atlas of World Liberty!
 From the wilderness, a Government free,
 Raised open to the skies exaltedly—
 Bright Fane of Faith, Deed, and high Destiny;
 Of late Thou hast vowed, that each primitive band,
 Created of God, feeding Pioneer grand;
 Shall, with appreciative worship, full,
 Indicative of gratitude faithful,
 Be reestablished with numbers ample,
 Wild free state—original ensemble—
 To show, to prove—to America's youth,
 Their sires have not forsook the ancient Truth!
 As long as antlered beauty moistens the eye
 With grateful vision of the Master high,
 The noble Stag whose flesh fed us e'er we died—
 Those anxious years—Plymouth to Pacific's tide;
 The lordly species of the Elk shall live—
 Protected by our love and law shall thrive;
 Here, in the bosom of the mountain West—
 Lord of the Crag, rearing his antlered crest.



The range storm is a period of local weather disturbance which occupies many weeks of the mountain winter and is so called by the mountaineer because its action is so closely confined to the main range itself, rarely extending much beyond the foot of the Front Range of the Rockies. For days at a time, weeks, in some instances, snows of all descriptions, the finest flinty frost flakes to soft pellets, which patter smartly on the roof, are discharged from the vast cloud canopy that mantles the range on these occasions, and which an unceasing wind, playing every note that Aeolus can sound from the softest sighing zephyr to the roaring of the wildest gale, blows, sifts, and deposits, in endless fantasy over the region that lies immediately at foot of the great peaks of the Continental Divide and the higher foothills.

Often, in the Vale of Elkanah, this phenomenon, for many days at a time, presents Winter, snowy, blustering, and bleak, on the western slopes of the Vale; and on the east, Summer, with smiling sky, bright sun, and perfect calm, reigns serene; while directly overhead, the rays of the sun meet the falling snows, in which medium they quickly evaporate.

Little attention is paid by the mountaineer to these storms and they do not deter him from his regular duties, as the temperatures are usually mild and the snows light, for it is remarkable, that in spite of the constant and often considerable quantities of snow flying in the air, yet it is rare that enough falls which will bear measurement, it seeming to melt or evaporate almost as it falls, due, probably, to the fact that it is constantly blown eastward into the path of the sun and there absorbed. However, if the wind attains sufficient velocity, vast volumes of old snow are brought down from the high range and deposited in the deep woods of the lower *oberland*.

In January, 1914, Longs Peak and its neighboring crests were hidden for three weeks from the gaze of the dwellers in Estes Park village by a prolonged range storm following, after a period of clear weather, the great snow storm of early December, 1913.

The cloud mantle of the range storm so wonderfully envelops the range as to suggest a sense of profound mystery. The whole range, the constant familiar of the mountaineer, who turns to it instinctively day and night to observe its endless expressions of change and beauty, is so completely hidden from his view by cloud and flying snow and for such long periods at the prevalence of a prolonged range storm, as to cause him to often look anxiously and longingly for the reappearance of the familiar peaks.

THE RANGE STORM

HUGE borean canopy—the Range Storm—
Mant'ling with wintry white the Great Divide;
Wrapping, as with a robe of eider-down,
Bare naked slopes of far stretched mountain side.
At dawn, from this hovering world of cloud,
Steal wild winds, not rough, but softly quiet,

Puffing feath'ry snows like fleece o'er the Vale;
Then, storming the sun with sudden riot,
Squalls, mists, and steamy vaprous filaments
Propelled are, toward the awakened god—
Pale crested scouts of skirmish flying east,
With banked gray masses west, 'round Storm's abode.

Ever constant, never ceasing, sounds a roar—
Wind, that beats like surf on a far off shore.
Whole days pass in a carnival of Gale—
Winds, surging, sounding wild the mountains o'er:
Aeolian cadences of piquant air,
Harmonies rare of distant regions fair;
Full choruses of all the winds that blow—
Roaring bassos like a herd's mad bellow.
Speak to it, question it, it ne'er replies,
Save with snow and the surge that never dies.
Challenge it, implore it, whoever tries,
Only looks mute askance of stormy skies.
Fearful tho it breaks on far mountain crest,
Softly, oft times, with zephyr's sweet caress,
It wafts within the Vale a tenderness
Which lulls the weary soul to lovely rest.

Brightly the mounting sun thrusts golden shafts
Down into those regions thinned to mist,
And all aflame the peaks a moment gleam,
Like sudden light flung on a maiden's breast;
Yet always revealing some virgin shroud,
A privacy, secret rare, concealed there;
Some sacred shrine dear to the assembled gods,
Piled high with fleecy textures of the air.
The light fades, massed clouds repel the blows,
And all abroad Storm's panoplies are flung,
Repairing breach on breach of golden fire
Cast gleaming downward by the flaming sun.
All thru the noons, illuminations bright,
Mark the sun's battle with the swirling white;
Gods of cloud shield their tabernacle dear
While gods of light grow weary of the fight.
Then hours grow late and dusky dim for war—
The golden god glows fainter on the crest;
One vast eruption of his dying fire—
'Tis sunset in the valleys of the West.

Then a nearer, blearer wind slow rises,
Aeolus blows a souging dirgeful sound;
The canopy contracts on crag and steep
As at night a blanket is closer wound.
With the sun gone down and full darkness nigh,
A glance on high reveals a dismal lower:
Amid the ashen mists and driving cloud
The white snow dunes of winter ghostly tower,
And shapes—dim, gray, apparitions appear
As the drear winds rise higher and higher.
The spectral peaks peer askance of the stars
Till the Moon, gilding the East in pale fire,
Slow mounts the World crest to her sovran throne,
And bathes with silver bright that canopy
Of storm and wind which hold the western lea,
Wrapping the Range in brooding mystery.

For mystery is, at all times, its mood;
Suggestions subtile—not to be withstood;
Not to be confounded with merely stress
Of wind and cloud—but a great Spirit form
Is suggested to the empire of Mind,
Which Thought e'er seeks, but Thought can never find.
A delicate humidity oft blows,
E'en tho accompanied by falling snows:
From off those slopes that bear the conifers,
An aromatic scent of res'nous spruce
Is wafted from the forest interludes,
As warm sun and melted snow sprays induce
The odors of the trees abroad the air
To spicy mix with smell of humid ground,
Which the beaming sun and wet misting snow
Freshen to earth herbage where sods abound.

Softly, a sweet breath of Orient fair,
Seems to dim haunt the oft warm waves of air
That sudden sweep the swirling storm-beat slopes
As a burst of sun with radiant glare
Fires the Western wall; and blooms of roses,
Waving palms, seem imminent on that crest:
That canopy of spreading cloud sometime
Has banked the tropics of the West—
From far Japan, from India, floating free,
Here changed by wintry altitude's decree;

Yet forgetful, till the enchanting sun
Warms it intox'ant to the old degree.
Perhaps—perhaps, 'tis this latent warmth,
Which gives it air of charming mystery;
And which, in spite the winds of winter cold,
Yields a fragrant nostril sweetly balmy.

'Tis midnight, the moon, long since engulfed
By storm, has soared to the Pacific sea.
The wind now blows the restlessness of gale,
As tho stirred by suspicious jealousy;
And all enswathed the Cabin is by snows,
Drifting, the white sands of winter, drear, bleak,
Brought down, o'er miles of crusted wilderness,
In swishing volumes from the smothered peak;
Grinding, sifting dismal o'er Cabin roof,
Flung on in billows to the lowest gulch—
Soft thudding 'gainst windows like spray dashed surf,
O'erflowing forest floors with icy mulch.
Yet, like mariner whose bark is snug trimmed—
Helm set to ride a not unprop'rous gale;
In the Cabin the sleeper's eyes are dimmed,
He sinks to rest in bosom of the Vale;
While 'neath the Range Storm's misty canopy
The Wind gods rock their airy progeny.

ST. PETER'S OF THE SKY

THE Vale is o'er roofed tonight
By a dome of wondrous sky,
Violet on the base-line—
Bands prismatic piled bright high.
Atop—a silver glow,
Thru which first stars of ev'ning shine,
'Till the whole a moment stands
As an edifice divine.

'Twas then I knew why Angelo
St. Peter's dome dared raise;
Those splendid skies of Italy
Gave birth to Art's amaze.
The greatest artist's Masterpiece—
That Vault esteemed sublime,
Was dome inspired by azure sky—
Cathedral of All Time.

Tell me, could you blame me?
That 'neath this vast sublimity,
I knelt in silent worship—
Breathed a sweet solemnity.

THE GREAT BRIGHT NIGHT

LONG the storms of winter had run their course—
Deep snows filled the Vale from every source.
The peaks were spires of alabaster white—
They flushed in the sun and blanched with the night.
The valleys were hollows of drifted fleece—
The ridges, iced wave-crests, of frost's increase;
And all the slopes, argent with arctic floss,
Gleamed 'neath a full moon, in silvery gloss.

The Milky Way was a River of Light;
The Stars, Constellations—celestial bright—
Were moored, lanterned, in the Harbors of Night.
Shooting-star and streaking meteorite
Dived like dolphins in sky's deep infinite;
Planets and suns flashed in zodiac flight;
And all Space, yawning empty 'mong the gleams,
Was filled with soft 'lumings from solar beams.

'Twas the Great Bright Night of Winter's noon,
When the snow-clad mountains sang in tune
With distant worlds and the soaring moon,
Of something *Beyond*—a mystic rune—
Of Thing most wondrous that men have known;
A cryptic chant of the Spirit's own—
The cosmic hymn of the Holy One
Lifted above to the Great White Throne;
Peaks joining their song with those of far suns,
Adoring God's name and His crownèd Son's:
The Great Bright Night when all Creation sings,
Glory of Christmas, Christ Jesus, the King's!

A moment, Poet gazed wondrous scene o'er,
Standing silent, awe-struck, by his cabin door—
This was *the sounding of the mountains* heard,
That, *not again*, the ancient prophet feared.

Emotions ecstatic on him down bore,
Then into his hut, he too, to adore
Mary's sweet Child born, the manger in, pure—
Dear Lord, whose reign that for Aye will endure;
And as peaks and stars sang Messiah's hymn,
He lighted the Christmas candles within.

As they flamed and mellowed to golden glow,
He kneeled low before their tapering row;
Repeated the words, which in Bethlehem,
Angels caroled of Old to shepherd men;
Glory to God in the highest, anthem;
On earth peace, and good will toward all men.
Then heaping the hearth with boughs of pitch pine,
Cabin panes lit with the flame's rosy shine;
Sparks leaped from chimney in fiery stream—
Hut joined the far planets in Christmas gleam.

'Twas the Great Bright Night of Winter's noon,
When the snow-clad mountains sang in tune
With distant worlds and the soaring moon,
Of something *Beyond*—a mystic rune—
Of Thing most wondrous that men have known;
A cryptic chant of the Spirit's own—
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Lifted above to the Great White Throne;
Peaks joining their song with those of far suns,
Adoring God's name and His crowned Son's:
The Great Bright Night when all Creation sings,
Glory of Christmas, Christ Jesus, the King's!

THE ROSY FINCH

AHI Rosy-breasted, intrepid darling;
Storm driven, e'en from thine own stormy home,
Those terrible cliffs and precipices hung
On yon Mountain, where now wild tempests boom.
Ahl! Me! That you should here humbly descend—
To the door of my hut, picking crumbs here!
You, whom I, the Guide—strangers to attend—
Slow ascending your Peak, weakened with fear;
There witnessing your buoyant free flight,
While we, with straining breath and faltering feet,
Laborious, weary, gained the dread Height;
There to revive—hearing your cheery chirp greet.

How often, dear bird, your wing in my sight,
Hath brushed me close as you sought the snow-flea
Lying in myriads black on snow-fields white,
Where I was cutting ice for footholds free;
With axe slow chipping the way slippery
That hung treach'rous o'er the precipice dizzy;
Chopping the icy steps deep, one by one,
Then leading the peak-climbers fearful on;
To mount! Yeal! To mount the great Crest mighty—
To conquer That which has oft conquered me;
To greet on its summit your daring wing—
You, here at my feet, now feebly feeding.

Oh! Pride! As I scatter crumbs to this bird,
Now driv' by storm from that Summit so fear'd;
Great Peak which has made me crawl like a worm,
Clinging to slopes steep where I dared not turn;
Pitching on me wild blasts to shake my hold,
To plunge me to depths paling countenance bold;
Yet, o'er which this frail bird in summer flight
Gathers its food without danger or fright.

Yeal! Pride! It is sweet to see at my door
That wing which has so oft triumphed me o'er.
Dear Rosy Finch, bird of Long's topmost height;
Of all wee birds, the most darling in flight.
Brave Rosy Finch, when by storm driven nigh;
Come, lovely thing—to my door swiftly fly.

A FEW STARS ARE OUT

OF T, at night, to mark the press of the Storm,
I step to the door of the hut
And see shining orbs of familiar form:
Glad I cry, "A few stars are out!"

Thus, like Life, when the Battle rages high—
One is assailed by Gloom and Doubt;
When Victory, fate seems to belie:
Then says Hope, "A few stars are out!"

WIND ON THE MOUNTAIN

WIND on the Mountain!
Hip—Hip—Hurray!
Blizzard and squall
Blowing today.

Fire on the Hearth-stones
Dancing and gay;
Flames warm and bright,
Gambol and play.

Wind on the Mountain!
Hip—Hip—Hurray!
Fire on the Hearth-stones
Burning today.

The campbird, or Rocky Mountain jay, is the closest bird friend of man's in the *oberland*; so friendly and tame as to eat from the hand, not only of its familiar mountaineer friend, but also from that of a perfect stranger. It is easily the Nestor of the birds in this region, successfully maintaining itself among the different species, which abound with savage hawks and voracious owls, but alone, of all the birds, fraternizing familiarity with and winning the warmest esteem and protection of man.

The downright unfaltering confidence which this bird displays in alighting on the shoulder or hand of a perfectly strange human being in the midst of a forest glade, is simply captivating and invariably excites the most profound emotion and admiration of the party so honored. The magpie, Clark crow, crested jay, chickadee, and the woodpecker, all year-round birds of the Rockies, will readily seek food at the place where it is deposited for their benefit by the bird lover; but the campbird, alone, will take it from his hand; will, in fact, with charming eagerness and most endearing cries, seek to obtain it from the hand rather than from the shelf or trough, as tho craving the personal affection as well as the food of its benefactor. A complete history explaining this fowl's confidence in humankind, in contrast with the shyness of other birds, would be extremely interesting.

The color of the campbird is mostly gray and the two sexes cannot be distinguished from each other as to form or color. Their nests are concealed and defended with the most consummate art and skill, being usually secreted in some impenetrable recess of the forest. They breed early in the spring and feed their young until the parents themselves are gaunt and poor in contrast with the plumpness of their brood. They are particularly fearful of wind and open country, keeping close to trees and forest which shelters them from the former and affords instant harbor against the predatories who prey

on their kind. Silent, falling snow, undisturbed by wind, is their congenial winter element, as they wing to and fro from the food shelves carrying morsels to be stored and fed from their caches thru the long periods of violent storm.

They have quite a range of notes, often imitating those of the magpie and crested jays, their constant associates; but their natural language seems to be a series of charming, low, sweet notes expressing pleasure and endearment.

The family of campbirds inhabiting the Vale of Elkanah, probably numbering a dozen at this writing, 1921, are undoubtedly the former proteges of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lamb who were the first permanent settlers here; and Mrs. Lamb fed them from her hands for upwards of 40 years. Their successors have faithfully maintained the custom.

THE CAMPBIRD

SOFTLY from the wood thru the wintry sky,
Breasting the frosty snows that whirling fly;
Calling with sweet assuring cooing cry,
As with low flight its pinions ply;
Seeking the precious food which human friends
On some safe ledge or shelf for it intends,
Comes the brave campbird—feathered Fluff O' Gray—
To store its larder for a coming day.

Perched, with crust fixed in mouth, it peers outward
To mark its course for the safe returnward.
Gravely cautious of wind, and storm, and foe;
Assured, it darts and seeks safe covert low,
Where, hid beneath the boughs of spreading trees,
From copse to copse it flits in studied ease;
The calm winged campbird—feathered Fluff O' Gray—
Swelling its hoard of food in piled array.

In summer, weighed with care of its hungry brood,
It trains them keen in search for human food.
Far on the mountain, in some forest glade,
Where Nature in generous mood has made
Camp inviting presence of humankind—
Where a company at lunch are inclined;
There flies the campbird—feathered Fluff O' Gray—
Bringing its brood to share the spread's display.

Not content with waiting patience on a tree,
At your invitation, upon your knee,
Gravely earnest in its food seeking quest,
It comes, and from your hand as you suggest,
Will pluck with captivating eagerness
That crust with which it feeds its clam'rous nest;
The parent cambird—feathered Fluff O' Gray—
Dear fowl enlivening the woodland way.

How venerable, Sachem-like, this crow,
Which peers so calmly earnest from the bough;
Anxious, vigilant, when the wild winds blow,
Yet cool commander whose clear eyes bestow
Calculated glances to 'lude the foe
And maintain its kind in this world below;
The wise-eyed campbird—feathered Fluff O' Gray—
Nestor of birds, sagacious Canada Jay.

LOVE SONG OF THE SNOW

“O SWARTHY Mountain, be my Love,
I'll be thy Waterfall;
For Love hath laid me on thy breast
To melt ecstatical.
All full about thy shoulders brown
Shall fall my tresses down;
I'll pillow them about thy head
As mists that softly spread.
And thou shalt clasp me in thine arms—
Thy cañons quaff my charms—
As thou, dear Mountain, I entwine,
And press my lips to thine.”

LOOKING OFF NORTH

LOOKING off North
'Neath the clear Polar star,
As true as its pointing bar,
Are friends, whose homes set high,
Seen across the Vale,
Suggest the blessed company
Of many a cherished tale.

A curl of smoke in the blizzard's choke—
A lamp shining bright in the pale moonlight
Far across the winter snows;
Oh! A cuddle of warmth steals soft o'er the heart—
Looking off North to the friends that one knows.

Looking off North
Under the shining sun,
As bright as its noontide run,
Are souls, whose dear abodes,
'Mong the solitudes
Across the Vale, beam radiant love
That brighten the skies above.

Looking off North
In that Infinite light
Where gleams a celestial dome;
Above the sun—Above the stars—
Up to a Holy Throne;
My faith tells me that an alpine hearth,
Fired with human heart and love,
Lights the hearth of Immortal Life
In the palace of God above.

A curl of smoke in the blizzard's choke—
A lamp shining bright in the pale moonlight
Far across the winter snows;
Oh! A cuddle of warmth steals soft o'er the heart—
Looking off North to the friends that one knows.

It is a remarkable fact, that, as seen from the Vale of Elkanah. The Twin Sisters, Estes Cone, and Longs Peak—flanked by Mt. Meeker and Lady Washington—resemble nothing so much, in their finest ensemble and under proper perspective, light, and shade, as gigantic thrones. And ever wonderful and fascinating to the observer, is the eternal flow of the planets, sun, moon, and stars, over their summits, crests, and skyline, forever constant to those perpetual dial points of peak, crag, pinnacle, and saddle. For ages, the solar system, the constellations, the zodiac, have rotated with perfect exactitude over this immortal skyline, returning and appearing in their respective cycles each at its particular place on the mountain crests. From the north head of the Twins to far south over the low Big Elk range, the sun and moon in their periods rise regularly to the exact degree on the mountain tops, gloriously enthroned when they rise and seeming to be momentarily seated in the saddle of that wonderful peak, from thence to wheel onward across the Vale, and at the appointed moment, repeat their beamy coronation on the crests of the western rim.

THE VALLEY OF THRONES

VAST Circlet of Peaks—
The Valley of Thrones—
Of Sun, Moon, and the shining Stars;
As they mount your far heights,
Each, as royal it owns,
Its cycle of bright crownèd hours.

Vast Circlet of Peaks—
The Valley of Thrones;
Which thru eons of Time ne'er fail,
Greeting regalia'd orbs
Aflame in beamy zones,
Each throned in its place 'loft the Vale.

Vast Circlet of Peaks—
The Valley of Thrones!
Oh, wondrous the flight of the Suns;
As they go and each runs
In zodiacal tones—
Exact o'er the Vale rim each comes.

Vast Circlet of Peaks—
The Valley of Thrones!
The Heavens train o'er Thee their Lords;
Begirt with their jewels,
Their nebula'd cocoons—
Age on Age, their dial'd course accords.

Vast Circlet of Peaks—
The Valley of Thrones—
Attend at night conjunctions bright;
Celestial multitude of
Starry coronations,
Bespanangling every mountain height.

THE CARESSES OF STARS

"COME, Love, into
The alpenglow with me—
Join me in this
Heavenly mystery—
As the rosy lips
Of the evening sky
Press fondly the brows
Of the mountains high."

"Oh, let my loving lips
As purely thus,
Rest sweetly and
Blissfully langorous,
On the brow of Thee,
My dear cherished one,
As we watch the last
Beams of setting sun."

Thus lovers reflect
The caresses of stars,
As thru Heaven's abyss
They drive their bright cars;
And the golden glances
Of setting suns,
Suggest to young hearts
Celestial passions.

THE ENCHANTED SNOWS

ON the Great Divide a strange snow there falls—
Nay! It does not fall, but wild appalls
The fixed eye, by suspension, weird, in air;
As Merlin reared of old by magic rare,
Vast courts and castled walls in high mid-air,
Causing assembled knights and ladies to stare
Incredulous of stone or metal there—
Enchantment gross, most infernal, their fare.

So these mountains, in this magical fleece—
As the containing clouds, by drift, decrease
Or increase their bulk in the firmament—
Appear to advance or retreat as beasts
Outlandish, leviathan, huge increased,
Mammothed, mastodonic, dreadful imminent;
Black as ebony on their vast reared flanks—
White as alabaster where the pure snow ranks.

The familiar crags, summits, the outlines,
Of our peaks, as this wond'rous fleece inclines
Its white magic, lose all identity;
And to more confuse, confound, there is no sky—
Naught, but this marvelous wild enchantment
In black and white, with envel'ping content
Of raging air so hideously enve'med,
That Hell with all its winds could scarce contend.

What life, furred, scaled, or feathered, could exist?
What, save metal or granite, could resist?
Such mad elements; reversing very nature
By their stupendous contentious conjure,
Floating the very mountains as ships buoyant,
Adrift, thru some titanic black art invertant
To laws of invincible gravity—
Proved, when calm morn shows the reëstablished sky.

THE GREAT HORN OF MEEKER SHONE IN THE SUN

THE great horn of Meeker shone in the sun,
And shining—it called to me;
“Wake to the Morn, on my summit now flung—
Wake, to worship Deity.”

I answered its call—worshipped Holy One,
There in that day-breaking hour;
I kneeled in dew as the meadow-larks sung,
In sight of that sun-kissed Tower.

The great horn of Meeker shone in the sun—
It will never forget me;
It found me faithful and true, heart and tongue,
In worshipping Deity.

THE CHICKADEEANS

CHICKADEEANS, elfin bird things,
Winging thru the forest gay;
Voices cheery, flight so merry,
Twittering their roundelay.

Chickadeeans, sturdy troopers,
Dwelling mountains all the year;
Chirping gayly, singing blithely,
Breasting storms without a fear.

Chickadeeans, happy titmice,
Waking snowy woods at Day;
Warbling sweet, in spite of Winter,
Summer's tuneful melody.

Chickadeeans, always thanking
Settlers giving crust and crumb,
With ecstasies of happy song;
Proof—to kindness they're not dumb.

Chickadeeans, darling tree gnomes,
When the tempests dreary ply;
Seek our shelter and our feeding—
On the Settler safe rely.

WHEN THE BRIGHT MOON SHINES ON THE SNOWY PEAKS

WHEN the bright moon shines on the snowy
peaks;
When the stars gleam their flashing prismic
streaks;

And not a sound from the white mountain breaks—
Wilderness vast, untouched by hand that wreaks;
'Tis then the voice of holy Silence speaks—
Solitude, angel which the poet seeks.

Seen from the path that leads him to his home,
This scene of saintly splendor on the height;
This moon, these stars, these snow-clad shining hills—
The poet lifts the latch that it may come,
The muse of Solitude from out the night;
To hear that Silence speak and feel its thrills.

POOR BUNNY

POOR Bunny, you that played gay 'neath the moon;
That capered and gamboled the green sward on,
As I watched from where I sat on the hill—
Your pranks and leapings delighting me still;
Now breathing your last in the jaws of my hound
Who caught you as careless you fed around.
Poor Bunny, you that played gay 'neath the moon;
Ah! Death! You are that which saddens Life's rune!

Poor Bunny, you that played gay 'neath the moon;
Prey universal, which hunger feeds on—
Sport of beasts; of eagle, hawk, owl, and hound;
E'en hunted of man wherever you're found;
I thank God, your numbers, your only defense,
Will equal your losses, tho hunted intense.
Dear Bunny, romp again 'neath the bright moon;
Ah! Life! To Death cruel, play your dear tune!

THE WONDER SLEEP

EXPECTING Spring, snows melting, roads op'ning—
The bluebirds 'round the cabin twittering;
Bright, unclouded sun, chinook surging warm;
Winter, retreating, in apparent alarm—
There came a *change*, the worst storm of the year,
Filling the mountain land with anxious fear.
For days, the white envel'pment of mad gale—
Great snows fell, vast, deep smothering the Vale;
And Winter, roaring, in exultant glee,
Reigned supremest in triumphant fury.

Quite duped, and toiling to the verge of faint,
I labored to hold his arms in some 'straint;
Trees felled, nigh lost in the great depths of snow,
Dug up, dragged—great effort, to hut below—
Eyes, hair, beard, frozen in the white downpour,
As all 'mid air the awful blizzard's roar;
E'en the very mountains seemed to tremble—
Power of Boreas in full ensemble.
Muscles, limbs, lungs, I strained 'gainst the blast—
Gained, thru the welter, my snug hut at last;
Won, each log, for the warm protecting fire,
By sweated battle, from the Arctic ire.

Within, late afternoon, stock of fuel
Piled high to fight the elements cruel,
I doffed my furs and, toil-spent looked around:
My three dogs before the hearth were sleeping sound;
Bright blossoms in the warm south window found,
Twining up, vernal, fresh, from potted ground.
Outside the panes, icicles cling and twist,
From eaves, pendent, full thick as brawny wrist;
Thrust, still roof-dripping, deep in piled snow,
Swelled, up-drifted, from unseen earth below.
'Neath the shelf of flowers, a wooden stand,
On which the Immortals, illumèd, grand—
Hebrew, Greek, and Rome's inspired, lettered Band;
Bible, Homer, Virgil—those of England,
Shakespeare, Milton, and other Masters rare;
The literature of all races there;
Great epics—poetry from everywhere,
All gathered in those treasured volumes fair.

Amid this scene of amazing contrast;
Outside—hideous ravings of the Blast;
Inside—this beaut'ous room of sweetest home,
Warm hearth, books, sleeping hound, flowers in bloom,
I laid me down upon my pillowed couch,
My tired hands crossed on breast in restful crouch.
Sighing more rapture than love-dreaming maid—
In all the Robes of Slumber soft arrayed—
I reposed, in delicious sleep profound,
With wildest Winter raging dreadful 'round.
All sweet oblivious of storm and cloud,
I slept, 'mid this bower of Peace and God.

PUT UP THE BAR

PUT up the bar to the door of the hut—
Shut out the night and the storm.
Heap up the logs on the Hearth of the Gods
To keep them happy and warm.
Thru the windows far our red flame shall gleam
Athwart the Valley of Snow;
With spruce wood and pine we'll defy the blast
And laugh in the rosy glow.

GOING WEST

THEY say the World-War soldiers,
Before they died and passed away,
Called softly to their comrades,
"Dear Pals, I'm going West today."
And ever since, the people too,
When Death's summons comes their way,
Speak to friends as the soldiers did,
Those selfsame words—Life's last say;
"Dear Pals, I'm going West today."
Going West, dear One, toward the setting sun,
To the Land that is yours, for your race is won.
Going West, dear Pal, on the Trail begun
To the Promised Land, for your work is done.
Going West, dear Heart, 'cross the Great Divide,
In the flush of your brave warrior pride.
Going West, dear Friend, on the sunset tide
With your comrades true who have nobly died.

For the West is the land where the spirits come;
The Land where you hope to find Some One.
Where an angel stands at the foot of the Peak,
To whom, when you're passing, you should speak
And ask the way to the Far Off Land
Where the Father extends His welcoming hand;
A land so bright that it needs no sun,
For its light is the Love of the Holy One.

And those who remain, let them breathe a prayer,
For our beautiful dead who are gathered there;
In that golden West of the soldier's dreams
Where the sun o'er the Harvest brightly beams.
Where those who have given their very best
Are summoned to God to their final rest.
Where those who have suffered the supreme test
Live again in the warmth of the Master's breast.

Wall O' Gray or the wind cloud on Longs Peak and on the Front Range in general, is one of the few almost infallible weather signs of the *oberland*. It signifies wind from the west or northwest and which is likely to prevail in the immediate vicinity until the phenomenon disappears. It is rarely ever observed in summer, appearing from time to time from mid-September until May.

WALL O' GRAY

WHEN, on Longs Peak, a pallored mass is seen,
Vast, roaring, soaring, cloud of gray;
Then prepares the Vale-bound settler keen
For a wild, tempestuous, windy day.
This cloud, a mountain wonder, so they say—
From whence it comes or goes, a mystery.
Not so, its invariable effect,
For it means—this dread bank of whirling spray—
Storm's array—Wild windy day—
Wall O' Gray!

This peak-perched cloud ne'er seems to come or go,
But, consumed with fury envenomed so;
Poised, stands, transfixed—raging, twining self
Fold within fold. Winding within itself,
With kneading motion, its fierce entity.
Twisting, sustained with power rotary;

A Shape constant, tho rolled and over-rolled,
Throning forces of Tempest, fearful, bold;
Storm's array—Wild windy day—
Wall O' Gray!

'Twould seem, Boreas, his fort had raised there;
His armies massed, the angry Hordes of Air.
From East, West, North, South—winds from everywhere—
At times, swarming that far Height bleak and bare.
Where, enranked, close attendant to his call,
With world o'er viewed, the wide Continent, all;
Whole field of action seen from mountain tall—
He sounds battle to his forces corporal:
Storm's array—Wild windy day—
Wall O' Gray!

SPIRIT SNOW

THOU art a Spirit,
Tender, bewitching, maiden Snow! Enfolding
Every stern cragg'd mountain cold
In daintiest filament and softening
Their wild steeps to gentlest mould.

Thou art a Spirit,
Tender, bewitching, maiden Snow! A celestial
Visitor to this mountain night.
Oh! That my soul was as saintly white
As this lustrous fleece beneath the moonbeams
bright.

MY DOG BEFORE THE HEARTH

MY dog before the hearth
Has stretched him so:
His four white paws,
Cleanly pink'd in ball and toe,
From many a mile
Traversed deep in drifted snow,
Relaxed now are
And silent lie in soft repose.

Sleek his glossy coat
Rises with each breath.
In deep slumber, he,
Before the cheery hearth.

My dog! Faithful companion
Of each passing day;
Safe within his master's hut
To sleep the night away.

THE PINE GROSBEEK

FLAME O' Winter, scarlet, cardinal crest;
Grosbeak, whose bright plumes snow-lade pines
invest.

Solitary flame of the white wilderness,
Filling bleak woods with crimson loveliness.
What sound is this? Hath some great cathedral
With organ note of tube arboreal—
Exquisite aria of register
Blown from the very loft of pipes upper,
Pealed afar to this mountain solitude
Fingered strains of a Nun's ecstatic mood?
Like an angel's lute or flute, Seraphim
Played, to some Holy Presence dedicate;
Visioning celestial Cherubim
Bright attendant, sweet-throated caroling
Beatitudes, fair saintly heralding
Graces winging supernally above—
Deity enthroned 'mid the Courts of Love!
Ah! 'Tis the cathedral note of the Flame Bird
That o'er the pine wood ravishing is heard;
The Grosbeak—plumed fire of that wintry land
Where tempests bellow and peaks snowy stand.

STARLIGHT THRU THE MIST

STARLIGHT thru the mist
Is when Evening
Robes her daintiest.
Starlight thru the mist
Is when maidens
Glance their loveliest.
Starlight thru the mist
Is when warm lips
Press their tenderest.

WHEN THE MOON SHINES IN MOUNTAIN- LAND

WHEN the moon shines in mountain-land
O'er the great peaks white 'neath their snow,
There comes a feeling—of eerie being—
That you don't get in lands below.
It makes you lonesome—so creepy fearsome—
Yet you can't coax yourself to go;
But stay a list'ning—softly singing—
Till the stars gleam their midnight glow.

When the owls hoot in mountain-land
As the Moon rises high, tip-toe,
There comes a feeling—of eerie being—
That you don't get in lands below.
It makes you lonesome—so creepy fearsome—
Yet you can't coax yourself to go;
But stay a list'ning—softly singing—
Till the stars gleam their midnight glow.

When the wolves howl in mountain-land,
To the Moon their worship bestow,
There comes a feeling—of eerie being—
That you don't get in lands below.
It makes you lonesome—so creepy fearsome—
Yet you can't coax yourself to go;
But stay a list'ning—softly singing—
Till the stars gleam their midnight glow.

RAINING IN THE CAÑON

RAINING in the Cañon—
Splash—splash—splash:
Water in the River—
Dash—dash—dash;
Thunder on the Mountain—
Crash—crash—crash;
Mighty like creation's
A going all to smash!

THE CALL OF THE WEST

THERE'S a feeling of Recreation
When you go to a different clime;
A spirit of Exultation,
Whether north or south of the Line.
But to know the intensive meaning
Of a wonderful—beautiful time,
One must go to the Crest of the Rockies
To experience that pleasure divine.

Oh! The Call of the West—Youth's treasure-chest;
Hills and vales forever fair:
New lands, new faces, greetings happiest;
Glad songs sweet welcoming there.
Oh! Call of the West from the Nation's Crest,
Where the great Peaks split the Tide;
Where West greets East by the Spread Eagle's nest,
Atop of the Great Divide.

There's a thrill of Exaltation—
Solemn worship of the Sublime;
A lifting of thoughts to Heights of Sky—
Once doubted—here found, forever Thine.
A great Peace with the Sov'reign Power
Declar'd, and *felt*—past the bounds of Time.
A birth of Love, vast, which understands All—
That rhymes perfect with Eternity's line.

Oh! The West is young and the West is strong;
Its people worth living among.
They came from all quarters, a wonderful throng;
Democracy—Of every tongue.
Oh! Call of the West from the Nation's Crest,
To the Land of the Setting Sun.
Where West greets East by the Spread Eagle's nest,
In the love of the Holy One.

SUNRISE TRAIL

WHEN it's morning in the mountains
And the robins on the hill,
Burst forth in joyous rapture
As they sing their daybreak trill;
Then I call the guide and party,
'Fore the dawn lights up the Vale—
I call them to the breakfast
Ere they hit the Sunrise Trail.

Oh! It's glory in the mountains
When the birds break forth in song;
When the morn-winds stir the pine trees
To sing with the feathered throng.
When the rabbits and the gray squirrels
Wake to view the daybreak pale—
As I call the folks to breakfast
Ere they hit the Sunrise Trail.

Oh! It's joyful in the mountains
When the party's had its fill;
When the guide is at the stable
And the horses whinny shrill.
When the sun in glory rises
And its warm beams fill the Vale—
When the folks are in the saddle
And they hit the Sunrise Trail.

Oh! It's happy in the mountains
And expectancy doth thrill,
When the folks are in the saddle
And the ponies climb the hill.
When their souls are full of sunshine,
And their spirits bright and hale—
When it's morning in the mountains
And they hit the Sunrise Trail.

THE HOME THAT IS HOME TO ALL

THERE'S a wondrous Inn on the Road of Life,
Wherever the Traveler wends.
It is always near, so secure and dear,
Oft, not found, till the Journey ends.
It has just one key, but it you must have,
To open the door in the wall:
That key—it is Love; the Inn, is God's Heart,
The Home that is Home to us all.

Be ye black or white, red, yellow or brown—
Have ye clothes of homespun or silk;
Are ye sinner or saint, rich man or poor—
No matter your state or your ilk;
If you have Love's key, for it you *must* have,
To open the door in the wall;
If you have that, you will dwell in God's Heart,
The Home that is Home to us all.

WHAT GOLDEN CANOPY IS THIS ?

WHAT Golden Canopy fair, is this—
Whose draperies cling like gold silks spun
Aloft the Peaks where the Dawn winds run?

It hides the form of a goddess—Cloud,
Bathing in fires of the rising Sun—
Hiding her charms as a veiled Nun.

THE PORCUPINE

THE Porcupine—priv'leged of wilderness—
Immune from attack by dread quilliness:
The bear, cougar, wolf, and lynx, this quilled death,
In ages past have learned, and shun its breath.
And even Man, who oft with rifle plays,
Dealing death promiscuous many ways,
Stands before this huddled thing in earnest gaze—
Made so marvelously as to amaze.
The forester, discovering those trees
Which this beast has girdled with deadly frieze,

Often slays the culprit in burning rage;
 For naught can a tree lover's grief assuage
 Save quick extermination of the scourge—
 Fierce is the hate when wrongs rise to urge.
 Howe'er, the Philosopher, wondering;
 Calmly o'er all life, quiet pondering,
 Marks in this beast a consummation prime
 Inspiring awe of God's work most sublime—
 Who willed this priv'leged Form, that without fear
 Boldly treads savage wilds year by year:
 Wondrous defensive, when danger is near,
 By simply curling up in blinking peer.
 E'en the raging lion, hunger wild, is tamed
 By knowledge that this Form is ancient famed
 For quills and darts that bring slow tort'rous death
 To that which dares attempt with tearing teeth.
 Thus, to him who can overlook the sting—
 The loss of trees, can cherish other offspring
 Of Nature, each in its place, fast fixed Fate;
 Can, in marveling mood, appreciate
 That which God made so wonderful, divine—
 Let Man revere the quilly Porcupine.

IN THE TAWNY DAYS OF AUGUST

WHEN the rain has left the Valley
 And the crops are ripening brown;
 When the heats of Summer rally
 To bring the Harvest on:
 Then I'm off for Trails of Glory,
 Where the golden eagles fly;
 When the Gods of fiery August
 Blaze the Lowlands 'neath the sky.

Into the tawny, lionel,
 The Great Peaks stretch their forms;
 'Neath the burning skies of August,
 They drowse, unvexed by storms;
 In the tawny days of August—
 As they flank the snowy Pass;
 In the tawny days of August—
 When the sun is shining brass.

When the Peaks are gleaming rosy
And the Plains are hot and dry;
When the flames of glowing August
Scorch the arches of the sky:
Then I'm off for Trails of Glory
Where the snows and glaciers lie;
In the deep and vernal forest—
There I'm camped, the streamlet by.

Into the tawny, lionel,
The Great Peaks stretch their forms;
'Neath the burning skies of August,
They drowse, unvexed by storms:
In the tawny days of August—
As they flank the snowy Pass;
In the tawny days of August—
When the sun is shining brass.

FATE

FAR o'er the trackless oceans of the Deep—
O'er deserts wide—far up the mountains steep;
Amid the wilds of jungle, brake, and wood—
E'en to the fastnesses of Solitude;
I had still escaped, fled as one pursued,
From Phantom of—Oh! God! My Self—my Fate!

At last, with withered locks and falt'ring feet;
Burdened with years—still fearing to meet—
I stood upon a precipice, lofty, high;
Upon a ledge so narrow, that to try—
Retrace the steep steps that I had come by—
'Twas impossible—I stood abreast the sky,
And met, at last, face to face, my Self—Fate!

I could have gone on, but—path barred by Self,
I stood there, aghast, on that narrow shelf.
It was a dizzy plunge—thousands of feet;
Suicide—should I leap; only to meet,
If I did so dare—in my death to greet,
Oh! God! That Monster dread—my Self—my Fate!

As hesitate I stood—my poor thin locks
Tossed by a wild wind roaring 'mid the rocks,
The Thing spoke; "Why flee? Leap, Fool—if you dare;
Hell has no place so deep but I'll be there!
Coward! All your life is barren and bare,
Because you have feared Me," said my Self—Fate!

"Listen, if you would live and be a man—
Take your place in the Universal Plan;
Follow, instead of base fleeing from Me.
I am your Fate, *leading*, eternally.
Accept—embrace Me, your Path will be free;
Deny Me—Fool! Thou canst not slay thy Self—Fate!"

I twisted and turned on that narrow shelf;
Alas! there was no escape from my Self.
Timidly, I looked, and gave Self a nod,
Addressing a prayer to Almighty God;
Then, penitent, I passed under the Rod:
United, at last, with my Self—my Fate!

Oh! What a very fool a man can be,
Who struggles in vain with his Destiny.
No one, as yet, e'er escaped his Self—Mate,
Tho from youth to old age he flees the state.
Better far, to do what the gods relate;
Submit—there's no escape—to Himself—Fate!

THE MISTAKE

I, THE guide, once careless, on the great Peak,
Taking a false trail, made a slight mistake.
Soon, conscious of my error, looking back,
My party piqued that I had missed the track,
I saw an avalanche start—dash upon
A spot on the trail below, where oft anon
Rested those I guided on the ascent—
Now swept by avalanche in swift descent;
Instant death, undoubted, in its dread wake:
We—a people *saved* by my slight mistake—
Then knew; another Guide had guided me;
There we knelt and worshipped Him—Deity!
Since, tho still I seek to avoid mistake,
Yet—dear God! I pray that "Thou, my soul may take."

WILD CALL THE ECHOES O'ER THE LOCH O' KATRINE

WILD call the echoes o'er the Loch O' Katrine,
Calling the name of my lost Love again;
Clanking the links of a Heart's broken chain,
Ah! Mock me no more. Thy call is in vain;
My forgotten—my lost Love—my darling—Norine!

Oh! Why did I seek you? Ye tarn waters green?
Why did I call that once fond cherished name?
Now wildly sounding in Echo's acclaim—
O'er the dark waters heard, in mocking scream;
My forgotten—my lost Love—my darling—Norine!

Oh! If ghosts of Memory could bring you, my Queen—
Bring you back to these reaching arms again;
You, with your smiles cruel arrowed with pain—
Would I hold you, clasp you, my old Love slain?
My forgotten—my lost Love—my darling—Norine!

Tell me, wild Echoes, of the Loch O' Katrine,
Can an old Love, cleansed of its folly and shame,
Be lighted again, its once innocent flame?
Ah! How coldly they answer—that mocking name;
My forgotten—my lost Love—my darling—Norine!



WHERE THE DOGTOOTH VIOLETS GROW

ON a shady slope near a bank of snow,
Where they hear the sounding river below
And all above is the June sun's glow—
That's where the dogtooth violets grow.

Where moonbeams their gleam thru the spruces throw
And pale dim star shadows come and go;
Standing asleep with their heads drooped low—
That's where the dogtooth violets grow.

When Dawn's billows of rose the peaks o'erflow
And the Main Range wakes as the Morn winds blow;
With parted lips their kiss to bestow—
That's where the dogtooth violets grow.

GOOD STARTING WEATHER

PERFECT, with golden promise beaming,
The morning sun mounts a cloudless sky
Thru many days of summer in the Vale.
As oft, the mountaineer, discerning,
Loth to disappoint the tourist shy,
Will confident, repeat his ancient tale:
"Good *starting* weather, Friend," he'll say,
"Tho it might rain sometime today."

It *did*—by noon, the mist clouds teeming,
Afternoon was storm'd by threat'nings high;
Hail, rain, sleet, and wild tempestuous gale.
As guest returns, him, mountaineer greeting—
With comforts serving, hiding humor sly;
He'll impudent repeat his ancient tale:
"Good *starting* weather, Friend," he'll say,
"Tho I thought it *might* rain today."

BEAR

BEAR! Grizzly, silver-tip, black, cinnamon, brown,
Related families, but different grown.
Great Beast, once mortal feared, now better known;
But in that fear slain, 'till its species—prone
Slaughtered, exterminated, now shy roam
Those regions far remote it dares call home.
'Tis rare they've sought the life of peaceful man;
Invariable, they've rather walked and ran,
Unless the cub-protecting mother dam,
Attacked, instinctive charges to maul and maim;
Or startled Grizzly, roused, tracked to his den,
Will rise to crush intruding, hunting men.
More oft they seek the wild bee's honey sweet,
Roots, insects, fruits, than kill for sodden meat.

Evidence of late, fresh tracks, straying cubs,
Reveal the sore thin'd band now hopeful rubs
Its maw within the Nation's Park—safe bounds;
Where, protected, they soon will gain those grounds
Which fear, and sport, and much sought after pelt,
Nigh cost their kind the sense of living felt.

What sentiment is this? of Modern day?
Benev'lent care of Species, faithfully:
Not harbored for Royalty's hunting play
For wretched serfs to murmur jealously,
But grandly parked for Free Democracy
To see—and seeing, lose the lust to slay.
Who knows? Besides this—is that future Day,
When Civilization in full array
Presents all species, breeds, kinds, Millennium
Perfected—"And a little child shall lead them."

Bear! Vast bulk of furred kind. Ursus of the Den!
Human-like, half man, berry gathering Bruin;
Propagate again your numbers as of old,
Let the Park's broad borders be your own home fold.

Nothing is more dangerous to the mountain climber, especially when exploring the upper walls of the Continental Divide, than certain areas of decayed or rotten granite; which, reduced, thru age of alternate action of sun and frost, a process perpetually present in those high altitudes, to a thin crust of crumbling fragments treacherously covering and appearing, unless one is keenly vigilant, like the real solid formation lying beneath, and which, when stepped upon, will instantly give way under the foot with a motion so rapid and accelerated as to make foot recovery, finger, or staff hold impossible, until one falls to solid or firmer terrain.

If the climber is so unfortunate as to encounter, step, and fall upon such a formation lying immediately above cliffs or perpendicular walls, he is doomed to plunge, crushed and mangled, to unknown depths.

To the boldest mountaineer, the treachery and alarming potentiality of decayed granite lying upon a dangerous slope is positively terrifying; and to step incautiously upon a spot thus lurking, vividly suggests the sudden stepping upon a snake so coiled as to instantly give way, squirming, beneath your foot and at the same time striking quick terror to your soul and causing you to so lose your equilibrium as to fall with consequences violent according to the depth and nature of the slope beneath you. Decayed granite is far more dangerous to traverse than snow, for snow will pack under the foot and support a staff, but disintegrated granite will roll with incredible motion under the pressure of the foot, almost like masses of tiny and loose ball-bearings.

THE SNAKE THAT IS ROCK

AMONG the perils which lurk the Rockies
Where they steepest and highest rise;
A lofty chimney, fissure, or hollow,
O'erhanging cliffs, mist-wet, from skies;
Are slopes and ledges of granite decayed,
Which seem safe to unheeding eyes;
Yet there, unwarned, and stepping incautious,
A man falls to death in the shock;
'Tis the dread rock that is coiled like a snake—
The Snake that is treacherous Rock.

Oft the bones of a dead, bleaching victim,
Lie white at the foot of the Steep,
Where former a man sought his footing
On the back of a Thing asleep;
For when, up the breast of the slope, half way,
He slipped, dropped to death in the sweep,
He knew, as he plunged o'er the precipice,
The dread Thing that gave him the shock;
'Twas only the rock coiled up like a snake—
The Snake that is treacherous Rock.

No use to clutch at the slip'ry monster
As it creeps up from depths below;
Its scales elude your desperate fingers—
You are fated to downward go;
It has coiled thus for eons of ages
To sudden hurl you to your woe.
So beware of the Slope's rotten granite—
Take no chance with the fatal Shock;
Beware of the rock coiled up like a snake—
The Snake that is treacherous Rock.

AFAR THE MOUNTAIN CALLS ME

A FAR, the Mountain calls me—
I must go,
To see the golden sunrise
Gild the drifting snow;
To hear the wild winds' council
As they surge and blow;
To meet the dark cliff shadows
'Neath the moon's white glow.

Ah! If Secrets of the Silence
You would learn and know;
Would feel the lips of Solitude
Press your thought-bent brow;
Far—Far upon the Mountain
You must go.

- Chasm Lake is a subject inseparable from Longs Peak and its ancient Glacier—the hoary association and affinity of the three have produced the premier scene of the Rocky Mountain National Park.

The way to the Lake branches to the southwest at Timberline from the historic trail to the summit of Longs Peak and is marked by stone cairns the full distance. Horses are usually left at the west end of Great Moraine where it debouches from Lady Washington, for from there the way is a narrow foot trail which skirts the deep East Gorge of Longs close under the cliffs of Lady Washington, with views of Peacock Pool, often mistaken by tenderfeet for the Lake itself, Columbine Falls, and other flashing waters spurting from various upper regions of the tremendous cirque hollowed by ice, rain, and wind, out of Lady, Longs, and Meeker. Interesting bands of rock strata, wonderful and fantastic battlements, castles, towers, and other sublime configurations are seen aloft on the north precipices of Meeker, displaying marvelous vistas of alternate shadow and light under the play of the sun, the prevailing tones being seal and red browns of surpassing richness, mingled with shining gold and bronze russets. The gorge trail ends at the foot of the massive east dyke of the Lake and the cairns skirt the base of it among lovely pools and rills of sparkling waters rimmed with pads and velvets of exquisite moss, with areas of alpine flowers on every hand and one often encounters flocks of ptarmigan here. With a last steep scramble one scales the dyke and stands on the eastern rim of the Lake amid a world unto itself, isolated, solitary, remote from animate life, tree, or shrub.

The surface of the Lake lies at an altitude of 11,943 feet, or 2,312 feet under the summit of Longs; its depth, at this writing, 1921, is unknown, but its area is about six acres. Standing on the dyke and looking east, one can look thru the saddle and above the summits of the Twin Sisters at the Great Plains beyond, many miles away. On this dyke are great monoliths of granite and schist set up on small rocks as tho ready to be moved or cut to form; this was the work of the Glacier. Some of the granite here contains dark red pebbly crystals resembling garnets. The Lake is frozen nearly eleven months of the year and usually does not open much until the last of July and ice-bergs float in it during August, when it starts to freeze again. The contrast of the dyke's magnificent masses of polished granite reaching far down to unknown subterranean depths of melting cobalt aqua which laps banks of white snow on the near shore simply beggars description. A small cave of ice opens in the northeast bend of the shore and on the dyke near the southeast shore are masses of tilted stone affording shelter from rain and storm.

The cliffs of the Chasm can be scaled between Longs and Lady, and Meeker and Longs, and all three of these peaks can be climbed from thence by making detours from the rims of the Chasm. Between Lady and Longs, tremendous quantities of snow are blown from the Boulder Field into the Chasm, forming drifts, scores of feet in depth, and in a great cleft in the southwest corner of the Chasm, close under Longs, cowers the ghostly remnant of the ancient Glacier, a mass of perpetual ice standing at an acute angle, nearly a half mile long and high, and almost completely shaded from its old enemy, the Sun, and replenished annually by vast snows swept off the Peak in winter,

In mild weather and sunshine the Chasm is bearable, in fact, lovely in mood at times, reveling in sun, sky, and bright waving water, but under cloud, mist, and storm, it is the most inhospitable of regions. A light cloud floating across the summit of Longs, as viewed from the Lake, is the most sublime of spectacles; and the crest of Longs, a shadow cast by the setting sun or moon on the bosom of the Lake, is a phenomenon exciting the deepest emotions. Various echoes can be aroused on the different walls of the Chasm and it is a noticeable human trait, that one is almost invariably tempted to arouse them.

Lamb, Chapin, and others have haunted the Chasm with constant exploring interest and many visitors, mechanically or commercially inclined, delight in speculating on different tram, boat, raft, airplane, cable, balloon, elevator, and other mechanisms designed to connect the shore of the Lake with the summit of Longs Peak and quite horrifying to the nature lover who venerates and worships the sublime solitary solemnity of the place.

CHASM LAKE

COME, fair Women and Men!
Come, Spirits and Children!
Come, ye Gods of the Mountains, to hear!

Here's a Story for Thee—
Writ by Eternity—
Wild Tale of a thousand, thousand Year!

When the Ages looked down on the Mountain's pride—
As the Years watched the flow of the icy tide;
When Fate set the Law and the dread Glacier died—
Where the deep Pit was dug and the Ages cried;
Then a bright Lake was born in its azure tide—
Waters of Solace born of arrogant Pride!

THE MOUNTAIN

The Ages looked down on a mighty Peak,
So vast, its sheer height, it ne'er deigned to speak,
Thousands of feet above all other mounts
It stood in that Pride which Nature discounts.
As true as that tree whose high sovranity
Rears its boughs and bulk proud o'er the lea;
As true as that star whose huge planetry
Sweeps lour the shores of the Milky Way sea;

Comes that hour of Fate, as the Ages look on,
When tree, star, and peak, in high derision,
Slip prone to their earth or unfathomed tide—
Whether tree, peak, or star, they fall in their Pride.

Great Peak!
Still proud—yet chastened, humbled low to God.
Grim Survivor!
Of limb, bowel, and feature, cruel shod;
Like Abbe Sieyès, whom the *Third Estate* shrived—
Like him, high Sierra, say softly, "I lived."

Thou shattered, riven, cleft—fearfully torn,
Yet beats within You your stone meshèd heart;
As long as God rolls the Planet afar
You shall stand in the glory of chiseled Art.

Victor alike, o'er earthquake, the glacier, and frost—
Triumphant o'er all—tho the battle oft lost—
To know You were bless'd by the Hand that cut low,
To greet ever snow-plumèd the Sun in its glow.

From the Lake's eastern rim—massive granite hewn
dyke—
The Eye dares to glance at You, still unconquer'd
Height.
As it pauses to quaff the steep'd Andean draught—
Vision stupendous, engulfing beamiest sight—
A cherubim Cloud fondles your tremendous brow:
Great God! Overwhelmed are Babylon'd towers now,
For the Cloud, darling Contrast, o'er your head curling
soars,
Affording Distance which perfect Perspective adores;
Spectacle holy! The quick Soul swoons in that Kiss
Which the Cloud on the Mountain soft presses in bliss!

So—As the Years looked up to the Ages,
And the Ages looked up to Time;
And Time, forgetting his Eons,
Slow eternal to God did climb,

The Peak was gripped by the Glacier;
The Glacier a deep Chasm gnawed:
A Pit where the icy jaws weltered;
Where fiercely the Ice Monarch clawed.
Then was formed bowl of frost alabaster
Which once the Glacier's white milk overflowed;
Now, brimmed by bright waters pure filtered—
Chasm Lake—where men stand overawed!

THE CHASM

On the Peak came the ice-pack—the dread Glacier's
thrall—

As the Ages looked down on the Mountain so tall.
At first it was sea that washed His bronzed feet,
Then 'twas rain, then snow, then thickening sleet;
Then a region of ice—polar waves of cold blue—
Instead of regal Mountain, the Ages did view.
That proud Height which they loved—once so nobly
enskiéd—

Now clutched by the Glacier in the strength of His
pride.

Then again spoke Fate as the Ages looked on—

This time it prevailed in fondest compassion;
From the sky it swept clouds and fast falling snow
To let in the bright Sun on the ice below.

Oh, fearful the Glacier threshed and writhed in its pain,
Its throes opened crevasses and closed them again.
Sweat, as steam, filled the air—congealed to warm rain—
Which helped melt the ice, that ran off as a stream.
At last the great Peak thru the white crust thrust its
head;

Ah, ruin and wreckage on that Helm now instead
Of that glory of brow that once o'ertopped the sky;
By thousands of feet lowered now, it was to try,
If His pride was reduced to good fellowship true
Towards neighboring heights which His first pride
never knew.

As the Ages looked on, they soft nodded their brows—
From them Fate took the cue which now Everyone
knows—

When one has *true* Pride and 'tis tamed by the Law;
When so tamed it will worship in purest awe.

And still the Ages looked wond'ring on, ever on—
Dreadful the Glacier struggled and panted anon,
For both Peak and the Sun in warrior strength
Battled the fell Ice till it measured its length;
And where once the great Mountain had towering
height,
It now had wide ruin heaped far in its sight;
The spoil of the Glacier spread—crag, summit, and rock,
Torn from the Mountain thru eons of shock;
Vast wreck of cliff, of strata, of granite, of slide;
A Chasm deep gnawed where the huge Glacier died.

Fell Chasm!
Profound abyss where the blind Terrors lurk—
Snakes of Void coiled in the abysmal Cirque—
Specters and Phantoms of lowering Cloud—
Witches of Shadow and ghostly mist Shroud!

No grass, no flower, no daring tree,
Lives by the shore of your Hermit Sea.
No fowl, no rat, no animate breed,
But finds here scanty fodder or feed.
Naught, save bleached ribs where the Glacier died—
Naught, save the bones of the Peak of Pride!

Stygian Vault! Eternal winter is here.
The arch Fiend himself would here misery fear;
With his form engulfed in the Watery Fell,
His breast bare and naked to the ice bites of Hell.
Should the God of *Inferno* e'er change ice to fire—
Should brimstone and lava fill this awful Pit dire—
The great Fiend in this oven would swelter and roar;
Flames fearful and molten would here maugre him sore.

Dark Chamber of Echo! The calling Nymph here.
Is wild Demon, answ'ring in blare mocking sneer.
In this Cavern, gray ghost of Medusa broods in Gloom;
Swirling fogs haunt the damp Dens—sunbeams they
entomb.
Oh! Fearful abyss—when black Night—bellowing
Storm—
Fill your Caves of Perdition with howling Alarm!

So—As the Years looked up to the Ages
 And the Ages looked up to Time;
 And Time, forgetting his Eons,
 Slow eternal to God did climb,
 The Peak was gripped by the Glacier;
 The Glacier a deep Chasm gnawed:
 A Pit where the icy jaws weltered;
 Where fiercely the Ice Monarch clawed.
 Then was formed bowl of frost alabaster
 Which once the Glacier's white milk overflowed;
 Now, brimmed by bright waters pure filtered—
 Chasm Lake—where men stand overawed!

THE LAKE

The grieved Ages wept as the great Mountain shone,
 Head sunk low in the West, His sin to atone;
 By those thousands of feet that from Him were shorn
 In the pride of His height when the Ice was born;
 And tho yet He was lord over every peak head,
 In spite of the ravage that lay round Him far spread, .
 The Ages remembered the day of His pride,
 And as they remembered the Ages soft cried.
 Then deep in the Pit which the fell Glacier gnawed
 The tears of the Ages fell fast in pure flood;
 And when they had done, the Mountain, in love,
 Peered shyly down on His friends from above;
 'Twas then, at His feet, pool of bright waters He saw,
 The tears of the Ages, tho they well knew the Law,
 These Waters of Solace born of arrogant Pride—
 Grief'd Cistern of Tears that the Ages soft cried.
 They were shed for the Mountain, tho some reached the
 Plain,
 Those Waters of Solace, His sweet comfort from pain;
 Where a thundering Ocean once swept His bronzed feet,
 The Waters of Solace now more gently repeat,
 This office so humble, yet needed by all,
 For none are so great but Pride bringeth their fall.
 So the Sunset red glows on the great Mountain's snows
 As the Waters of Solace reflect His bright brows;
 They press their soft surges on His warrior feet—
 On His lips they press kisses in mirrorings sweet.

Lake of the Chasm!

Violet waters embowled in the whitest of snow,
Flashing bright gilded blue where the mid ripples flow.
Every warm blushing mood of your sister, Sky,
You rivalest—with chameleon'd imagery vie.
Mere of the Ages—born to your Peak—
From His rib, like Eva, to caress and speak
Soft words of endearment to that unmoved brow,
Save in Sunset embraces, lingering low in your lap—
In reflection, sweet Mere, Him you fondle and chaff
With gold sparkling glances in summering glow—
In winter, long winter, He clasps your white snow.

Dear Wave—Soft'ning Pool!

How wondrous that Rule?

Naught so stern in all Nature, rock or sea,
But some winsome Waft of sweet femininity,
Woos the granite, the iron, the fast fixed rock—
No Element so resisting, but loves the dear Shock.

As distant Star, the thin compass bar feels—
As artist's Sketch, Ocean, surfing, reveals;
As fingered Palm, Span of Life plain portrays,
Each fleshed line presenting Secret of Days;
As sweet Woman's pure breast when tenderest it feeds,
The Christ, Saint and Sinner, infants holy, their needs;
So the Mountain stoops down at the Call of its Mate—
Longs Peak never smiles save in the Arms of its Lake!

So—As the Years look up to the Ages

And the Ages look up to Time;

And Time, forgetting his Eons,

Still eternal to God does climb;

Where Peak was gripped by the Glacier—

Where Glacier a deep Chasm gnawed—

That Pit where the icy jaws weltered—

Where fiercely the Ice Monarch clawed;

Where was formed bowl of frost alabaster

Which once the Glacier's white milk overflowed;

Now waves *oberland's* wildest water—

Chasm Lake—where men stand overawed!

CONIES

On January 10, 1922, Jack Moomaw, the St. Vrain poet, accomplished the remarkable feat of ascending Longs Peak in deep mid-winter. The only living thing he observed on the summit of the great mountain, darting among the rocks and snow, was a tiny cony.

THE Cony, alpine rabbit, little hare;
Darting pika, among the slide rocks bare.
Rock dwelling, as ancient *Bible* words declare,
"A feeble folk," calling from their burrows there.
How, on many a winding mountain trail,
Climbing the steep—breasting the gusty gale—
I've heard its shrill crying, seen it feeding;
O'er the splintered ledges seen it speeding.
The Cony, "little chief hare," Indian name,
Calling 'mid the *talus*, tiny, timid, game;
Warning its mates of eagle, hawk, and foe—
E'en here, 'mong bleak slopes lurking, Death's woe.
Cony, to Traveler, knowing its kind,
Brings the far hills of Judea to mind;
Where Solomon in his *Proverbs* once penned,
"Conies, a folk among the rocks snug denned."

A FOGGY MORNING IN JUNE

THE Day is loath to break. Submerged in mist,
The Vale is steeped in somn'lence sleepest.
Faintly the hermit thrushes timid call
To Morning, all unseen amid the pall
Of vapors ashen gray, hiding the sun;
Hares start from thickets, nibbling as they run.
Grouse scurry among the shrouding phantoms—
From copse, the tim'rous song of kinglet comes.
All abroad, the landscape seems so unreal,
As white the ghostly mist wraiths creep and steal.

Soon the finest dim sheen of gold is seen
Aloft, where thinnest the gray vapors screen;
'Tis the beam of mounting Sun, seeking Earth—
Hot, insistent to grant the Day its birth.
This, the cock detects, sounds clarion clear;
Afar, the Vale echoes his note of cheer.

The cattle low, the horses in the stall
Shrill whinny, as they hear the barnyard call.
Now, up above, the Sun has won his right—
Fast the gray mists writhe in careening flight.

Studding the storied West are dimps of blue;
Sky again assumes its natural hue,
With thin streamers of mists among the Crests,
Dissolving, mid-air, as the Sun invests.
Soon the great peaks stand forth in brilliant noon;
Light slays the struggling foe to dying swoon.
The white snow-fields reveal a fairer breast—
Their paps, by the warm streaming mists refresht.
All verdure, forest, grass, and pastures green,
Crisp and succulent have dew-nectared been.
Once more the Vale resumes its Golden June—
The joyous birds renew their mating tune.
Below, sea of fog stretches o'er the Plains—
The lowlands linger in its damp domains.

THE MOUNTAIN-LAND

THE Mountain-land! The Mountain-land!
Where wild Winds meet and gather—
And Storms, their legends tell,
To Peaks and Summits list'ning
As they stand sentinel.
Dear Oberland! Dear Oberland!
Land of laurel, green-boughed pine and spruce—
Land of flowery dell;
The *wildest* Land is the Mountain-land
Where the Sons of Freedom dwell.

The Mountain-land! The Mountain-land!
Where Tyrants kneel to Free men
And Despots find their Cell.
Land, when the tocsin loud peals,
Brave arms the foe repel.
Dear Oberland! Dear Oberland!
Land of David, Ethan Allen, Bruce—
Land of Owen and of Tell;
The *truest* Land is the Mountain-land
Where the Sons of Freedom dwell.

The Mountain-land! The Mountain-land!
 Home of sturdy Pioneer
 Where harvest valleys swell;
 Where Liberty and Labor
 To Evils sound the knell.
 Dear Oberland! Dear Oberland!
 Land where Patriot hopes rest verdant
 On the Nation's citadel—
 The *strongest* Land is the Mountain-land
 Where the Sons of Freedom dwell.

Wherever the traveler dares the higher slopes of the *oberland*, the familiar bole of the limber-pine, *Pinus flexilis*, in company with the engelmann spruce, *Picea engelmanni*—the former on the crests, the latter in the hollows—waves and cheers him on to the heights and, returning, greets him in the ever welcome, fresh, and sheltering hospitality of the green and aromatic conifer.

When driven from the bare steep above timber-line by biting tempest and storm, and suddenly entering an advanced clump and growth of these friendly trees, a sense of instant relief and gratitude is experienced by the peak-climber: these silent sentinels often hear the warm invocations of many a thankful soul, which, wind-blown, chilled, weary, and lonesome, enjoys a feeling of protection, security, and companionship, amid the gently sighing boughs of nature's sturdiest, highest dwelling trees.

The limber-pine is observed in isolated companies or in generous dominance on most of the mountain slopes from the middle to the upper *oberland*, where, on the crests of the latter, it reigns supreme. Of considerable girth, height, and symmetry in its lower habitat, yet at timber-line, its outliers stunt to mere bushes. In some localities, crests of mountains east of the Main Range attaining high exposed altitudes, it grows with immense girth but stunts in the top, presenting squat aspects, quaintly grotesque; taking root at the base of some ledge or rock on the crest the tree grows fairly normal until it begins to project over the summit of the ridge—the crest of the mountain—when, there exposed to the full force of the gale, it begins to stunt, resulting in great girth, small low top. This pine can also be found in all stages of growth, decay, and death at timber-line in reality, the *battle-line* of tree and weather, on the main ranges of the Park. At this point the observer often finds himself among whole companies of their dead, bleaching, mummified forms, standing upright, erect, and defiant, even in death; while others, their bark and even the fiber of the trunk themselves, on the exposed weather side, usually the northwest, killed and ground away by flying sand, gravel, and ice, driven against them by the terrific prolonged gales of the winter season; but on the other side, life still persisting and will, until the trunks are finally girdled or uprooted and cast down by some particularly violent blast or they persist in a growth of which the increased bulk offers a continually broadening mark to the enemy—a sad and inevitable ultimatum.

On the East slope of the Main Range and the Longs Peak group, it often, in company with the engelmänn, takes root behind an advanced, protecting rock, and, in its eternal battle for existence and its daring persistence in endeavoring to advance its species against the arctic blasts of the higher altitudes, most wonderfully project its growth in exact conformity with the shape and contour of the stone; the stunted trunks and weathered branches forming pillared arbors and bowers of curious formation. The tremendous abatised matted areas of the two species occupy large tracts of the high country forming a formidable barrier against man and beast, but providing splendid harbor for small game and birds.

When green, the wood of the limber-pine is very pitchy, but dried and seasoned, it yields a fragrant constant scent similar to cedar; and on account of its fine grain, due to its very slow growth on exposed heights, the annual rings being very fine, and its light pinkish color, it is sometimes called *Colorado mahogany*. Its fresh cones are sticky masses of fat pitch and oil, and when dried, yield seeds which are sometimes extracted and eaten, being similar to piñon-nuts and a favorite food of the Clarke crow.

THE TRAIL OF THE LIMBER-PINE

THERE'S a trail on yonder mountain
On the way to timber-line;
It's a trail that brave Youth follows—
Where its daring hopes incline.
Trail the Settler blazed and traveled,
But in old age doth decline.
Trail that leads to heights forbidden;
Where steep crest and slope combine
To stern defy the old and weak—
Where the strong must lead the line.
Trail aloft to sentinel peaks—
The Trail of the Limber-pine.

From the valley to the mountain—
Up steeps most wildly alpine;
Growths of limber-pine safe lead you
To where storm and cold define,
That no higher shall the tree live—
Nature sets the grim dead-line;
Below—forest's leafy domain;
Above—bare slopes only reign.
Oh, the friendly welcome refuge—
Out the bleak wind's biting chine;
Down to piney, shelt'ring woodlands—
The Trail of the Limber-pine.

Oh! Loved path that climbs the mountain
'Mong the clust'ring columbine;
By the brook and flowing fountain
Where the blue mertensias vine:
Past the waterfall wild brawling
On the way to timber-line;
Boughs of verdure sweetly calling—
The Trail of the Limber-pine.

Ah! Love knows your arbored winding,
Green aisles of the limber-pine;
Oft a maid a lover finding
On the climb to timber-line.
Then to the Peak—its high summit
Grand objective—'mid Noon's shine;
In evening, down the pathway dim,
Maid, your lover's hand in thine.
Oh, the secrets of your binding,
Vowed by lover's sweet design;
'Mong the moonbeams softly slanting—
The Trail of the Limber-pine.

'Tis a Path of Life you show us,
Ever verdant mountain pine:
Steep slopes by youthful efforts won—
High Ambition's danger-line—
In old age those slopes descended;
To others those Heights resigned,
Then, the old trail stretching downward,
'Mong your branches arched and twined;
Ways softer, fairer; Yeal *dearer*,
Than the days of battle line;
Farewell to the Heights, Ambition—
The Trail of the Limber-pine.

Oh! Loved path that climbs the mountain
'Mong the clust'ring columbine;
By the brook and flowing fountain
Where the blue mertensias vine:
Past the waterfall wild brawling
On the way to timber-line;
Boughs of verdure sweetly calling—
The Trail of the Limber-pine.

CLARKE'S CROW

THE American Nutcracker, Clarke's Crow;
Gray, thick necked, long billed, dark winged, light
below;

Repulsive, coarse squawking; at seed time
Infesting growths of fat-coned limber-pine;
Cracking the seed nuts of conifers fine,
Their flocks manoeuvring with flight sublime,
Like bands of cruel Sioux mounted superb—
Wings roaring air; their harsh cries rude disturb.
A voracious fowl; fearless, militant bird;
Rough glutton, tyrant, by smaller birds feared
As it seeks food near the settler's door spread;
Clarke's Crow, whose greed invites blows to its head.

AT THE FOOT OF THE PEAK

THERE'S a lofty Mountain reared in the West—
At its foot is a cabin small,
Where I dwell in that peace and quiet rest
That comes to those who call,
To a mother of sweet and cradling breast,
Who sings when the night shades fall;
This Mountain that rears its mighty crest—
That croons with its waterfall.

There's a lofty Mountain reared in the sky—
At its foot is a valley green,
Where lillies, and roses, and violets shy,
Grow wild in nooks unseen;
Where the slopes of this Mountain raised so high
Are robed with fragrant pine—
Where I glean in the glades where the west winds sigh
'Mong the fields of columbine.

There's a lofty Mountain that gleams in my view—
At its foot is a holy shrine;
It's just the old cabin of weathered hue—
This dear little home of mine,
In that valley so green all kissed with dew
Which sparkles in bright sunshine,
'Neath the brow of the Mountain I love so true
Where the waterfall sings divine.

NATURE

COME where the Voices are calling—
The woods in their summer green.
Come where the Voices are calling—
The meadows in flow'ry mien.
Heed not the halls and their revel—
The dancing of maidens and men;
But come to the bosom that loves you—
Come to these arms again.

Come where the Voices are calling—
The moon with its silv'ry beam.
Come where the Voices are calling—
The lake and its winding stream.
Heed not the halls and their revel—
The dancing of maidens and men;
But come to the bosom that loves you—
Come to these arms again.

Come where the Voices are calling—
My soul and its tender dream.
Come where the Voices are calling—
My heart and its passioned theme.
Heed not the halls and their revel—
The dancing of maidens and men;
But come to the bosom that loves you—
Come to these arms again.

THE CHINOOK

MILD Western Gale—warm Chinook, fresh blowing;
Toward the sunrise, wind-current, broad flowing.
Sky river lade with perfumes orient—
Spicy with mountain fir's balsamic scent—
As o'er the ranges your ocean moisture
Extracts the attar from blooming verdure.

Welcome! Fair Pacific Stranger—Salve!
You, sweet from poppy fields of far Cathay.
Before you spread the avenues of Day
With rising sun to greet you on the way.
Below you melts the snow of Winter's clime;
Above you arch the skies of glad Spring time.

Merry, the rocking wild-flowers greet you,
Wanderer from where tropic trade-winds blow.
Rock-cress, buttercup, pasque, anemone,
Gossiping as you toss them frolicky.
Green the meadow grasses bend beneath you
As your soft wavings deep their vernal hue.

On to the East your gusty surges boom;
Shaking from willows, aspens, leafy bloom—
Earth, with bud huskings and brown catkins strewn;
Young pines swaying, to start their tendrils soon.
Mild Western Gale—resounding many days;
Warm Chinook—blossoming the mountain ways.

SWEET IS THE SMOKE OF THE ASPEN WOOD

SWEET is the smoke of the aspen wood
Blown from the dwellings of solitude;
From chimneys of settler, rising blue,
Column of cheer thru the fireplace flue.

Sweet is the smoke of the aspen wood
Feeding the fire of the camping brood;
Fuel ambrosial—spicy scent;
Smoke—of the wilderness redolent.

Sweet is the smoke of the aspen wood
Inviting the soul to dreamy mood;
Myrrh and balm fragrant of mountainland—
Honeyed incense of the burning brand.

THE CHIPMUNK

THE Chipmunk, striped sprite, impish squirrel;
Gay, happy, satisfied—in easy curl
Its tail, then wild erect—alarm'd aspect—
Lightning speed to where logs or stones project.
Furry mite, born the dog and cat to tease;
Helpless, canine and feline, search the trees,
Eager to catch the quick tormenting thing
Whose squeak, ventriloquial sounding,
Seems actual within their very claws;
Until, a rod away, it light haw-haws.
Dandelion, rose pods, kinnikinnick,
Raspberries, it eats or stores in its rick.

Harvester of grasses, herbs, roots and seeds;
Stored in its labyrinth for winter needs.
Most animate of all the furry kind,
Early summer 'till winter its snows wind,
Then beneath the ground it snug hides away;
The Chipmunk, 'till first flowers come in May.

WHITE TIDES OF THE LOW

SOFTLY and slow, the White Tides of the Low,
Come surging up the shore.
Up the cañons deep they silent creep,
Void of the Ocean's roar.
When the Gorge is full, the White Tides mount,
Up the foothills more and more;
They tremble and writhe, and eddying wide,
Submerge those summits hoar.

White Tides of the Low,
The mountains o'er flow—
Milk-white waves of the Mist Ocean's flood;
Stormy Sky is thy home—
Born, like Venus, from foam—
White Tides of the billowy Scud.

Into the Vale, the White Tides of the Low,
Sweep ghostly up the steeps;
They make it a Bay and misty way
Of white aerial Deep.



They lap the shor'd crags, the ledges they lave,
As upward their streaming creeps;
They glisten and glean in lunar sheen
As o'er them the bright Moon peeps.

White Tides of the Low,
The mountains o'er flow—
Milk-white waves of the Mist Ocean's flood;
Stormy Sky is thy home—
Born, like Venus, from foam—
White Tides of the billowy Scud.

Over the Peaks, the White Tides of the Low,
At last their white surges swell,
Bringing pillows of fast falling snow
To deepen the winter's spell.
Now sounds the Wind with bellowing roar,
The flight of the Low to compel;
It soon beats the air, the peaks, the Vale,
White Tides of the Low, fly—pell-mell.

Low pressure areas of air, entering the mountains from the Great Plains, or "lows," as the mountaineers term them, are an important factor in the meteorological or weather phenomena of the *oberland*.

Developing in the low country or Great Plains region at the foot of the mountains, at altitudes of 5,000 feet and upwards, they drift up the cañons and gorges in great waves and surges of white mist, and gradually envelop the mountains and peaks, just as the tides of the ocean sweep up the shore, with a constantly changing shore-line of cape, bay, fjord, inlet, and even islands, when the mountains are wholly submerged except their summits.

Usually, according to season, a low brings rain or snow, but often it is only mist. In the Vale of Elkanah, these lows can be seen developing on the Plains at a distance of 50 miles away, and thus the whole progress of the phenomenon can be observed until the Vale itself is completely enveloped.

Often, in winter, their first surges carry a fine frost, and when they retreat or are dissipated into the region of upper air, one can distinguish the altitude they attained by the frost deposited on the trees on the mountain side at that point. Occasionally, for as much as 48 hours, a strong wind from the west holds a low at bay, either on the heads of the Twin Sisters or under the lower summits of the foothills; and almost invariably in winter, it is the wind that eventually drives the lows back to the Plains where they finally disperse.

In winter these lows sometimes bring the mercury down as many as 70 degrees; from 50 above zero to more than 20 below zero, an almost terrifying contrast, meaning exposure, suffering, and distress to the mountaineer and his live stock.

THE EAGLE

'NEATH the rainbow's arch in the golden sun
Wings the Eagle calm where the storm has run;
'Mong the crags where the Lightnings dashed
their fire,

Mounting those crests where fell the Thunder's ire.

Above, and yet on—on, on, to the clouds,

Invading the spaces ruled by the gods;

Then, spurning those regions—swift to its peak,

The Monarch of fowl kind with peering beak,

Sweeps terrible beam of death-dealing eye

For lambkin, grouse, rabbit, and other prey,

Which from safe covert might foolishly stray;

When, falling like arrow-shaft from the sky,

With swiftness of flight that empties the breath—

Talons of steel gripping flesh to its death;

Causing fear awful—life passes in swoon—

Victim collapsing, to look that face on.

'Tis mercy the prey can die thus so soon,

Death—talons and terror combined, give boon.

Then to the aery, a cliff 'mong the stones;

The stripping of flesh, the dropping of bones.

The Eagle, proud Monarch of boundless Sky;

Wing'd death the price paid for his glory high.

Yet, 'tis the price, when we monarchs install;

A Throne, monster is, which preys on us all.

CLOUD STREAM ON LONGS PEAK

The cloud stream on Longs Peak is a spectacle so sublimated, so distantly removed from things terrestrial, that to observe this tremendous river of misty cloud surging over the huge mountain; to hear its sustained, at times, almost deafening roar, and yet to learn of its having no visible effect, at least in the lower regions of air, is to stand in awe, silent, and contemplating a phenomenon unspeakably impressive.

A MONG the scenes imposing, vast; sublime,
Seen when Boreas rules in winter time,
Is the flow, radiant, supernal, grand,
Of mighty Cloud Stream o'er the Oberland.
Continent river traversing mid-air—
Congo of cloud draining altitudes rare;

Streaming from northwest o'er the topmost Range
 Down to the gorges of the three St. Vraains.
 Wild torrent, swift flowing, dazzling white,
 Gliding swan-like o'er Longs stupendous height;
 Descending, tumultuous, snowy slopes,
 'Till lost, where the gorge its deep abyss ope's.

Silvery, fleecy phosphorescent, at night,
 Under the soft lume of the white moonlight,
 It flows in unbroken waves o'er the steep
 Pouring its pale flood into the chasm'd deep.
 When Morn, in the dim hours, fires red the East,
 Its misty swells sweep ruddy o'er the crest
 And wash in golden rose-tipped loveliness
 'Gainst a bank of sky that gleams its bluest.
 When its current shores the setting sun—
 Cloud river—aerial Amazon—
 'Tis then, its bounding crests flow flaming fire,
 Dying to ashen hue 'bove the burnt out pyre;
 Then iridescent in the afterglow—
 Pale lavender at dusk, its billows flow.

Oh! Eunoe! Paradisal river bright!
 Which doth absolve—regenerate from Night!
 Art thou more fair than this stream of Cloud—
 More wonderful to raise the soul to God?
 Oh! Nature! Deeply inspirational!
 Lifting man to beauteous realms of Soul,
 I praise thine open beauties, seen by all;
 Yet which a meaning hold, symbolical,
 Of God's greater glories spiritual,
 To him who has vision celestial.

BIGHORN

BIGHORN! How nobly this sentinel ram
 Contemplates the landscape, countenance calm,
 Comprehensive, ages trained—Wisdom-wise
 To ev'ry lure which subtile foes devise.
 Oberland boasts no animal grander
 Than this sheep-form'd alpine dwelling centaur;
 Venerable Chiron—faithful Pholus—
 Here your ancient race is still among us.

By slight imagination, of old Gods,
Seeing him on the crest among the clouds
As the air drives, mist-white, from either sea,
Pacific's green waves—Atlantic's dread lea—
Here, on the high Pass, Continent's divide,
Where gath'ring vapors, salt-lade, of the tide,
Form the whirlwinds of the Storm, soon to glide
Down the steep and sweep the rang'd mountains wide—
The Bighorn! Sentinel Centaur of the Crest!
Monarch of the wildest gorges of the West—
Born 'mong clouds and dizzy precipice.
Its home, wild abysses of cavern'd cliffs,
Nephele's son, flesh-sired of Ixion;
On beetling crag-heads greeting either sun,
The one which lifts o'er East the maiden Day
Or 'mid the Western ocean snuffs its ray.



Great Ram, your most feared foe, save grizzled age—
 Of Flesh, none exempted, Life's heritage—
 Is the frost congealed texture of this cloud—
 So oft in these high lands a death-hid shroud—
 Your woe—cov'ring your feed, driving you below,
 Beautiful falling—Winter's first virgin Snow.
 Hunger driving you from off the Great Divide
 Down 'mong fierce foes, thru the forest belt wide;
 Down to the open pastures of the Park,
 Where Death, often violent, meets you, stark;
 Cougar, rifle, skulking wolves that ravage—
 Who await your weakening from old age:
 Sneaking, aloof—driven off by your band;
 Who with filial devotion by you stand;
 'Till, scenting dangers threatening whole flock,
 They leave you, alone, to meet the fatal shock.
 But, oh! how rich you are, waiting thus—Death;
 For wisdom you have imparted—its full breadth,
 To fittest members of your devoted band;
 Which ages hence, faithful, shall dwell this land.
 The Bighorn! Sentinel Centaur of the Crest!
 Great Ram! Whose spreading horns glorious invest
 The uppermost reachings of the mountain West.
 You! Loved creature, ancient sacrifice noblest—
 Wild ram, holy, slain in Moriah blest;
 Symbol divine! You, Abraham's faith suggest.

DAWN AT CHASM LAKE

YET streams her silver flood—the beaming Moon,
 Into the fell Abyss in ghostly swoon.
 The vasty Corridor in murky gloom
 Broods where the cliff-rent Shadows dusky groom.
 Atop the Peak, the mottled Disc doth climb,
 Blanching Utah with lunar beams, light lime.
 Beneath, the Lake, sheet of mirroring glass,
 Sleeps the brimm'd deeps of its aquiform mass.
 What glare is this which spreads its golden loom
 On that high Summit crested by the Moon;
 A gleam, now gilding, as with flaming Noon
 The Peak, tinging its cliffs with rosy bloom?
 It is the Sun, tracking Luna the night,
 At last greets her on that majestic Height.

As tho to shun the embrace of his plan
She grays her face with ashes coldly wan;
Yet brilliant o'er the West, as she flees the Day,
She lights the Bays of California;
Where, as the golden god speeds 'top the Range
Once more her beamy smiles to sweet exchange,
She flies far distant 'bove that flow'ry lea
To plunge, ere he takes her, in the Western sea.

With Day summoned bright to that sun-crowned
Height,

Low at its feet, the Lake, still sleeps in Night.
As upper gorge rims now dim catch the light,
The Waters of the Chasm, slumb'ring, moon-white,
In sudden momentary darkness cast
By Luna's beam intercepted on the Crest,
Reflect the stars a moment on their breast—
Lustrous gleaming, those planets orbiting vast:
Then, the great Vault, its dim cathedral shade,
By Dawn's acolytes, crimson candle lade,
Is lit—till nave and transept in red rose
Soft 'lume the shadows of the cloister rows.
Now Avalanche—fearful thru Abyss roars;
Cliffs, frost-split, sun-loosed, plunge down to Chasm
floors.

A lone eagle wings the Void above the Lake
As downward to its wave Light's gleamings take.
'Tis here—Dawn's blush-smoked torches lighting way,
The World enveloped bright with lovely Day!
The Doors of East burst open with the Sun
That o'er the West his chariot may run.

Spring in the *oberland* almost invariably comes in with a *gush* or wave of warm air from the Great Plains, usually occurring from the middle to the last of March, and during a lull of the gale from the west and northwest, that prevails incessantly on the Great Divide at this period of the year. Taking advantage of this lull, the warm air from the Plains rushes in, up the gulches and cañons, like a tidal wave, and upon its warm surges come thousands of the native birds and the myriad migrants of the far north, flying helter-skelter, exultant and chattering, and settling occasionally in the meadows and thickets to feed on the flies and snow-flies to which the sun gives birth from the thawing snow and ground.

This particular day is undoubtedly the greatest day of the mountain year—no other is so distinctly marked with extremes of tempera-

tue, from stern winter to melting spring, or so affecting to life in general, softening the frozen solitudes to warming smiles. The transitions from spring to summer, summer to fall, fall to winter, are much more gradual—but with the simultaneous coming of the birds, the sudden thaw of the ice and snow, and the warm balmy waves of air gushing in fragrant exuberance from the Plains, it is the *one* day of rejoicing to the winter-bound mountaineer and the wild herds and life of the *oberland*.

After this event, within a day or so, often within a few hours, even to the hour, in memorable instances, the gale from the west resumes its vigor, clouds veil the sun, the air chills, storms gather, blizzards rage, and Spring, for a period of fully sixty days thereafter, slowly advances and retreats until the sun finally asserts a power that establishes the indisputable sovereignty of Summer.

In the breaking up of particularly deep-snowed winters, long before the roads are freed from ice and snow, flocks of blue-birds, in the ecstatic *Gush O' Spring*, can be observed in close proximity to bevys of pure white ptarmigan which have been driven from their haunts above timberline by the deep snow covering their feeding grounds, low matted areas of arctic willow and birch.

Hawks visit the *oberland* less frequently in mid-winter, leaving the smaller game and winter birds more to the owl, coyote, fox, wolf, bobcat, and weasel. Often the first arriving birds battle bravely with the belated blasts of winter, retiring to and feeding on the Plains or low foothill country, and returning to their mountain homes daily just before dusk, when they settle noisy and gossiping in their favorite copse and thicket to spend the night.

GUSH O' SPRING

GUSH O' SPRING from the Plains, fleeting thing;
Sweet, tho short, its fluttering reign.

When the blackbird wings to the frozen swamp
Piping his lay to the death-white lake;
From a willow twig, sweet his reedy song
Liquid sounds where the deep drifts are lain;
And the wondering trees and meadows thrill—
At the glad voice of Spring they awake.

The bluebirds awing in the golden sun
Drop 'mid the blanching drifts in greed;
On snow-flea and gnat, infesting the flat,
Brought to life by the sun for their feed.
Their journey was far and hunger most keen
Prompts them to hurried meal in glee;
For sudden change of air, cold, menacing,
Back to the Plains they quickly must flee.

Hawks follow the birds, their accustomed prey,
 They soar and oft dart in their flight,
 On rabbit and squirrel, careless of late,
 Save to footed animals in sight.
 Wilson snipe, with staccatic wing-flutter,
 Skip thawing ice 'long the shore.
 Robins and warblers, their various notes,
 Echo sweetly the woodlands o'er.
 Gush O' Spring! Glad birds twittering
 On the balmy waves of air.
 From distant Plains where Summer reigns
 Come zephyrs warm and fair;
 To the Mountain land
 Where the snows deep stand—
 Where Winter drives his caravan;
 Where bright bluebird's wing,
 In the Gush O' Spring,
 Gay greets the white plumed ptarmigan!
 No promise of flowers to cheer the birds
 Save catkins and nestling pasque,
 Slowly swelling their buds in the mounting sun,
 Doubtful—hardly daring to ask.
 The thaw 'mong the pines wintry tales unfold;
 Shells of pine cones, squirrel's dispose;
 Tufts of rabbit's shed fur and wind blown seed,
 Dust and grime, the thawed snows disclose.
 Meanwhile, up aloft, cloud legions enrank,
 To battle the sweet Gush O' Spring.
 White mists and fine rains, snows, gray leaded hail,
 For their ordnance and guns they bring.
 Soon blasts of assault on the heights are heard—
 With thunder they sound the alarm;
 Exulting birds wildly start—plainward they fly—
 Again to feed on field and farm.
 Soon a peak is stormed—by massed clouds attacked—
 Charging tempestuous and cold;
 But another height thrusts helm thru the mist,
 He has slain his enemy bold.
 Then another is steeped in low'ring cloud,
 Noble outlines viewed on its form,
 By white sleet splashed in his gulches dark—
 His crags in relief 'gainst the storm.

With promise most bright from a sun-beaming height
 The birds courage take and return;
 On mount and peak, where the sun claims the fight,
 Rainbow and light triumphant burn.
 For hours the conflict in doubt often hangs,
 'Till loud peals a mightier sound—
 'Tis wild Winter's dread blast, reserved, in leash,
 Gush O' Spring with snow to confound.
 Then wild cry the birds, wings spread to the breeze,
 A last blaze of light in the West;
 When Sun, now o'erwhelmed, recalls his bright arms
 And Winter enswoons his gold crest.
 With pitiless whirls the snow sweeps the Vale—
 Thawed waters to ice recongéal;
 Sweet Gush O' Spring swift retreats to the Plains—
 Fairer skies its charms to reveal.
 But one intrepid wing, the piping blackbird,
 By lake and swamp on his willow twig;
 Sits enveloped the night as the snows so white
 Stiffen with frost his clutchèd sprig.
 In Morn's icy dawn he calls for light warm—
 Most plaintive he pipes to the sun;
 But only drear snows return with their blows;
 Wailing, he flies plainward, undone.
 Tho the blackbird fled o'er the death-white lake—
 Tho Spring chilled in the wintry blast;
 Tho snows and fierce blows regained the heights—
 Blizzards and storms the Vale o'ercast;
 Yet Hope springs up in the mountaineer's breast
 As he stands again in wintry sleet;
 The flocks and herds, the fast flying birds,
 Know Spring again they'll soon joyous greet.
 Gush O' Spring! Glad birds twittering
 On the balmy waves of air.
 From distant Plains where Summer reigns
 Come zephyrs warm and fair;
 To the Mountain land
 Where the snows deep stand—
 Where Winter drives his caravan;
 Where bright bluebird's wing,
 In the Gush O' Spring,
 Gay greets the white plumed ptarmigan!

THE DREAD VISITOR AND HIS BAND

THE snows of long winter are melting,
The chinook blows warm o'er the strand;
The yellow buttercups are blooming
In the swale where the snow-pools stand.
But I sigh, and think of the coming,
Of a Visitor and his Band;
Of the march of the World and Mammon
As they enter the Mountain Land.

The grass on the hillside is greening,
The pine-boughs toss gay 'neath the sun;
The bright banners of Spring are waving,
Up—up, where the slopes highest run.
But, oh! Another banner streaming—
Of the Visitor and his Band;
'Tis the flag of the World and Mammon
As they enter the Mountain Land.

The bluebirds are mating and flying,
'Round the eaves by the cabin door;
The aspen and willow are pluming—
The blackbird calls over the moor.
But, hark! Another voice is sounding—
The dread Visitor and his Band;
'Tis the clang of the World and Mammon
As they enter the Mountain Land.

VEIL O' VALE

OFt in the Vale when the Spring meltings come
Of the Winter snows, and the waters run,
A thin veil of cloud o'er the sun is flung
As tho by hand of a designing One.

Thru morning hours this veil suspended hangs,
Receiving the sun's most am'rous pangs;
Should its fierce hot rays be not thus withstood
The snows would sudden run and cause great flood.

CRUEL SHOCK! UNCONQUERED WINTER
SWEEPS COLD AGAIN THE FLOW'RING VALE

CRUEL shock! Unconquered Winter
Sweeps cold again the flow'ring Vale—
Leafing shrub and tender flower
Stretch close to Earth their blossoms frail!

Dejected bird—chilled to the spine—
Skulks the copse in shivering repine;
Disconsolate, plumage ruffs;
Peeps feebly 'neath the aspen fluffs.
Stream and pool—froze in the onset—
Ice their breasts with frost wove blanket.
Snow, hail, driv by howling gale,
Sleets frigid every living thing.
Soft catkins, buds, all tree kind,
Freezing, shrink from the bitter sting.
In one hour, the dread Boreal brute
Has subdued growing verdure mute;
Outrageous o'er the land he sweeps—
Supreme, once more, his power keeps.

Cruel shock! Unconquered Winter
Sweeps cold again the flow'ring Vale—
Leafing shrub and tender flower
Stretch close to Earth their blossoms frail!

WALT WHITMAN WOULD HAVE ENJOYED
THIS DAY

IN the Spring, widening road, spruce and pine,
Prone felled to make way for Traffic's incline,
Smell balsamy and aromatic keen—
Inhalations thru lungs, fresh hygiene.
The steam of warm earth, as we ditched the side—
Drying, in hot sun, o'er the Vale beaming wide.
Our bodies perspiring with fleshy scent—
Sweat exhaling human poisoned content
That thru the long winter accumulate,
Now by healthful exercise dissipate.
The clang of bar, spade; the blasting of rock,
Obstructions removed by explosive's shock.

The lunch by the brook in the aspen's shade—
 Smoke of our pipes curling blue thru the glade.
 Then, after lunch, renewed labor and toil,
 Again the sweat in the sun's burning broil;
 Often a passing cloud or squall of snow
 Congealing moisture on laborer's brow.
 Anon, while resting, panting hot the grime,
 A glance at the peaks, snow-mantled, sublime,
 Inspires, refreshes the thinking man;
 His spirit revives and he leads the van.
 Then the walk home to supper, the chores done;
 Pipe by the hearth, gossip, innocent fun.
 Then outside, skies scanning, stars and peaks dim;
 Not unconscious, perhaps, of Night's deep Hymn.
 Once more within, thoughts by the hearth, fire banked,
 Verses of *Bible* read—Diety thanked;
 Feeling fellowship with angels and men,
 Candle blown out—sweet sleep in the linen.
 Ah! Walt Whitman would have enjoyed this day;
 With mountaineers living—their simple way.
 Here the Heart of the Nation pulsing free—
 Here the Children of World Democracy.

ONCE AGAIN THE SONG OF THE STREAM

O NCE again the Song of the Stream
 Sounds sweet in the echoing Vale;
 Summoned once more from its Winter's dream
 To resume verdant Summer's tale.



Once more the fall of bright water
Dolorous tinkles the splashèd stones;
Once more murm'ring ripple, soft laughter,
Where gently the rivulet drones.

Dear is Thy welcome, bright Water,
Freed again from the ice and the snow;
No longer the white folds of Winter
To smother the song of Thy flow.

THE DAY OF THE PASQUE

SWEET Flora's advent—the clustering pasque;
The first of the flowers, in timid bask,
To deck the glad Easter of risen Christ,
E'en in altitudes with snow and frost iced;
Nestling 'mong rocks, clad in warm silken fluffs,
Tossed by chinook as low earthward it puffs.
Anon the wind 'bates—a burst of sun-glow—
April smiles on its buds thru squalls of snow;
Then, as bird coaxes nestlings, their wings to try,
The leaves of the pasque open, peeping shy.
But scarce a moment they dare thus the day,
For, booming—gale drives cold snow 'long the way.
The squall hides the sun, the pasque shuts its eyes,
Night sables the sails of the stormy skies.

Winter invades, blizzards sweep o'er the land,
Deep buried 'neath snow lie the elfin band.
Boreas, furious with windy spleen
Blows snow to the woods, sun pale gleams again.
Next day, the Vale still, skies calm and quiet,
After wild days of tempestous riot,
The sun in warm splendor, unclouded, bright,
Beams over the top of the mountain height—
Full on the buds, drooping, frayed, winter-worn,
Sad wondering why they ever were born;
When up rise their stems erect to the sky,
Joyous buds open to bloom e'er they die.

This day, warm and balmy, brings hope of May;
The bands of the pasque in velvet array
Bloom purpley pink with gilt centers of gold,
Flowering beauty cov'ring granites old.

Oft sanded with snow and pelted by hail—
 Chill beat with rain sheeting cold o'er the Vale;
 Then cheered by the sun—defying the blast—
 Rude rocked by winds on them gusty down cast;
 With periods of Spring, soft whispering,
 Of moons and stars which warm night-dews sweet bring;
 Clinging close to their ledges, shelt'ring home,
 They pray for sunny days of May to come.

Then May *does* come—royal Day of the Pasque!
 No fairer day could maids or angels ask.
 A day which the wood gods have decked with greens,
 The bare rocks entwined with verduring screens;
 When Cupid clouds dimple their golden sheens—
 As Nature sets one of her fairest scenes.
 A day that smiles 'neath a Murillo sky,
 Which Earth, enameled with bloom, seems to vie;
 Blossoms, blue and gold, greeting sky and sun.
 Amaranthine day of rare stuffs spun
 As Flora weaves robes of flowered damask—
 When all the hills blossom with purple pasque.



SONG OF THE WILD FLOWER

EARTH! Earth!
That gave me birth,
I nestle in you and grow.
You're my father, dear,
From year to year.
Earth! Earth! I grow—I grow!

Sun! Sun!
My golden One,
To you I reach and nod.
You're my lover, true,
I worship you.
Sun! Sun! My golden god!

Rain! Rain!
Thy chilling pain,
Is yet my virgin bath.
You're my cruel one—
You hide my sun.
Rain! Rain! I fear your wrath!

Night! Night!
You veil the light,
And tender make my form.
You're my mother, soft,
Bright-eyed aloft.
Night! Night! Keep off the storm!

Dew! Dew!
You fresh renew,
My youth when beauties fade.
You're my little miss—
You softly kiss.
Dew! Dew! My dainty maid!

Wind! Wind!
You're strong and kind,
Your touch is pure and sweet.
You're the gossip, Wind,
Of flower-kind.
Wind! Wind! You're fair to meet!

Snow! Snow!
You chill me so,
My grave now yawns below.
Oh, Sun! My bright Sun!
I'm now undone.
Snow! Snow! You've laid me low!

MY ALPINE ROSE

THERE'S a lovely rose
And it fragrant grows,
Sweet perfuming all the day.
As I pass the steep
Where its clusters peep,
I sing fond to it this lay.

Alpine rose, with your lips apart,
And your blushes dimpled rare;
Dear alpine rose, my wild sweetheart,
With your petals pink and fair;
Oh, be my Love, and on my heart
Your red blossoms I will wear.

Where the robins sing
As they mating wing
The dell where the torrent flows;
To wild eglantine
On its thorny vine
I sing as it blooming grows.

Alpine rose, with your lips apart,
And your blushes dimpled rare;
Dear alpine rose, my wild sweetheart,
With your petals pink and fair;
Oh, be my Love, and on my heart
Your red blossoms I will wear.

FAIRY A'WING

HOW oft the stranger in the Oberland,
Hearing a humming-cutting noise, will stand;
Pause, wonder—at repeated constant sound,
Its cause not perceived in air, tree, nor ground.
Howe'er, the cause is nigh, and—wonderfull
Iridescent form, vibrant, beautiful;

Aves tiniest fowl—America's, sole—
Unplayed in other lands, its diaph'nous role.
O'er stream, 'mong flowers, shrubs, and blossomed wood,
Its nigh invisible shape, hunting food,
Keen spats the air and shines in golden sun;
Affording vision rare, a fleeting one,
As momentary o'er some tempting bud,
Inserting bill in dainty attitude,
It hovers, sucking honeyed nectar sweet;
Delicate revelation, exquisite;
Fairy A'Wing—the broad-tailed Humming-bird—
So seldom seen, its form, yet often heard.

FILL THE VALE WITH GOLDEN GLORY

FILL the Vale with golden glory,
Orb'd Sun, with your flames divine.
Flush the snows of drifted winter
With your beams of bright sunshine.

Gold on the Mountain!
Rose in the Sky!
As long as the World its spaces fly—
Glories of Sunrise will never die!

Fill the Vale with golden glory,
Gild the green pines from your pyre.
Drench the crags of every mountain
From your Bowl of Yellow Fire.

Gold on the Mountain!
Rose in the Sky!
As long as the World its spaces fly—
Glories of Sunrise will never die!

THE MIDNIGHT STORM

LIKE rude carousal of rough crowd in Town,
Filling alley and street with noisy drown;
Awaking the sleeper, who in nightgown
Closes his window with protest and frown—
Crashing and thundering, the Midnight Storm
Whirls from the Peak in tumultuous alarm.
Twigs, leaves, and sand, lifted by hurricane,

Swish rasping 'round dwellings like threshing grain.
Wild gusts of wind roaring, rattle the pane—
The shingled roof cracks with hammering rain;
Oft a scud of wet snow dashed by the breeze,
Whitely plasters buildings and trunks of trees.
Then comes *downpour*—sheets of rainings and hail—
Lightnings and thunders envelop the Vale,
Chilly sudsings blow thru windows ajar;
And one, sleepy, rising to close them—far,
Tempest has flown with its whirl, flood, and fume;
Stars and moon gleam as remote thunders boom.

WOODPECKERS

IN Spring, when snows melt and the ground is damp—
In Fall when the woods are dry in the swamp;
With note of high glee from a nearby tree
The Woodpecker calls to pioneer free,
And springs to a stump or half-rotted log
Where settler is clearing forest and bog,
And taps and raps and most noisy extracts
Larva and grubs; and thus gayly-attracts
Attention from wielder of saw and axe—
Admiration warm of its impish acts,
The giant woodpecker, the hairy kind;
And tiny woodpecker, Batchelder's find.
These two species winging the mountain land,
Red-headed, white-breasted, and black back band.
Animation bright they lend to the wilds,
Fond endeared to lovers of forest aisles;
Defenders of trees, wings swift on the breeze,
The gay woodpeckers, beloved natives.

SURGES OF WILD

WHEN, walking abroad, reflecting on Life—
Full weary of cankering Care and Strife;
Emerging, sudden, on some upper crag,
Upon it the hoof-prints of doe and stag—
I linger on that quiet height, and eye
With meditative glance the west'ring sky—
There comes a sweep of sweetest coolness blown
From that region where low the sun has flown;
Breezings—refreshing, balmy, fair and mild;
From wilderness wafted—surges of wild.

There comes a sense of wandering: a call—
To search where things all new created crawl;
When World first lifted crests above the muck;
When Ararat the prow of Noah struck,
And Man, anew, his travels o'er the Main
Began—before him, deserted Earth's domain;
Vast, unpeopled regions, each vista seen,
All inviting, beckoning, bright and green;
Breezes from them blown, balmy, fair and mild;
From wilderness wafted—surges of wild.

Surges of Wild—
Bringing feelings primitive—mind exiled—
Ancient instincts, when Man was but the Child
Of primal Nature, his knowledge confined—
His intellect but in bud, not refined;
When stars, lightnings, thunders, clouds, snow and rain—
When elements became the gods of men:
'Tis no disgrace, I trust, these Pagan thrills
That creep delicious o'er me 'mid these hills;
This dear primeval descent, sweet beguiled,
When on the heights I feel these surgings wild!

I PRAYED IN THE GOLDEN NOON

I PRAYED in the Golden Noon—
In the glare of the Midday Sun.
I thrilled in the Mystic Swoon
At the feet of the Holy One.

There in the orient glade
I knelt softly and yearning prayed;
For I felt a Presence there
Who would ken my adoring pray'r.

Oh! Glorious is the Sun,
Tho night is when soft raptures come;
But Worship, sacred and sweet,
Is where'er we Deity meet.

I prayed in the Golden Noon—
In the glare of the Midday Sun.
I thrilled in the Mystic Swoon
At the feet of the Holy One.

The Twin Sister peaks, forming the eastern rim of the Vale of Elkanah, occupy an immense space, large enough to contain, along their base, four distinct, tho closely related communities. The Crags region, at the foot of the North Dome, is occupied by the homesteads of Charles and Gordon Mace, Walter Jones, Amanda Byrd, Julian Johnson, and others, the south meadows and glades of Estes Park reaching to the very base of the mountain.

In the Vale itself, the great mountain presents several interesting features, among which is Raspberry Butte, on the upper edge of Albert Bitner's homestead; Levings Wood and Game Pass; Cabin Rock, a grand eminence commanding a magnificent vista of the Vale and the great peaks to the west and the Mummy to the northwest. This rock is located on land purchased from the Government under the *Timber & Stone* act, by Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman, and was named from an old homestead log cabin erected in the vicinity by Joe Mills, who later relinquished the homestead to Dr. William Skinner Cooper, about 1909, the latter acquiring title under the *Timber & Stone* act. This tract occupies a beautiful basin now known as Cooper Valley, and is one of the scenic gems of the region.

To the south and east of Cooper Valley is another handsome heavily wooded hollow in the mountain, called Bear Cañon; still another deep indentation further east, is known as Big Hole, and down the tiny stream that flows out of it, about a half mile, is Little Hole; these names, together with that of Cow Creek, the main stream of the Vale and which washes the base of the mountain south of Cabin Rock ridge, are relics of the days when the cattle interests dominated the region, the principal herds being owned by Harry Cole and Fred Robinson.

Under the South Dome is an attractively sylvan region of wooded glade and terrace known as the Promised Land and which commands a sublime view of the skyline south and east of Allens Park, the southern peak heads of Wild Basin, and the entire Longs Peak group. North of the South Dome, the region lies within the borders of the National Park, south of it, in the Colorado National Forest, the crest of the great mountain between the North and South Domes being the dividing and boundary line of those two Government reservations. The ranches of William Welch and Fred Robinson and the homesteads of Katherine Garetson and John Grant adjoin this region, the latter tract now being known as *Steiner's Acres*, owned by Edward A. Steiner. Along the foot of the eastern slope of the mountain, lie various homesteads and ranches, and from this side the mountain so dominates the view as to completely hide the loftier summits of Longs Peak and the Continental range until one gets well out towards the Plains.

The summit of the mountain is crowned by two perfect peak heads, with a graceful saddle between. The North Peak is a few feet the higher, altitude (11,436); and on the Cockscomb, another elevation rising from the mass of the mountain slightly to the northwest, is located the fire "Lookout" station of the U. S. Forest Service, the ranger's stone shelter hut being between the two elevations, where it is less exposed to wind and storm. This station commands panoramic views of vast distances in all directions, and is in charge of a

trusty observer thruout the dry season when the forests are in danger of fire. It is connected by a horse trail with the Vale below, and by telephone with the National Forest headquarters in Fort Collins.

On the crest of the saddle between the twin peaks is an interesting fortress-like ledge of rocks called "Old Jerus," which tradition associates with Indian lore previous to 1850. To the east of this ledge, extending far down into the lower forest of the east slope, is formed an immense snow-field in winter, the snow being blown thru the saddle in vast quantities from the west and deposited there, forming the main source of the Little Thompson river: this mountain also contributes its waters to two other streams, the Big Thompson, and the North St. Vrain.

Along the upper ridges of the southwestern extensions of the mountain are bands and ledges of whitish quartz, which are often mistaken by visitors for trails and paths. The circumference of the Twins, by the present system of trails and roads, 1921, is about twenty miles. This mountain, with its many square miles of forest, meadow, and upland pasture, is literally a vast game preserve, teeming with most of the game of the Rockies; and its slopes, sunny and open, and free of the great snows that mantle the Main Range, provide an all-the-year home for it. Beaver and fish swarm the streams at its base, bands of bighorn and deer have their permanent home upon it, and its hollows and ledges form an immense and attractive aviary for bird and fowl. It is almost the universal sentiment among the settlers, that the attributes of this beautifully wooded and verdured mountain are softly feminine as compared with the bald, forbidding, masculine ruggedness of Longs.

THE WOMAN MOUNTAIN

HOW like some great Queen, her fair dominions
Spread continent 'round her royal cushions;
A vast Maternity—with subject brood
So conscious of her ample Motherhood,
That each life, held in bonds of parent love,
Centering in glances toward her brow above,
Rejoices in her smiles—the Sun's bright play—
Seeking her crad'ling breast at close of day.
Thus, the Woman Mountain, enthroned the Vale,
With sylvan charms doth dear the eye regale.

No Maiden, chaste, with swan-white, dimpl'ing breasts,
Could more pure virgin lie, than thy pap'd crests,
All empowdered with winter's spotless snow—
Recumbent, 'gainst the sky, in sunset glow.
Whispering chinook, annunciative,

Steals softly warm from off the Western Range;
Cupid clouds, clust'ring, as winged thoughts votive,
Suggest, in sighs, a beaut'ous, pregnant change:
At last, the March moon dares to speak the thing—
Its kisses stir you to the pains of Spring.

There comes a wondrous Morning, when the Sun,
Beams god-like lustre as his courses run;
Am'rous glances cast on the maiden Earth—
All her children, glad summoned to the Birth.
'Tis then, the Virgin Mountain, aspened green,
With flow'ring bush and willow's catkined sheen,
Throws off her robes of Winter, rusty Fall,
And roseate to the Sun, stands beautiful;
Her young wife charms the joy of every eye—
Her tender form caressed by April's sky.

No fair June Bride, darling Mountain, ere shone
More tempting to her Groom in nuptial bloom
Than thou; nor songs faised sweeter to the Moon,
Than when thine owls and thrushes in the gloom
Of Even, with thy tinkling rills in tune,
Lift their voices in Vale's emblossomed room;
While overhead, your fond attendant gods
Spread blushes of last sunset on the clouds,
As envious Day consigns you to Night's bower,
All perfumed 'mong your beds of fern and flower.

In summer, Mountain, 'mid Noon's dilection,
The Elements spread a vast affection
All about the regions of your bright throne;
Rivaling—claiming you as all its own—
Each noisy, rattling, careening Tempest;
Every rainbowed, golden gleaming Sunburst,
All seeking fond investment of your walls—
Loud Thunders roaring 'mong your vaulted halls;
The rough beardings and splashings of the Storm,
Softened by sunsets pressing warm your form.

In September, as a robust Matron,
Parent Mountain; among your tresses brown,
Sudden gleaming on a chilly morning,
Appear white frosts, your fair crown adorning.
True to the modes of mature womanhood,
You, responsive to Autumn's lang'rous mood,
Garb your ample lines with foliage bright—
Aspen fire, scarlet, gold—on every height.
Your leaf-hued crags, inviting beamiest light,
That Sun, with admiration, can indite.

Now come the periods of purple haze—
Hoar October's grape-purpled, violet days;
When cobwebs all entang' the red Sun's rays,
And upper slopes with frost-fired birches blaze.
Evening then, assumes a somber gray—
After the ling'ring Sunset's rubied play
Aloft the Parent Mountain; on its crest
Day extends her last raptures from the West;
Then fades, the dark'ning sky, to Even's calm,
And twilight Zephyrs hymn the vesper psalm.

Bleak, from where flinty sands and graveles grind
Atop the western mountains of the Vale,
Fierce driven by the bleak November wind—
On your devoted head, dear Peak, the gale
In awful surges plies its wintry blows;
You, winding yourself in fleeciest snows:
Ah! Dearest function—Woman ever knows
Life's stern vicissitudes; its hapless throes—
And soft but sure resistance, her art bestows;
Oft struck herself, she eases other's woes.

Our Lady Of The Snows, in winter glows
As some Great Dame colonial, with white,
Snow-crowned head above her beauteous brows;
Glistens, saintly bright in the full moon's light,
Beaming, gleam for gleam, on great planets far,
Glances argent—Herself, a shining star.
Gleam—Woman Mountain! Mother of the Vale!
Crests forever telling the Season's Tale—
Breasts nourishing the wilderness of God's;
Gleam eternal 'mong your ambient clouds!

Levings Wood, the most conspicuous forest cover in the Elkanah Valley, and occupying a north area of the west slope of the Twin Sisters, presents a glorious plush of bright forest green, forming a magnificent background for squalls of snow, rain, hail, and sleet, breaking thru Lambs Notch and rolling eastward over the mountain.

This region, burned over about 1865, was originally covered with a noble forest of spruce and fir and thus killed, and later, felled by wind. Since then, the area has reseeded itself with lodge-pole pine of characteristic rapidity of growth, now exhibiting a mantle of beautiful texture, symmetry, and evenness of height, interspersed with deep flutings of aspen where the watercourses occur. The old forest still lies prone beneath, a vast mine of seasoned fuel.

The Government trail to the summit of the Twins, penetrates and zigzags thru the Wood, passing close to the base of Raspberry Butte, a conspicuous eminence of red granite, resembling, both in color and form, a gigantic red raspberry. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Levings acquired most of the Wood from the Government in 1909, thru purchase under the *Timber and Stone* act.

WHITE BREAKS THE SQUALL

WHITE breaks the Squall on Levings Wood
Against the forest green;
Bright, stabs—with forked interlude—
The lightning's viper beam;
Deep thunder, from that altitude,
Reverberates the scene;
Gray smokes the mist in low'ring mood—
Hail rattles in gusty spleen.
A burst of sun with fire imbrued
Reveals the rainbow's gleam;
The trees, a wet green multitude,
Stand in golden rain—
'Tis o'er, the Squall has passed in flood,
Blue skies smile serene.

WHERE THE IRIS BLOOMS

WHERE the Iris stands in meadow
Beside the droning stream—
Where the Mountain stands in silver
Beneath the bright Moon's beam—
There, Sweetheart, I will meet you,
Where the gray Owl sweetly tunes;
There, Sweetheart, I will greet you,
Where the purple Iris blooms.

Where the high Stars glow in splendor—
Where the dream Clouds kiss the Sky;
Where the Aspens droop so tender—
Where the night Winds gently sigh;
There, Sweetheart, I will meet you,
Where the white Mist softly swoons;
There, Sweetheart, I will greet you,
Where the purple Iris blooms.

When the rosy Dawn awakens—
When the flowers quaff the Dew;
When the blackbird pipes its greeting
To the wading marsh curlew;
There, Sweetheart, let us wander,
By the shore where the willow plumes;
There, Sweetheart, let us gather,
Fragrant mint, where the Iris blooms.

One of the most wonderful spectacles of the middle *oberland*, is the pollen laden wind of June, distributing, according to the action of the wind, vast volumes of golden pollen from off the lodge-pole pines. This phenomenon is so pronounced at times, that visitors often mistake it for the smoke of forest fires, until informed by the mountaineer. In June, when the pollen is ripe, it can be shaken from the boughs of the lodge-poles in clouds; and often, at this season, a heavy wind preceeding a squall of rain from the northwest, will break upon the Vale with vast surges of golden pollen swept from the forest, followed by the gray and white waves of rain and hail, an interesting and beautiful sight. When the dry chinook prevails, it sifts quantities of pollen on the surface of quiet pools and the beaver ponds, where it lies light and powdery, and often the pedestrian's garments are heavily sprinkled with it. There are times also, when the wind whirls and eddies so marvelously, sprinkling the life-fertilizing medium into every part of the forest without exception, that it suggests the agency of a great hand wielding a giant shaker.

THE POLLEN WIND

THE Pollen Wind! The Golden Wind
Of gusty June!
Lade with fertilizing breath
Of wondrous Groom.
Sprinkling all the piney mothers
With potent boon—
Renewing all the virgin woods
With leafy bloom.

Hymened spectacle! Wondrous golden breeze
Bringing very life itself to maiden trees.
Cloud, containing pollen for vestal pines,
Shaken o'er them as the Carrier divines.
How, from the rainy West, the haily Squall,
Preceded by rough gustings Boreal,
Strips the wide forest of its pollened top,
And sweeps into the Vale a golden crop
That seems, until the practiced eye discerns,
The yellow smoke of distant forest burns.
Surge on surge, the mellow dust storm flows on—
Each successive pine crest yields its pollen,
Till the whole, before the snow Squall's white sleet,
Deposits in the Vale its golden sheet.

The Pollen Wind! The Golden Wind
Of gusty June!
Lade with fertilizing breath
Of wondrous Groom.
Sprinkling all the piney mothers
With potent boon—
Renewing all the virgin woods
With leafy bloom.

THE SOLITAIRE

ONCE, roaming aimless, certain mountain wilds;
Yet, perhaps, not aimless, but subtly led,
I chanced upon a vale so sylvan rare,
It seemed to me that here an Eden spread.
Not intruding, but raptured, from the edge,
I long did view the virgin dale, then said:
"So fair a spot as this, I wish,
Might know an angel's melody;
For none so pure of Heaven's throng
But here could worship Deity."

'Twas then, a bird—thrush, warbling Solitaire,
As thru the covert beamed a golden ray
Of Sun, shot thru the shining breast of Noon,

Upraised a song of such ecstatic lay,
That, mindful of Celestial sanctity,
I said, as I withdrew upon my way;
 “So fair a spot as this, I know,
 Has heard an angel’s melody;
 For none so pure of Heaven’s throng
 Could sweeter sing to Deity.”

IF WORSHIP IS THE SABBATH

IF worship is the Sabbath,
And we bow to God’s command,
Then every day is Sunday
In the Rocky Mountain land.

The River with its flood from snow
Descends the mountain heights;
Its symbol is that living flood
Of Beulah’s pure delights.

The flowers fair that deck the sward
And brightly greet the sky,
Suggest to souls those virtues sweet,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

The pines so tall and ever green
That clothe the crags most free,
Inspire the heart with Freedom’s song
And precious Liberty.

The peaks themselves, stupendous, grand,
Affirm the Master’s plan—
Where rests the eye, the soul, the heart,
There rests the God of Man.

If worship is the Sabbath,
And we bow to God’s command,
Then every day is Sunday
In the Rocky Mountain land.

A lunar rainbow shining like a white spirit against a background of dark forest in the vast bosom of the Twin Sisters, is one of the loveliest and most ethereal spectacles exhibited on the slopes of that noble mountain.

The phenomenon is the coincidence of a rain storm at night on that side of the Vale with a full or partial moon shining on it from clear sky on the opposite side.

THE BOW OF LUNA

IN dead of night on that far reared height
When the full moon beams from the west;
When the thunder-storm, the Sisters' heads
With beating wind-blown rain invest;
I look for the Bow of Luna then—
That arch of spray in silver drest—
The rainbow's arch, sheened bright of the moon
In the depths of the mountain's breast.

No maiden so fair in bridal gown
Ever wore such a bow of white;
It glints and gleams like an angel's wing
In the flash of a star most bright.
If sun rainbow is a sign of no Flood,
Streaming colors of gorgeous glow,
What's a moon rainbow—splendor of white—
What's the sign of bright Luna's Bow?



THE FAR-AWAY MOUNTAINS

THE Far-Away Mountains are the fairest to me
For they border the Valley of Dreams;
They mingle their heads with regions of Sky—
Glitter roseate 'neath sunset beams;
Then deepen to purple in evening shade
As above them a bright planet gleams.

No view is so fair as a far off Thought—
A Fancy so rare that it really *seems*;
Wafting One off the bleak shores of Himself
To harbors of heavenly themes.
Ah! The Far-Away Mountains are fairest to me
For they border the Valley of Dreams.

CLOUD MASS ABOVE THE TWIN SISTERS

ONCE, towed in by some mysterious craft,
To our Port, the Vale; on Sky's inflown draft—
Perhaps wheeled in, unseen, by day-hid Wain;
Anchoring a space 'bove Eastern Mountain,
Arrived, monster Burg of Cloud, lofty, vast;
Moored there, its form so eminent high cast—
'Twas tho God had brought down some upper World;
A Continent—anchor dropped, sails all furled,
That man, in wonder, worship, awed delight,
Could view the Curls of that enchanted height.

Its cerulean base floated grandly—
Purple prow and hull swam in azure Sky;
Methought that all the maids and nymphs of Air,
Nude, laughing, roseate, were gathered there;
Diving from bright beaches, sands yellow fair—
Sea breezes blowing soft their golden hair.
Deep blue grottos, caverns; green, pearl-lined pools,
Mingled with pink coral's up-welling cools—
Thus the Elysian shore, for miles, it seemed,
Revealed in Cloud, the lands that I have dreamed.

Above the Shore—splendor of Andes seen;
Altitudes exalted, vaulted, serene—
Radiant Alps of Sky, fleece—lustrous winged;
Em'nences of Glory, so fervent tinged
With blushes of Sunset, scarlet, deep glow'd,
As tho a God's vast heart with blood-spurts flow'd
And down a continent its ebbings poured
Arterial—white valleys all red gored.
Before my awe-struck eyes new contours rose,
Each fuller swelling Grandeur's high impose.
Cities, temples; gardens, fields and bowers,
Magic raised, by rare Protean powers,
Displayed themselves in kaleidoscopic view;
Spellbound, I gazed—wonder on wonder grew.

Then came Shade—rose, to lavender decay'd;
Those fair celestial summits slowly fade,
As the Sun, the Vale's western line has run—
His eager wheels on mountain lands now done,
And all dark, Dusk-plumed, broods that sky-hung land;
Illum'd, the while, with flares of Lightning's brand,
Till, ghostly, its crests by white Lunar beams
Shine palely phosphor'ent, as ice-berg gleams.
At last, with bending mast, and sails full spread—
As ship bound out to sea, it moves ahead;
'Tis cast adrift on Ocean wide, of Night—
Farewell! My Argosy—my Cloud Ship bright!

THE ROBIN AND THE OWL

OF, as in summer evenings
I scan the twilight skies,
Two bird notes from the dark'ning
Woodlands sweet and tuneful rise.
One—it is the dusk Owl, who
Hoots of the deepening night;
The other is the Robin,
Piping of the Morrow bright.

And as the note of Omen
Thru my soul doth dismal surge,
The joyous song of Robin
Doth blithely caroling urge
Glad hopes of the dewy morning—
Of warm, day-mounting sun,
And thrills my heart expectantly
Of happiness to come.

'Tis wondrous—lifting soul to God—
That e'en the feathered throngs,
Of many different species
And divers airy songs,
Fulfill the constant Law of Change—
Successive Day and Night;
Pessimistic man illum'd
By Hope's optimistic light.

THREE WAYS TO WORSHIP GOD

THERE are three ways to worship God,
And each a path to His high abode:
Labor, Adoration, Prayer—
Sweet trinity that leads you there.
And of the three, I venture, dare—
Adoration, *grandest*, whate'er.
And Prayer, oft born of despair,
Creeps softly to that Presence rare.
Then Labor—toil and works, full share,
Wins the Master—Your deeds declare.
But—Ah! Blessed! Thrice blessed, fair,
If whole trinity you can bear.

DEATH OF THE MOON

'TIS past Midnight, Morn is by.
Wan rises the broken, dying Moon
O'er the splintered edges of the Gorge,
And casts its one, bloodshot eye
At the Foothills huddled nigh;
Herded, as stabled cattle,
'Neath great Boötes' scorpioned scourge,
Against the vasty shed walls of the Range,
Sleepily peering at the red Disc strange.

'Tis Night's darkest hour—its lees.
Bark now the Dawn Hounds on the Great Hills,
Baying wild as the pale Dawn steals;
Rushing toward the East a breeze—
Rousing from their sleep, the trees.
The high Range wakes to Daybreak—
Warm, the kiss of Morning feels.
Peaks stand scarlet—their snows flush rosy fire—
The wan Moon dies upon the Sunrise pyre.

I'LL SING TO THEE, WILD MOUNTAIN

I'LL sing to Thee, wild Mountain,
All white with your gleaming snow;
When the storms of Winter linger
In the North Wind's icy blow.
I'll sing to Thee, wild Mountain,
When the Spring time aspens grow;
When their rippling greens so brightly
'Gainst your red crags softly show.

I'll sing to Thee, wild Mountain,
From my alpine cot below,
This song while you softly slumber
In the streamlet's drowsy flow.
You're my own true Love, wild Mountain,
Our sweet vows only sunsets know;
That love which we breathe so tender
In the golden alpenglow.

I'll sing to Thee, wild Mountain,
With your brow sublime on high;
With your heights serenely smiling
In summer's languorous sky.
I'll sing to Thee, wild Mountain,
With your slopes divinely fair;
All sweet with their honey'd blossoms
Where the wild bee wings the air.

I'll sing to Thee, wild Mountain,
From my alpine cot below,
This song while you softly slumber
In the streamlet's drowsy flow.
You're my own true Love, wild Mountain,
Our sweet vows only sunset's know;
That love which we breathe so tender
In the golden alpenglow.

MOONRISE IN THE VALE OF ELKANAH

June, 7, 1914

SUMMER'S voice is hushed—the night-hawk
soaring,
Insect hunting, hoarse guttural roaring,
As o'er the western mountains soft stealing
Creeps tender glow each peak bright revealing,
From Luna's great lantern swung o'er the Plains
As she lights her way 'cross Earth's dark domains.
'Tis strange—reared bulk of yon sleeping mountain
Rimming the Vale on east, Twin Peaks, the twain,
So checks the sky, that long past the first beam
Of moon, setting the western edge agleam,
The eastern mountain still lies deep in night
Tho long the west has basked in lovely light.

Summer's voice is hushed—like herds, night-feeding,
The shaggy foothills, low east receding,
Ridge the dusky hollows of southern range;
Their bushy heads raised like startled beasts strange,
As on them burst the flood-gates of the Moon
Silvering the blossomy buds of June:

Drowsy these swarthy bulls blink the soft light
Then droop their heads in night fogs rising white.
The Vale's northern summits now luminous stand
Within the circle of the lunar band;
Yet still the eastern mountain, beetling height,
Hides the glittering candle of the night.

Summer's voice is hushed—yet sweet expectance
Stirs her maiden breast with dreaming romance,
As airy Zephyr, with flow'ry fragrance,
Fills Vale, from Verdure's fresh dew-kissed expanse.
Atop the sleeping mountain, cherub clouds,
Still flushed with alpenglow, the summit crowds,
Smiling, rosy, to greet the rising gods;
Who, lustrous crown'd from celestial abodes—
Those shining stars that, vasty wheeling, soon
Will glimmer o'er the crest with queenly moon.
Close now, presses the western line of light,
Which foretells, Luna scales the eastern height.



Summer's voice is hushed—streaks of palish light
Show faintly on the crest, dim ghostly white;
And those cupid clouds, spectrum colors gleam,
As stronger, brighter, a slow deep'ning beam
Flares now the imminent radiant East—
Fires lighting every eminent crest.
With white vapours now veiled—brassy planet wheel—
Disc, yellow golden, that thin'd mists reveal;
Then, great Moon, target of shining silver,
Flooding the Vale with orient splendor—
She comes, fair deity, the Queen of Night!
In her train, Heaven's constellations bright.

There are holy moments, when two worlds meet—
Souls, in Infinite Mind, winged angels greet;
Sublime, huge planetary orbs in sight,
Their worlds meet in Shadow's ecliptic flight.
Wonderful! 'Gainst those lunar mountains white,
The Vale's east rim is silhouetted bright;
Pines, rocks, clefts, on moon's face figured cast,
The high world seen on distant planet vast.
Summer's voice soft hushed—the Spectacle o'er;
She sighs—the sweetest moon of all the year,
With beamy light and mellow glow is here;
The night world stirs and claims its fairest hour.

THE COLUMBINES ARE BLOOMING IN THE HIGH COUNTRIE

THERE'S a breeze blows off the mountain
That's soft as it can be;
There's a sound of waters flowing
'Mong the groves of leafing tree;
There's a scent from blossoms wafted
That is calling sweet to me—
The columbines are blooming
In the high countree.

There's a shady dell of aspen
On the trail to Eden Dee,
Where the flowers stand and listen
To the chinook in the tree.

They're the fairies of the bowers
And they're ever dear to me—
The columbines are blooming
In the high countree.

The bright moon shines in the valley
And the owl wings o'er the lea.
Come, dear children, let us wander
On the trail to Eden Dee,
Where the fairies of the flowers
Sleep beneath the green-wood tree—
The columbines are blooming
In the high countree.

See them standing and a nodding,
Just as sleepy as can be;
They're a dreaming of the sunshine
And the wind that rocks them free;
They're the darlings of the flowers
And they're ever dear to me—
The columbines are blooming
In the high countree.

When I'm old and cannot travel
On the trail to Eden Dee;
Children, go unto the bowers—
Ask a blossom sweet for me,
From the fairies of the flowers
That are ever dear to me—
The columbines are blooming
In the high countree.

SHAFT OF GOLD ON GAME PASS

OF T, when the morning sun has topped the crests
Of the eastern rim of Elkanah's Vale,
A shaft of gold, shot thru Game Pass, narrow,
Gleams bright on Levings Wood—a Golden Trail,
Blazed in sun-swept beauty on the plush of
Forest, green and dark, verduring that dale.

GROUSE

HOW oft in quiet excursions we meet,
'Mong mountain forests deep and copses sweet,
Bevies of fowl where the low bushes part,
Which careless foot or nosing dog will start.
With sudden startling whirr of roaring wings,
A bird, that frightened cries and wildly flings
Its form 'cross the intruding trav'lers path,
Invokes on its innocent head that wrath
With which many hereditary foes
Have brought its flesh to slaughter with their blows—
Dear fowl, devoted parent of a brood
That yet extinction cruel has withstood.
On the ground—cat, wolf, and fox, hunt your form;
In tree—hawk, owl, and eagle, your alarm.
By night, by day, by starlight, sun or moon,
Foes eager lurk, to bring you to your doom.
But fear not, little hen, we'll mind your brood
With cherished love and fond solicitude;
Mother grouse, dwelling woods coniferous,
Protecting young with charming artifice;
With loud whirr of wings—inimitable sound—
Thrilling percussion 'mid surging wildness 'round;
The noblest game bird of the mountain land—
Dusky Grouse, dear forest, feathered band.

BIG BLUE DAY

BIG Blue Day—
Blowing the sails of the Sky away,
Dispersing the storms of Yesterday;
Under the play of the Sun's gold ray,
Whirling the leaves of Autumn astray;
I kiss your sweet lips, September Day,
All wined with grape and crimson spray;
Over the Hills and Far-away—
Bright Maid of the Biting Blue's array!

Shafts of sun on the birches red,
Roaring of mad gales overhead;
Forests of pine in waving green,
Cobwebs clinging in satin sheen;

Rust on the meadows velvet brown,
Snow on the mountain gleaming down;
Aspens standing in leafy gold,
Frosts nipping swamp-side cattails bold;
Canyons basking in Fall's amber glow,
Crag-heads stemming the Big Blue's blow;
Ah! This is the day when the Great Winds play—
Tossing the Plumes of September gay!

Bighorn down on the Valley floor,
Birds flying South over the moor;
Black-tails scenting the gustings keen,
Bull elk calling to mates unseen;
Brown bear hunting a winter den,
Coyote skulking the leaf-lined glen;
Chipmunk trying his cosy hole,
Gray squirrel searching cone tree's bole;
Beaver plast'ring his mid-pond house,
Goshawk hunting the dusky grouse;
Ah! This is the day when the Great Winds play—
Tossing the Plumes of September gay!

Big Blue Day—
Blowing the sails of the Sky away,
Dispersing the storms of Yesterday;
Under the play of the Sun's gold ray,
Whirling the leaves of Autumn astray;
I kiss your sweet lips, September Day,
All wined with grape and crimson spray;
Over the Hills and Far-away—
Bright Maid of the Biting Blue's array!

UP WITH THE BOUGHS OF ASPEN

Children We bring you boughs of aspen—
Bring you leaves of golden Fall.
We bring you sprays of crimson
To deck your festive hall.
They gleamed like fire on the mountain,
As they beckoned and waved to us;
We shouted and climbed toward them—
Bright they greeted us most joyous.

Host Then up with the boughs of aspen—
 With the leaves of golden Fall.
Up with the sprays of crimson
 To deck our festive hall.
Brought from the hills of Autumn,
 Where the hoar-frost tinged the greens;
Cleaned by the hands of children,
 Reaping 'mid happy scenes.

All Then up with the boughs of aspen—
 With the leaves of golden Fall.
Up with the sprays of crimson
 To deck our festive hall.
Gathered in joy from the woodlands—
 Bright symbols of Harvest Days;
Up with the boughs of aspen,
 Singing the Master's praise!

From the south, Estes Cone, both at a distance and close by, is the most perfectly symmetrical of peaks. From the city of Denver, at any of the principal view points, it appears as a perfect pyramid, the sharpest point in the northwest, and in spite of its more lofty neighbors, is plainly visible in the low skyline between the Twin Sisters and Longs Peak. Being the northern peak head of the Vale of Elkanah, one thus looks directly into the Vale from Denver, a distance of nearly fifty miles, altho only its upper altitudes are observed—about the 10,500 foot contour line. From its summit, 11,017 feet, is a splendid prospect of Estes and Moraine parks. Battle Mountain adjoins it on the west, the divide between them being Storm Pass, across which passes a horse trail connecting the Vale with points on the south fork of the Big Thompson river.

Lion Gulch, an interesting feature of this mountain, is a remarkable natural amphitheatre, almost perfectly oval, with granite walls festooned by beautiful growths of fir, pine, spruce, aspen, and shrubbery. This gulch was formerly the home of mountain lions and they still range in the vicinity, the slopes of this peak being a favorite haunt of the big-horn, their constant prey. The gulch was acquired from the Government under the *Timber & Stone* act, by Edwin Fraser Gillette about 1911. Dean Babcock has made some original finds of botany on the south side of this peak, discovering specimens usually native to much lower botanical zones, but doubtless extended here on account of being sheltered from the usual climatical rigors of this altitude by the north and west walls of the mountain; and its extremely attractive sunny nooks and ledges, sufficiently watered by ample moisture, afford plant life a comparatively mild climate.

The *Ledges*, a wonderful region of red granite terraces and ledges, on the lower southeast slope of the Cone, was purchased under the *Timber & Stone* act in 1909, by Mrs. Josephine Babcock.

THE SAVANT

ESTES CONE—Vale Throne!
Calm, Magnificent, you are tonight, Grand
Mountain!

Couchant, leonine—supreme in northern sky!
Clear-browed, benign, all-peaceful, gentle, Savant;
Exalted Eminence, commanding vistas high.
You are the Peak of Rare Moments—sole dominancel
Thou, often the brightest Vale crest—storm clouds on
Thee furled—

Loftier peaks peer frowned askance of Thy countenance,
When Thy fair Periods dominate the whole Vale world.
Brightly, the full gleamed Moon, hid from mid-Vale
narrowly

By passing cloud, beams on Thee alone, celestially,
As Thou, sheer Crag, transfix a sky of melting blue,
Streaming toward the West a lunar avenue.
The Twilight loves and softly fondles you, dear Height;
So, too, when unmooned and planets by mists grown
dim,

You feel about you the confiding arms of Night;
And oft illumed you are, when the far Northern Light
Espys you and burns its white flares on your further rim.
Often, the Sun, shut out by vaprous canopy
From all other regions of mountain defiles steep,
Centers his full shaft on Thee in flamiest hue;
Or at sunset, on Thee bursts a radiant gleam
Athwart a storm cast sky, by other peaks unseen;
Then revealing to the once undiscerning eye,
Sublime transfigurations in enchanting view,
Which the enraptured Bard in mind will ever keep.

Estes Cone! Alp Home!
Symmetrical, broad flanked, with ridged slopes east and
west;

Benevolent, shel'tring, with mighty arms outstretched—
Strong to shield from the icy North the Vale endepthed,
Nor let the bitter Pole breeze its bowers invest.
Buttressed by ledges ponderous, massy cliffs of Art;
To which lichens, mosses, rare growths, stains, dyes,
bright impart

Splashes of color, endeept by mist-fine rain—
 In the sun's glare, subdued—of delicate vein.
 Here, weathered granite forms, red, brown, shaped
 weird, uncouth,
 As sculptor's blocks set up and figures partly cut;
 Amphitheatres, parks of shimm'ring aspen trees;
 Gardens of flowers intoxicant to fever'd bees.
 Above, spread ample to the castled crag-hewn top,
 Wrink'd with many a soft fold of shrub blossomed crop,
 A rich plush of forest green robes our dear Savant;
 His summit, deep 'robed granite of brown and tan.
 All abroad, in many a sylvan dell, appear,
 Tufted herbage sweet and fragrant to browsing deer.
 And, besides the normal growth, a strange botany,
 Persuaded and maintained—an isled colony—
 By habitat sunny, warm, soft-dew'd, mild tempered;
 Flora of lower zones thus sweetly attracted,
 Example of our Savant's rare personality.
 'Mid all his verdant slopes are welling fountains clear,
 Brimming the bright bird-flitting glades with sparkling
 mere.

Estes Cone—Proud Dome!
 Yet not proud—say, better—invincibly *poised*;
 Equilibrium most perfect, howe'er the storm—
 Howe'er the sky, capricious, sinks to liquid calm.
 Content to yield the sovran Altitude to other peaks,
 Higher, loftier; knowing, that on their heads exposed
 The Gods of Storm fiercest their spleen tempest'ous
 wreaks.

Prime Minister, Thou! Equal to all moods of State.
 When kings and queens, tho ruling, tremble in their
 gowns—

When widest Revolution threatens their very crowns—
 Thou, cool-glanced, quiet contemplate impending Fate.
 Thy brows, emerging from every dire appalling cloud,
 Serene, uplifted are—calm, steadfastly fixed on God.
 Superbly the Great Bear revolves Thee vasty 'round
 As the set Seasons come and go with yearly bound.
 Above Thee gleams the Polar Star divinely bright—
 Not more fixed, its beam in space, than Thy crest,
 Grand Height!

SCOLD O' MOUNTAIN

THERE'S a handsome, leaping, gray-furred creature—

The Fremont Squirrel, a mountain feature;
Living on nut-like seeds of spruce and pine,
Nesting where their high branches thick entwine;
Gath'ring their cones when ripened in the Fall,
Which litter ground, felled from conifers tall.
Should innocent intruder discovered be
By Squirrel, nutting his hoard, thus busy,
Such a jawing, such a fussing, scolding,
Issues from that furry imp beholding,
That the forest echoes loudly, shrilly;
Perhaps stirs a nosing jay, who quickly
Adds his ready squall to the wild alarm,
Causing intruder to really think harm
Has been done to His Highness in the tree.
Then, when one attempts their apology,
Begins an automatic clock-winding,
As tho, now thru with his loud fault-finding,
It must wind the spring that runs the awful scold
To loose on him who next should intrude bold.
A wondrous creeper, leaper, tree to tree,
This denizen of forest dwelling free;
This roguish, spring-winding, Scold O' Mountain—
Fremont Squirrel, invective hurricane.

THE YOUNG ARTIST OF DEEPS

HE was borne on the breast
Of a woman most true;
Keen sensed of a destiny
That none but she knew.
A warm fleshed fabric
Of heart and pure soul,
Who sought not of man,
But of God, her high goal.

She reared him in all
That writ catalog lore,
Which men scan in world
Ledgers over and o'er.
She traveled him far
On continents old,
And trained him in sports
That made his youth bold.

And when at last her
Quick eye read his unrest,
Of all those surroundings
That others like best;
And kenned that her eaglet
Would fly her warm nest,
And in distant lands
His young talents attest;
She, as queens yield their scepters
To prince's new rule—
And former scholars take place
Of teachers in school—
Gave way to the call
Of his high soaring mind,
And watched from the home nest
The choice of his kind.

'Twas in the wild Rocky Mountains
He reared his lone cot;
Afar from base worldly mouthings
He cast his new lot;
'Mong the green glossy pines
Which the western wind stirs;
'Mong the sunny red crags
And the songs of the birds.

And he welcomed her there,
His dear mother of old;
And oft by his warm hearth
The fond story he told;
Of his dreams of the mountains—
Their wild craggy heights—
Of their wind chanting star songs
And pure nature sights.

And the home that they made
Stands bright in the eye
Of all the white Vale clouds
The winds ferry by;
And the light from their window
Shines far in the night;
And seems a star among stars,
So fair and so bright.

Oh! He's young and he's fair,
Is the Artist of Deeps;
And high on the mountain
Strict vigil he keeps;
Of the course of that line
In the Infinite Plan,
Which shall stand before God
As the full finished Man.

No sad sordid sight
Meets his clear scanning eye.
His gaze, ever upward,
Is visioned so high,
That the old, dying, World,
Sinking low in the trough,
Is o'er topped by the New Earth
And Heaven nigh off.
And his hand, master-fine,
Shapes the glorious line—
Spreads the twelve jeweled
Colors of Temple divine,
Which is rising On High
'Mid the new breaking skies;
Where God waits Redeemed Man
And the clear waters rise,
Of that Stream of Pure Life
In the New Paradise,
As the World melts in flame,
And Sin, writhing, dies.

And mountaineers say,
That one fair sunny day,
An Angel came down from
The Heavenly Way

And asked of a Shepherd
Who sat nigh his flock;
"Oh, Shepherd, I ask you;
Oh, where is that rock—
Where dwells in these mountains
The young Artist of Deeps,
Who true to God's mission
His pure life ever keeps?"

The Shepherd made answer,
With hand pointing clear;
"There, heaven bless'd Being,
One lives year by year;
Who pencils and paints
And his eye scarcely sleeps.
Who ever his vigil
On upper skies keeps—
It may be that he
Is your young Artist of Deeps."

"The truth you have spoken,
Oh, Shepherd, so good;"
Spake the Angel most fair
In sweet attitude;
"When the Most High sent
Me forth on this task divine,
He spoke of you as one
To whom I should incline
My ear for direction
Of the young Artist of Deeps,
Who ever his faithful vigil
On upper skies keeps."

But neither Poet, nor Man,
Nor the Shepherd ought,
Knows why the bright Angel
The young Artist sought;
Or why he is called
The young Artist of Deeps
Unless, in His love of him
Who Deep Secret keeps,
To aid most divinely

His hand master-fine,
To truer draw and keen—
That glorious line
Of the Word decreed
Draft of the Infinite Plan,
Which shall stand before God
As the full finished Man.

Oh! He's young and he's fair,
Is the Artist of Deeps;
And high on the mountain
Strict vigil he keeps;
Of the the course of that line
In the Infinite Plan,
Which shall stand before God
As the full finished Man!

THE MARMOT

SKULK of the ledges, the screeching Marmot;
Of color reddish-brown, like that granite
In which it nests and burrows 'mid the rocks,
With lone sentinel sitting, which eye cocks,
For close approach of man or beast abroad;
When seen, sounding loud alarm to the brood,
Then darting with shrill outcries to its den—
When danger's past, to seek its post again.
Of woodchuck and ground-hog is its species;
Roots and herbs its food, and those lunches
Which trav'lers cast off and which it munches,
Squatted, eating, on its tawny haunches.
The Marmot, sounding constant screeching fright;
Skulk of ledges, burrowing troglodyte.

BRIDGE OF CLOUDS ON STORM PASS

ONE evening, looking toward that stormy Crest
Thru which the belchings of the far Northwest—
Winter's blizzards cold and Summer's tempest
Drive thru that portal and Vale's depths invest;
Storm Pass, 'twixt Battle's mount and Estes Cone—
Great Window, thru which storms are ever blown;
I saw a span of sun-spun, glitt'ring gold,
An arch, that vaulted those summits bold;
Suspended there, for passage of the Gods;
A sky-hung viaduct—a Bridge of Clouds.

I watched it as the setting sun sank down;
 Saw its gildings rust to faded saffron—
 That moment, 'neath it flowed the tide of Night;
 Above it, shone still, Day's lingering light.
 Ah! How much to me that tempest'ous Height
 Hath brought—of spectacle and pageant bright;
 Of Sunset, Storm—all Nature's skied delight;
 Tripping Spring, Summer, Fall, Boreal might—
 Expressions eloquent of Season's flight.
 Adieu! Yon Cloud-crown'd Citadell! Goodnight!

Lamb's Notch was named after the family of Rev. E. J. Lamb, whose last residence in Elkanah Valley, a neat log house, sets in a grove of iodge-pole pine within a short distance of a remarkable Pass caused by the Sheep Mountain range, running south from the Big Thompson river opposite from where the Beaver Park stream flows into the Thompson, and which terminates on the south in the summit known as Lily Mountain, whose lower south slope adjoins at a right angle with the divide, running east and west, between Estes Cone and the Twin Sisters; thus forming a triple pass or divide from which one can descend directly into Estes Park, or to Moraine Park via Wind River gorge, or into the Vale of Elkanah. Mr. Lamb, in cutting the pioneer road from Estes Park into the Vale, cut a distinct gash or notch in the timber on the summit or skyline of this divide, which is plainly visible from the Vale.

The State highway between Estes and Allens parks passes thru the very lowest depression of the pass.

LAMB'S NOTCH

LAMB'S NOTCH—
 The Triple Pass!
 Wind River Gorge—northwest,
 With views sublime of the Mummy strange;
 Ypsilon, Fairchild, and stormy Hague's,
 Sharp tooth and tusk of the rampant Range;
 Snows aloft, wild slopes where the wind Furies rage;
 Lower down, forests vast in purple haze;
 Still lower, the deep Gorge where the streamlet plays.

Lamb's Notch—
The Triple Pass!
Fair Estes Park—northeast,
Amphian field of the bowling Gods,
Rolling Thunder, and Tempest, and Storm;
With flower strewn floor set in verdant sods;
Walled with red crags and green woods in form,
Supporting a dome of turquoise sky—
Olympian prospect, enchanting the eye.

Lamb's Notch—
The Triple Pass!
Elkanah's Vale—due south,
Pure Valley of White 'neath the winter snows;
In summer a Bowl where the Sunset red glows;
The Port of Call for world voyaging Clouds;
A Haven of Mists and vap'rous Shrouds;
The bright Vale where the Muses and Hours throng,
Singing the chorus of High Nature's song.

WOMAN, WAKE ME

"WOMAN, wake me,
Ere the red dawn flares the East.
Woman, wake me;
From thy chamber issue
To speed the warrior Priest."

So spoke the knightly stranger
As he stood before the hall,
Then led his steed to fodder
Within the stable stall.

The woman lit the candles
Upon the altar bright.
The marble Virgin glittered
In the soft and mellow light.

All night the woman tended
As the knight slept in the hall.
Outside the high stars twinkled
O'er the mountains dark and tall.

At dawn she woke the stranger;
Heard his steel clank 'gainst the wall.
Saw him kneel before the altar—
Cross himself symbolical.

At last he rode before her
Firm astride his prancing steed;
His armour shone in splendor—
His arms fit for mighty deed.

"Oh! Woman! You are dutiful;
Your mien is chaste and true.
I shall tell our holy Master
Of your keeping Him in view.
You have that saintly beauty
Which cancels every sin;
The Mystical that sanctifies—
Which lights the soul within.
I have seen it in the children;
In harlot, maid, and nun.
I've seen it in the Master
As His glory paled the sun.
Oh! Woman! You are beautiful—
Tend still thy chapel pure.
I'll tell the holy Master
That your faith will e'er endure."

The woman gazed in wonder
As his steed sprang up the hill.
On the crest of distant mountain
She saw his pennon still.

Upon him flamed the sunrise—
His arms shone like brightest gold;
She gave one look of rapture,
Then her beads in chapel told.

He who has seen some woman
Give that look of rapture pure—
That man has seen the wonder
Of the faith that will endure.

LOVE'S ONLY A MINUTE

LOVE'S only a minute, I vow, Dear,
Like this blush of the rosy dawn;
Only once in the whole of a life, Dear,
Heart to heart, we are deathless drawn.

Love's only a minute, I vow, Dear,
Like this rise of the golden sun;
Only once in the whole of a life, Dear,
That our two souls join as one.

Love's only a minute, I vow, Dear,
Yet it needs but that single one,
To linger the sweet years together, Dear,
'Till the sands of our life have run.

PASS ON, NORTH WIND

PASS on, North Wind, tugging fierce at my door;
Roar on to the marshes on the wild moor.
Rattle the latch—bang the blind—blow the fire;
Sift snow thru cracks, in your Boreal ire;
The harder you blow—more wood I'll bestow—
On the hearth that heats my warm hut aglow.
Pass on, North Wind, tugging fierce at my door;
Roar on to the marshes on the wild moor.

THE COUGAR

THE Cougar, mountain lion—Scourge of Herds;
Congealing their blood to terror thickened curds.
Forever death-trailing, elk, bighorn, deer;
Most dread enemy—their eternal fear.
Tawny, dull dun flash—vast bounds o'er the ground;
Tooth and claw at neck—spine and jug'lar found;
Death! Sudden, terrible, starts wild the band;
Snorting, leaping, quick they flee the fear'd land.

Deep sighs, low, fullest satisfaction sweet
O'er the Kill—the gory prey at its feet;
The glut of gore—the long designèd feast;
Famishing hunger at last deep appeased.
Then to its lair, smote by o'erwhelming sleep;
To start, perhaps, dreaming of murdered sheep;
Lambs, past slaughtered—those that fresh slain will be;
To feed this Brawn—eternal butchery.

Yet, game fair distribute; e'en this vast Cat
Abhorred, God gave an honest habitat.
What to keep herds alert—their spirit bright;
Elk, deer, bighorn—to fleet their limbs with fright;
To quell the tick, the louse, the parasite;
To stimulate their function—superb Flight.
Where'er beheld, God's clear definèd Law—
Herds must yield flesh to feed the Cougar's jaw.

ANGELS ON THE MOUNTAIN

A Dream

TWO angels entered the Poet's rude hut
As he sat in the Muses' chair;
They seated themselves on the wooden stools
He had placed for visitors there.
One was brown, and dark, with red lips warm,
And stars gleamed in her beautiful hair;
Her smile was soft as a dim moon-beam
Aslant the forest's darkest lair.
The other was bright like a golden sun—
Eyes of sky and a face most fair—
And the two played on their violins
A celestial heavenly air.

The door was ajar and the fire gleamed bright
As the angels played their song;
Rabbits and birds crept into the hut
And soft joined the angelic throng,
Which seemed to sweep from the distant skies
To list to the wonderful song.

Some children came and crept into the lap
Of the deep brooding Poet there;
They cuddled and crooned in his loving arms
As he sat in the Muses' chair.
Then thrushes flew swift to the crude mantle-piece
And piped, in their way, the air;
And owls joined in with oboe and flute,
Hoing harmony low and rare.

This song was ancient, and old, and hoar,
It alone held the world to God;
No other words and no other notes
Ruled with such magical rod.
It began in the grass and rose to the hill—
It leaped to the clouds from the sod—
It conquered the stars and wooed the white moon
And entered the mansions of God.
It was tender, and sweet, and worshipful—
It was warm, and thrilled with its thrall;
It sang of a Day that Ever-Shall-Be,
With its love that is All-in-All!

The two angels ceased as the Day came nigh
And the stars slow dimmed in the sky;
The Poet was still in the Muses' chair
In the depths of his reverie.
The children slept and the rabbits soft crept
From the hut with the birds at morn;
The Sun in might in his arms gathered Night
And the Day in its place was born.

The Poet woke up as the Day peered in—
He stepped to the door at its call.
He rubbed his eyes as he stood in its light—
'Twas so wonderful, glorious, and bright;
From his soul swept doubt, from his eyes all tears;
From his heart all sorrow, all wrongs, all fears;
'Twas the Day at last, that Ever-Shall-Be,
With its love that is All-in-All!

GONE IS THE BEAUTIFUL MONTH OF JUNE

AH! Gone is the beautiful month of June.
Gone like a flower of unfaded bloom;
Wafting to me a delicious perfume
Of a love that was mine in its brightest noon.
Ah! June, that brought to me my honeymoon.

Ah! Gone is the beautiful month of June.
Gone with the dear years which the Old Loves own;
Which belong to them when young hearts are done,
Those hearts which trembled in love's sweetest swoon.
Ah! June, bring back to me my honeymoon.

Ah! Gone is the beautiful month of June.
To return again when the Year gives room;
To summon once more the Old Love from its tomb,
For an olden lover to sweet commune.
Ah! June, to mind me of my honeymoon.

DAY OF CHIAROSCURO

DAY of Chiaroscuro—Light and Shade;
When the airy textures of middle Space—
Neither Earth nor Sky—fill, as they invade,
Intervening region with Cloud's embrace.
For a while, the twain seem to endure this—
Earth and Sun, silent, in quiet submiss;
The mountains gloom and brood among the mist—
Chasm and cañon drink vapor, deep abyssed.
Birds and mammals, depressed, take on the mood—
A profound silence holds the solemn wood.

At last, keen resistance moves Earth and Sun;
Defiant to enveloping medium
They become—Midair's battle commotion
Revealed, as a sudden sheen, bright gold-spun—
Forced down along the edge of hard pressed Cloud,
Driv' earthward by the Sun's impetuous crowd;
Torn and tattered by the embattled Light,
Headlong, it falls, wounded, from upper height,
Its fresh companions, rushing to the fight,
Gleam golden in the glare of sun-fires bright.

As mighty Gryphons, with fierce fangs and claws,
Grappling, in deadly hate, midair, those gnaws
That breathe a fire as they sink their fell bite,
Panting, in the awful clutches of the fight—
The dragons, Light and Shade, contort and fill
The Vale with monster Shadows, every hill
And Peak, in alternate waves—the bright Sun
Sweeping o'er them with Orient pinion,
Then sombered Shades, purpureal, surge down—
In gulfs of indigo, Light's beams they drown.

In every gorge and chasm, whole companies
Of Mists, in battle, sweat; and wondrous frieze
Of pure alabaster—white forms, milk-fleeced
'Gainst ebon curtain hanging in the East,
Display in dance and tableau, a strange Play;
With caves, grottos, and caverns, coast and bay,
Shifted in and out 'neath vast arches high,
All luminous from the battle in the sky.
Mid-Vale, thru rifts and wrecks of clouds, bright
splashed,

Spot-lights of sun on forests green are dashed.
Crag-heads, like waves breasting a galley's prow,
Successive gleam, before the Sun's red plow.
Vapors, like sheep huddled in morning fog,
Frightened, rise and leap, before the Sun-dog.

Tumult'ous now, the breaches of the fray
Are manned by Mists repellent to the Day;
In moments, when the foe upon the fort
Has swept the wall, and the ranked Clouds retort,
With vast surges gray-rolling o'er the top,
They weaken their lower slopes, their main prop;
Tho massed in vict'ry on the mountain's crest,
Below, their flanks are by the bright Rays prest;
In panic, streamers of retreating Mist
Flee 'long low slopes from orbings beamiest.

Aghast, that all the Vale is gained by Light—
The Sun, victorious, boasting his might;
Forest, meadow, e'en sky, in golden glow—
Basking in warm sunshine, the depths below;
The angry Clouds from all the crests advance—
Solid phalanx, banners spread, shield and lance;

Dreadful, in mid-Vale, the smoked concussion—
'Ruption of blazed Battle's gored convulsion;
Light and Shade alternate in desperate rage—
Clouds, shattered, flee to crests, their wounds to 'saugé;
While in the truce, as often in fleshed Life,
When foes reveal their beauty in the strife;
In this repose, a grandeur 'whelms the sight—
Sublimity! thy name is Shade and Light!

There is a pause—vast gatherings of fleece
Pile purple with the very depths of increase;
No longer can the Shade repel the Light—
Dividing now the sky with Day's beams bright.
The Clouds conserve their forces till dark Night's
Sable columns sweep allied o'er the heights.
Content to bide their time and man the lists,
As single champions, the plumèd Mists
Give knightly jousting where'er the bold Fire
Bursts thru their ranks with flaming challenge dire.

Tis then, grand Finale, displayed sublime,
Is seen on every mountain crag, the time
That Day can with her triple foes contest;
The battling Clouds as they the heights invest—
Oncoming Night invading every crest—
Dark Erebus disputing her the West.
How'er the odds, like Fortune's favorite,
Unconquered Light maintains the ebbing fight—
The battle ends—by inexor'ble Fate—
Sun, Day, and Light, flee thru the Western Gate.

BOBCAT

THE Bobcat, stealthy creeper 'long the ledge;
Shy wildcat, bay lynx, peering o'er the edge,
For rabbit, grouse, squirrel, small game, fresh food—
Tireless prowler of rock and piney wood.
When snow o'erspreads the ground with fleecy white,
Its single track the hunters oft invite;
Trail, hind paw perfect set in front paw's print,
Indian trick, his numbers from scout's scent
Concealed—that one lone file in forest deep,
Careless held—from ambush many arrows leap.

When met, this wild cat like tame pussy seems;
 And pressed, raises back, snarls, and spitting, screams.
 In deep snow flounders, wallows, gains its tree,
 Loth to leave 'till snow melts or wind blows free.
 The Bobcat, relentless foe of small game;
 Soft-footed prowler, bob-tailed, hence its name.
 By trapper lured—it springs the fatal snap
 By same game baited—caught, in deadly trap;
 To beautify a parlor floor, this cat—
 Its fur, gleaming teeth and eyes—a mat.

ARTIST AND POET

In early December, 1913, there occurred in the Vale of Elkanah the greatest snow storm ever recorded by man in that region; seven feet of snow fell within a week, and Dean Babcock, a close friend of the Poet's, was engaged at the time in his mountain studio in the Vale, upon a painting to be shown at the Spring exhibit of the Denver Art Club in that city. He was unable to remove his canvas from the region except by packing it out on snow-shoes a distance of eight miles to Estes Park village.

THE CANVAS

THERE is a transcendent
 And immortal line
 In Nature; which, with
 Conjunctive grace divine,
 Is formed, where two
 God-like elements incline
 Their magnifical shapes
 Into each other's sky,
 And produce a scene
 Of pure affinity.

Thus the noble mountain
 Canvas, *Crag and Cloud*,
 Product of an artist
 In modesty bow'd,
 Displays this rare line;
 Which, with perfect color
 Placed, enchants the eye—
 Mirroring confessor—
 To such congealèd dew
 Of emotion'd heart;
 As to affirm, with ardent
 Glance—This is Art!

The Poet stood before the
Work, with his friend,
The Artist—and silent
Viewed the painting gemmed.
He did not clasp his friend's
Hand and murmur praise—
But, fond loving him,
In his clear eye did gaze
That warm esteem, with which
Worshippers of art,
Silent flood the deep sea
Caverns of the heart.

"Dear friend," said Artist,
"The work of months is done.
The problem now—in these
Deep snows—all roads gone;
Is guarded, safe, and timely
Transportation;
To insure presence at
The Exhibition."
"Friend, I volunteer,"
Said Poet, loyal, true,
"To assist you. Name day,
Hour, and rendezvous."

THE RENDEZVOUS

The winter snows and alpine heights
Shone pale and ghostly white,
Beneath a moon that splendid orb'd
Its lunar mirror bright.
And by a tree of yellow pine
The loyal comrades met—
The Painter, with his cumbrous pack,
And, to help him—Poet.
Upon the snow, two feet or more
Above the frozen ground,
Standing firm on broad snow-shoe webs,
Which they most precious found,
The Poet placed his comrade's goods
In his broad ample pack—
The Painter looped his canvas
On his own strong sturdy back.

'Twas early morn, just three o'clock—
At seven left the stage;
From that spot, eight snow-bound wintry
Miles away—the Village.
With muscl'ing limbs and snow-shoes light,
Led on by full moon bright;
They launched themselves with straining packs,
Into the winter night.

They sought in that dim northern sky
A distant sentinel height;
And above that height shone one lone star,
And above that star hung Night.
They traveled till Orion's beam
And the Dog-star's sapphire light,
Wheeled past them on the Milky Way
And soaring westward made their flight.
They traveled till the Morning Star
Appeared with shining horn;
They traveled till the starry Night
Became the rosy Morn.

THE JOURNEY

The great peaks glittered in the moon
Their icy crests of blue;
A bitter wind from Passes blear
Searched cold the valley thru.
With spectral sweep, the sifting snows
Sang low their chorus surged;
And mad gale roar from topmost heights,
Swift the travelers urged.
Amid the dark spruce aisles,
They paced on light empowdered snows;
And snow-drooped pines, 'mong weird
Shadows black, stood in silent rows.
Their snow-shoes crunched the drifted dunes
And sang with wailing wind;
The Painter leads the way in steady
Pace, and sure doth find.

Dark drifting clouds now thickly
Overspread the open sky.
The friendly moon, like vessel breasting
Ocean breakers high,
Buries her silver bows into
The ashen waves of cloud,
And leaves the comrades groping
Mid deep woods and forest shroud.
The wind-bared rocks now couch 'mong drifts,
As stalking beasts of prey;
And fleece-hooded pines, as cowed ghosts,
Wind-mutter 'long the way.
A halt for breath and light—
A hasty cinch of snow-shoe thongs—
The comrades, as the moon clears clouds,
Renew the trail with songs.

A great horned owl leaps from a spruce
And wings into the wood—
Startled by the speeding pair, from its
Night long search for food.
A snow-shoe rabbit crosses path,
Not whiter snow than he;
And weasel, white, in close pursuit,
Darts after, 'neath a tree.
The feathers then of ptarmigan—
A cruel tragedy—
Lie on the snow, and with them,
The red blood drops of the prey.
An owl, bob-cat, or weasel swift,
The sleeping fowl has slain;
Anon, they pass the frightened brood,
And see where they have lain.

The upper lake now comes in view,
And with it comes—the wind.
The Poet here swings in the lead,
And gropes his way to find,
For mocking swoons of eddying snows
Fill his beard and eyes;
And weird above the howling gale
Resound the screech-owl's cries.

'Twas then they heard along the shore
A wild outlandish sound.
In blanching fear they stopped to list—
It was the whooping pond.
A skulking wolf 'mong shoreward pines
They saw, and hurried on;
Past the beaver's ice-bound hut
That pale on shone the moon.

The narrow gorge then portaled near,
Where flows the lake's outlet;
Frozen now in ice cascade, and deep
Laid with drifts o'erswept.
The Painter here, with anxious care,
Treads soft the brist'ling crags.
A slip—a fall among the treach'rous rocks—
Ripped, his canvas jags.
Here, ice-crusted drifts, wind-moulded
Firm—sleek, and hard to grip,
Gives deep concern to the comrades,
And snow-shoes give and slip.
Then close, where pines barely cling
To the steep sheer prec'ipice walls,
The moon, at that tense moment,
Behind the mountain falls.

"Dear comrade, are you safe and firm—
Be careful at the turn;"
The Poet calls to Artist friend,
In keenest deep concern.
"All's well—See! The moon, just set,
Fades, that we may see the day;"
The panting Painter says, as he
Slow downward makes his way.
"Oh! Joy—'tis true," the Poet cries,
As East breaks dim in gray;
And forward—reinvigored now,
They snow-shoe fast and gay.
The gorge widens—the path is broad,
And aspens fringe the road;
A moment here in the open
They ease their heavy load.

The meadow stretch, toward lower lake,
Swiftly now they pace;
And across broad sweeps of scraggly
Wood, they eager race.
A chickadee and nuthatch flock,
Here greet the pale Morn gray.
A shaft of blue 'cross field of snow,
Reveals the wakened jay.
The wind again assails, as they edge
Shore of lower lake;
But cheered by breaking day, they
Fast and furious course take;
And gaze with hasty eyes on bighorn
Ram, on further shore;
Who, grazing in wind-cleared spot,
Views their presence calmly o'er.

Far down the river, 'mid the pines,
The Village comes in view;
The Painter leads, with strict eye
On his faithful timing watch—
And, with 'suring smile on Poet,
Declares the stage they'll catch.
Then forward crunch the webbing shoes
'Neath Morning's rosy hue.
The village inn they quickly reach
And doff the webs with sighs;
Before them smokes the breakfast
Which they greet with hungry eyes.
The snow crunch of the bob-sled stage
Is heard soon at the door.
A fond goodbye of comrades true—
The snow-shoe journey's o'er.

The Poet then, soft visioning,
Rehearsed the journey o'er.
He called to mind their starting
In the winter night's deep hour.
The snow-bound saintly beauty of
The glist'ning moon-gleamed heights,
Long haunts his dreaming fancy
And again his strain invites:



They sought in that dim northern sky
 A distant sentinel height;
 And above that height shone one lone star,
 And above that star hung Night.
 They traveled till Orion's beam
 And the Dog-star's sapphire light
 Wheeled past them on the Milky Way
 And soaring westward made their flight.
 They traveled till the Morning Star
 Appeared with shining horn;
 They traveled till the starry Night
 Became the rosy Morn.

FRIENDSHIP

There is a Being, who, like some great Mountain,
 High uplifted—first and last to greet the Sun;
 Wins and holds—first and last, and to the End,
 Our fond regard, whate'er the Years portend—
 Our Friend.

You brought us a gracious Presence, Friend.
 A virtuous, serene, beneficent one;
 An Image radiant of Love and Truth—
 Creation lovely, of the Holy One:
 A Light, shining, as a cape-reared Beacon,
 Showing seamen a safe and pleasant Shore;
 Bright glances of a high, assuring Soul,
 Beaming love thru a warm Heart's open Door.
 Friend! We revere, cherish, and adore You,
 In Earth, Heaven, now, and forever more.

There is a Being, who, like some great Mountain,
High uplifted—first and last to greet the Sun;
Wins and holds—first and last, and to the End,
Our fond regard, whate'er the Years portend.
To Him, our hand and heart their warmth extend;
To Him, loved Soul, our Pledge—Love without end—
Our Friend!

YE COOL MIST OF THE VALLEY

YE cool Mist of the Valley, soft stealing—
Welcome visitor from the lowland Plains;
Entering our gates with Morning 'freshment—
Oft spreading your gentle vaporous rains.
Thou, a fair embracement—your clinging arms
Reaching up the shoulders of the Mountain,
Pressing your fragrant kisses on its brow;
Nestling in its hollows—airy Fountain—
Your bosoms swelling bulbous, milk-white dew
Streamed warm and sweet, as from the uddered ewe.

Ye cool Mist of the Valley, damp curling—
Washing the vaulted Temple of the Skies—
Dome of the Empyrean; clean wiping
The ceilings of the Blue Immensities.
On the floor below, meadow, forest, moor;
Where aisled streams and path'd rivulets pour,
Your gossamer skirtings and fairy feet
All adored are, by Flower's verdured greet,
As they revive from fires of yester's heat,
When o'er them spreads your dew empearlèd sheet.

Ye cool Mist of the Valley, now trembling—
Thou to become the victim of the Sun;
Who soon in fiery splendor from the East,
Reaches—you fleeing his am'rous summon.
All too great the dread power of his rays—
No refuge thine, to 'lude his passionèd blaze;
From height, from hollow, cañon deep, and lake—
By force, what other's would more gently take,
He lifts, by violence torn, from mid-air,
Your white form fainting, to his golden car.

The Big Owl of Big Owl Hill is a subject both interesting and romantic to the dwellers in the Vale of Elkanah. It was discovered, as the poem describes, in 1907, by the Poet himself, on the afternoon of an early fall day as he was locating his homestead in the south end of the Vale; which tract, however, did not include the Big Owl's domain, but which locality was subsequently patented as a homestead by Miss Katherine Garetson.

It is believed that, at this writing, 1921, there are at least two pairs of these birds in the Vale, their species being the *Western horned owl*, large magnificent nocturnal fowls whose low soft notes are the invariable accompaniment of every quiet evening.

Starting at dusk from their home on Big Owl Hill they seem to gradually approach the uppermost parts of the Vale as evidenced by their call being heard by the settlers in those parts. A favorite haunt of their's is the yellow-pine slopes along the foot of the Twin Sisters north to Lamb's Notch thence west to the base of Estes Cone. They are often observed by visitors.

BIG OWL OF BIG OWL HILL

THE Great Horned Owl is a most ancient fowl
And lordly he dwells on a noble hill,
O'erlooking the Vale on a well worn trail
Where the lodge-poles border Fawn Creek's rill.

An early settler found him perching there
In a yellow-pine tree in afternoon;
A taking his nap thru a warm Fall day
To awake at dusk to greet the young moon.

Both were startled, the intruder stepped back;
The Big Owl stared fierce, expecting attack.
But with a pleased laugh, the settler began
To talk to Big Owl, make him understand,
That neighbors they'd be of friendliest kind
And to not be cross or peevish fault find
Because new dweller had come to the land—
Like itself, attracted by mountains grand.

The Big Owl boldly glared and frowned fierce yet,
And ne'er can the happy settler forget,
That at last the fowl closed his blinking eyes,
As tho it understood, was wholly wise,
To the speech of friendship that then was made;
That all was at peace in the Big Owl's glade.

Then long years passed, when a dear daring dame,
Homesteaded the glade of the Big Owl's fame;

And the hill where he lived now bears his name—
 Big Owl—which settler called when he first came.
And the great horned fowl lives in the same tree
 It did when settler found him formerly.

Since then, fond association has sprung
 Among the folks of the Vale, cherishing
This family of owls who live on the Hill;
 Whose harmony lends to quiet Evening
Affinities sweet of musing fancy—
 Green woods, fairy forms, the awakened Moon;
Frolic of gnomes, elves, and lover's fond trysts—
 Nocturnal world woke by Owl's mystic tune.

Oh! Dear notes, which summon dream reveries
 'Mong tall pines and shadows of dark'ning woods;
Hearts feeling the spell of innocent loves
 Of soft June nights spent 'mid moonlight floods.
And when—emerging from grove on some ledge,
 Summit upraised, view commanding the West;
To gaze on the splendor of snowy alps
 Which the Moon, effulgent, doth warm invest,
With beamy waves of lunar loveliness,
 Bathing in beauty each sentinel crest.
Ah! Owl's song, June moon, pines, great mountain
 peaks—
 Who to the heart more bewitchingly speaks?

BEAUTIFUL DAYS SHINE ON

BEAUTIFUL Days shine on,
 Nor let your smilings cease.
 To vesper'd Eves sweep on,
 Bringing their moonlit peace.

Into my heart beam Love,
 That I may be most fair.
Into my soul, above,
 Gleam Truth—that I may dare.

Into the Vales of Eden,
 Shine, ye Orient Suns.
Into the Gloams of Even,
 Stream, ye Hesper'an Moons.

Beautiful Days shine on,
Nor let your smilings cease.
To vesper'd Eves sweep on,
Bringing their moonlit peace.

PARTING

O H! How can I leave you—
How can I part?
Oh! How can I leave you,
Love of my heart?
For together we've wandered
Among these sweet wilds.
Oh! How can I leave you—
Depart from your smiles!

The red sun has set
On the crags we have roamed.
The bright moon is rising
On heights we have gloamed.
The song of the night thrush
From yon sleeping wood,
Must bring to thy mind
The green spot where we wooed.

It must be that I loved you
Far more than I knew.
Else how would it pain me
To thus part from you.
Each loved charm of the Vale
Will sweet vision thy face.
How softly I'll linger
By each sequester'd place.

Oh! Promise you'll meet me,
Should death ever us part;
Oh! Promise you'll greet me,
Tend'rest joy of my heart—
On Eden's bright mountains
In valleys of Love.
Oh! Promise you'll meet me
In Heaven above.

WHEN WE DANCED AMONG THE PINES

WHEN the Moon rose o'er the Mountain
And the crickets tuned their viols;
When we heard the nocturne strain
Of the owls in forest aisles;
Then we gathered, gay and festive,
About our Woodland shrines—
Then we clasped our hands together
As we danced among the Pines.

When the Moon rose o'er the Mountain
And kissed soft the lips of Night;
Then all the sylvan bowers
Lit with fairy candles bright;
Then the elves and gnomes danced with us,
About our Woodland shrines,
And the Moonbeams swung their lanterns
As we danced among the Pines.

NOW COMES THE SHIVER OF THE STORM

NOW comes the shiver of the storm;
The cattle turn their backs to pelting rain;
The birds scurry to shelt'ring woods—
Softly the pine trees sigh wintry again.

Now comes the shiver of the storm;
Its mist-white breath steals damp o'er the brown moor;
Withered herbage, sod and flowers,
Renew their green upon the pasture floor.

Now comes the shiver of the storm;
Cold douchings spray and chill the standing grain;
Slow the rain cloud fades from the land—
'Tis o'er, sun steams the earth to warmth again.

COYOTES AND MAGPIES

THE Magpie, beautiful, yet brutal crow;
In Summer, nesting cottonwoods below.
In Winter, seeking the mid-Oberland,
Fleeing from foes in the lower Plainsland;

Where, as an enemy, man seeks its life—
Oft accused of crimes and pestilent strife;
But here in the Oberland, winging free,
With far settler dwells, in safe company.

In Fall 'tis the companion of Coyote,
The prairie wolf breed that runs the East Slope.
Together they track the journeying herds
Going east to the Plains with the summer birds.
When carrion they find, dead calf or steer,
On either side these two scavengers peer
At each other o'er the decaying form,
Then with beak, claw, and teeth, defying storm,
They feast and glut 'till the last shred is torn;
Naught left but the bones to the maggot, worn.

For months, the coyotes tread, magpies o'erhead,
Flying scouts, both trailing the straying dead;
Over hill, down gulch, o'er flat, past salt-lick,
The hoofs of the cattle, dying or sick;
Coyote and crow devouring insatiate—
True to their office, scavengers innate.
A pack of Coyotes, dread ghouls of the hills,
Attacking the dead with exultant yells.
A flock of Magpies, variegated cloud
Covering carcass foul—lustrating shroud.

When the hills are thus scoured, lazy they go,
The Wolf to its den—Magpie winging slow,
Seeking morsels from settler, near his door;
Occasionally scouting country o'er
For the corpse of the big-horn, elk, or deer;
If found, calling wolf for beastial cheer.
Sedate, oft times; strutting, satisfied mood;
Talking, addressing birds of other brood.
Perched, will chatter gossip as it pecks bone;
Sociable, disliking to be alone—
The Magpie, beautiful, beastial crow;
Feasting on Death—its joy, another's woe.
The Coyote, companion of crow, seeking flesh;
The ghoul and the wolf of the lone wilderness.

THE STEPPIN' STANES O' CABIN CREEK

A MAID I saw one sunny day
The other side the stream;
She raised her skirt most daintily
And stepped the rocks abrim.
I could not help but look into
The water's glossy sheen,
And saw upon their mirrored tide
The beauty o' her limb.
Aye—The steppin' stanes o' Cabin Creek—
They make a pretty scene;
Around them flows the gurgling brook,
With, aye—ripples bright between.

Amid the stanes sore hesitate
I saw her sudden tossed;
In holdin' tight her bonny skirt
Her balance quite she'd lost.
I jumped into the torrent's flood
And caught her as she paused;
She dropped her skirt and clasped me fast
As o'er the stream I crossed.
Aye—The steppin' stanes o' Cabin Creek—
They make a pretty scene;
Around them flows the gurgling brook,
With, aye—ripples bright between.

On hither bank I set her down
Among the marigolds.
Her bonny skirt ne'er wrinkled was,
Nor mussed its dainty folds.
With winsome mien she beamed on me—
I stood in soggy shoes—
Then, reaching up, she kissed me sweet,
For ferry's honest dues.
Aye—The steppin' stanes o' Cabin Creek—
They make a pretty scene;
Around them flows the gurgling brook,
With, aye—ripples bright between.

WHEN THE BLACKBIRDS TO THE MARSHES COME

WHEN the blackbirds to the marshes come,
Settling 'mong the reeds with noisy hum;
And all about the beaver's pond
The drifts of winter still abound;
'Tis then waking Spring smiles blithely winsome—
To our arms we take her tender bosom;
Gently press the loving kiss of welcome—
As all the land in gladness calls her home,
When the blackbirds to the marshes come.

When the blackbirds to the marshes come,
And on the dead spruce, gay flicker's drum
Tattoos breezy west-wind's dulcet thrum,
As bold March strikes in his sun-warmed thumb;
'Tis then the willow, 'fore the gusty spoom,
Bursts its bloom for Spring—her earliest plume,
Silver silken spray of shining welcome—
And all the land in gladness calls her home,
When the blackbirds to the marshes come.



CHIEF'S HEAD FROM ALLENS PARK

The sculptured mountain, *Chief's Head*, as seen from Allens Park, and its attendant recumbent form called "The Sleeping Indian," which includes the Longs Peak mass terminating with *Estes Cone*, is probably the greatest piece of natural sculpturing and gigantic grouping of staturesque form to be seen in the United States, and is also, undoubtedly, the most appropriate, since it outlines with remarkable resemblance, the face of an Algonquin-featured Indian with his war-bonnet on, thus perpetuating the memory of the original inhabitant of America in his proudest regalia, his prized eagle-feathered headgear. The vast profile of this face gazes upward into the sky, and the form, lying in calm and restful posture, is outlined upon the crests of the mountains stretching to the northeast; with a wide sweep of the great forest below timberline on *Mt. Meeker*, composing the blanket covering. It is a most stupendous ensemble of mountain, wonderfully suggestive of the subject which the settlers of Allens Park have applied to it.

LO—the Great Sachem of the high St. Vrain,
Rears his profile of eminent domain;
Chief's Head, Algonquin-featured, feathered crest,
Appears in the skyline of the northwest.
Projected too, recumbent, sleeping form—
Reposed, against the blizzard and the storm;
Pagoda, Meeker, Battle, Estes Cone,
Great peaks, composing his broad couchant throne.
Wide forests, warp and woof of pine-spread miles,
All wrinkled, folded, in the deep defiles,
These weave the blanket of the god-like Chief:
Mysterious figure in bold relief,
Forever sleeping on the Nation's crest,
Of race long departed—tribe earliest—
Yet lives in stone, mountain range, sculptured vast;
Form carved in granite upon the Continent's breast—
Stamped imperishable on the summits of the West.

The *Pyramids* of Cheops, ancient, old—
The *Sphinx*, staring from the sand, silent, cold;
Sequoia woods of sixty centuries—
All things of man, or oldest, living trees,
Must bow in awe before this hoary frieze,
Which Time, alone, has fashioned with its breeze.
How oft, 'mid roaring tempest or bright sun,
I've gazed upon thy visage, Mighty One.

Howe'er the white man may o'er rule the Earth—
May subdue the home land that gave thee birth;
Yet, forever, Image carved of Manitou,
Thy memory will command the Western view;
At the Portals of the free and boundless Sky,
Great Mountain, uplift the Face that cannot die!

VESPERADO

WHEN the shades of dusk creep o'er the land,
As the sun droops low on the Western strand;
In those regions dim where the corals band—
By the green palms down on the twilight sand;
From there I shall fly where the Vespers go,
Where the streams of the sea are soft aflow;
Down in the beds of the afterglow—
There to the arms of Vesperado.

Oh, fairest maid of the calling West.
Thou with the sweet and the fragrant breast—
Thou with the charms of eternal rest;
Thou with the limbs which the sea nymphs have drest—
Thou with those lips that the gods have prest;
With thee I'll lie in the Sun's red nest—
Vesperado!

Down where the Sun goes at eventide
And hides till he opens the Morning wide;
In those valleys far where the trade winds blow,
Down where his golden chariot swings low;
There my soul shall rest in that rosy deep
Till the god awakes from his sea-hid sleep;
There in the heart of the sunset glow—
There in the arms of Vesperado.

Oh, fairest maid of the calling West.
Thou with the sweet and the fragrant breast—
Thou with the charms of eternal rest;
Thou with the limbs which the sea nymphs have drest—
Thou with those lips that the gods have prest;
With thee I'll lie in the Sun's red nest—
Vesperado!

MOTHER'S KISSES

To Steve

THERE is a Guide, who, oft returning—
Cresting Pass above the Vale;
Where far below the lanterns beckon
His return from off the Trail.
'Tis then he feels a soft embracing—
Checks his steed, to feel the breeze,
So gently stealing o'er the mountain,
Stirring low the forest leaves.

Mountain zephyrs—Mother's kisses—
Wafted from the Spirit strand.
Soft caresses—Mother presses
Her sweet lips on brow and hand,
Of the son that once she cradled
On her breast in Bye-Low land.

Oft his party slow their horses—
String them out along the Trail,
As he points out the distant lanterns
Of the home cot in the Vale.
But do they see the tear-drop welling—
Feel Mother's greeting on the crest?
Do they ken the South-land zephyr
On the Guide's lips gently prest?

"Yes, Mother, dear—I'm coming home,"
Guide murmurs, as he speeds the band.
The horses start with vim and vigor
On the Home Trail thru the land.
Then deep into the forest dark
Toward the cottage in the Vale,
With just the far off stars to twinkle
Till the lanterns end the Trail.

Soft caresses—Mother's kisses—
From the steps where she used to stand,
Greeting tenderly her son,
Ere she passed to Beulah Land.
Mountain zephyrs—Mother's kisses—
Still press'd upon his brow and hand.

ACROSS THE RANGE TO HOME SWEET HOME

WE have crossed the lofty Passes—
Nearly touched the turquoise sky;
We are wet from wading waters
Where we lunched, the torrent by.
Our lips are red with wayside fruit
And flowers fill our arms;
Ah! Summer's dear excursion sweet
'Mong flow'ry mountain charms.

Yet glad a song rings in our souls
And visions rise apace—
Where tired feet and weary limbs
Shall find a resting place:
So lift your voice and sing that song,
As among the peaks we roam—
We're on our way across the Range
To the hearth of home sweet home.

We've rowed upon the alpine lake
Amid the forest wide;
We've romped across the glaciers cold
On top the Great Divide.
We've wandered 'mid the leafy woods,
The trails of glade and park;
We've tumbled in the waterfalls—
Thrown snowballs for a lark.

Yet swells that song its happy strain
And helps the miles speed by.
We'll sing it on the shining hills
While still the sun is high:
So lift your voice and sing that song,
As among the peaks we roam—
We're on our way across the Range
To the hearth of home sweet home.

Our catch of trout is in the pack
And quarts of berries ripe;
And pretty stones and mosses rare
We've gleaned of every type.

A distant peak now looms in sight
Which marks our homeward quest,
And fond anticipations bright
Hold forth the meal and rest.

Yet runs that loved endearing line
As setting sun sinks low;
It cheers the homeward trotting steeds
As soft the moonbeams glow.
So lift your voice and sing that song,
As among the peaks we roam—
We're on our way across the Range
To the hearth of home sweet home.



BELOVED, I SHALL FLOWER

WHEN you saw me in my poor youth untried,
My virgin strength unknown,
You turned aside to other hearts;
I grieved forlorn, unseen, alone.
Yet such a love I bore to you,
A wealth your bosom never knew;
A treasure then, your own fair bower;
I told you—tho you heard me not—
Beloved, I shall flower.

I spent the lonely years in search and toil—
I reached the long sought goal;
I mastered all the ways of World,
Yet kept within, my pure born soul.
And in that soul you still were mine—
My only love—that treasure, thine;
Yet, past my utmost strength and power,
Tho I told you—you still forgot—
Beloved, I shall flower.

Then came the years of knowledge plain;
When then you saw, and seeing—knew:
When you viewed the husks of living
Which wasted years had brought to you.
Then all too late you sought the prize
With charms still fresh, to realize,
That you had too long deferred—
For I had gone on—tho still you sought—
Beloved, I had flowered.

Oh! Blessed truth, the shield of youth;
Protecting fond the innocent heart,
Which beats in vain for that Earth love
Which Fate has fixed, as God's, apart.
Then is told the saintly tale—
A lone soul lifted above Earth's vale,
Knows its *one* love is God's dower;
From the first held—tho it knew not—
For Him, Love's fairest flower.

ABOVE TIMBERLINE

ABOVE Timberline—the Home of the Gods!
Their Throne above the World—above the
Crowds;

Their Palace fair of undefiled Clouds—
Salute them, as you enter their abodes.
Few souls appreciate this sky-reared Height,
Bleak, bare, austere—yet thrust so far in Light
Toward God, that Sun's first and last Glories bright
Reign longest there, most constant 'bove the Night.
Yea! Few, indeed, those souls, that e'en of Life
Know ought but frauding Mammon's dupe and strife

Above Timberline! How oft those high slopes
I've walked and never once betrayed—my hopes
Of finding manna—treasure of the Gods;
No Child of Song e'er here, theme-silent, plods.
'Mong the rocks are blooms so exquisite gemmed
That World below ne'er viewed such beauty stemmed.
Abroad are vistas—'bove the works of Man;
Lustrous, all unsmoked, Heaven's arches span.
No sounds are heard—but holy Solitude
Extends a Calm in which the Raptures brood.

Above Timberline! Climb on, my Soul! Thou,
Who never yet hath shrunk the Hero's vow.
Ascend, Thou—on to Glory and to God,
Unblanched with Fear—undaunted, You, abroad
Those Crests of undimmed Light—the shining Truth.
As long as Love, immortal, has its youth—
So far as body, bowed; head, bald and gray,
Responds to the summons of Earth's brief Day,
Upon the Heights sublime, I'll take my way—
Above the World, I'll woo Divinity!

ART

IHAD loved her from the first—
Upon her I had lavished *all*.
And at times—in wonderful moments—
Transfixed by her perfect beauty,
I, having lavished all,
Wept, that I had not more.

Alone, I had crept into the firelight—
The warm golden glow of my hearth—
The one comfort of my rude mountain hut.
And I had long sat in my chair, quietly musing;
I—a broken, bald, shaking old man.
And I was not unhappy, but rather—blissful;
Like a long day ending in sweet evening.

Youth, I had given her;
Fervid, athletic, flushed—beautiful.
Manhood, I had given her;
Stalwart, strong, sanguine—powerful.
Middle-age, I had given her;
Still active, persistent, mature—resourceful.
And now—this last flickering flame—
Old age, contemplative, meek, prayerful:
I was wondering how best to spend it on her,
These last few coins of a broken fortune—faithful.

And as I sat thus, silently pondering;
Gazing profoundly into the red flames of my hearth;
I suddenly saw a face confronting mine,
Of a beauty—an expression so divine—
That I dared not ask its name
For fear that Thou, alone,
Had sired it, Father, mine.
As it neared me, I shrank back,
As I've been wont to do since first I loved her;
For she had seemed so far beyond me,
That I had wooed blindly—without hope.

No word spake she—
But with quivering lips so charged with passion,
That my poor, frail soul
Burst into flames of warmest rose,
She pressed them full on mine
And left their imprint so gloriously there,
That, dying, I shall feel them lift me
From the cold corse and waft me heavenward.

This—this was my Beautiful, my Bride—Art!
I—her lover, had won, at last, her heart!

I DID NOT KNOW THAT LIPS COULD PART
IN SUCH A LOVELY SMILE

THOSE charms which Diotima's beauty played,
When Socrates of Athens, she, love swayed;
Beholding powers of Beauty displayed,
Causing Desire to clasp those forms portrayed;
Came to me sudden, when a woman's face
Confronted mine—all lit with Eva's grace:
Ah! I did not know that lips could part
In such a lovely smile!

'Twas then I understood the Law
Of Diotima's wile;
Beauty is a divine thing that
Resistless will beguile—
If your embrace is not guilty
Your love cannot be vile.
Beauty is the Great Attraction—
The Universal Smile;
Dear Nature rules the World with it,
All Life to reconcile.
Ah! I've lingered in that beauty—
I'll linger long the while;
I did not know that lips could part
In such a lovely smile!

MOTHER

OUTSIDE the window whirls the white—
'Tis winter's snow most bleak.
The storm in awful surges rolls
In fury from the Peak.
Yet in Mother's old log cabin,
Built by her loving sons,
An old man sits before the hearth—in
It's flame his vision runs.

"Oh, Mother, dear, you're here tonight—
I'm nestled in your arms.
The world has vanished from my sight—
The storm has no alarms.

You're lifted up in Heaven's light,
Before the Throne of Grace;
And God, Himself, compassionate,
Reveals again your face.

I'm gray and wrinkled deep with care
And broken 'neath the load.
I've struggled on and often cringed
'Neath Mammon's cruel goad.
I do not care if all the world
Has passed me on the road,
Or fellow men, in Life's swift pace,
Have roughly o'er me trod.

For I've been true to you, my dear,
Who oft, with toil-worn hand,
Hath stroked my brow and kissed me soft,
And made me understand;
That God is good and Life is short,
And we must bravely stand,
For all the things that Jesus said
And gave in Love's command.

There was something too, you did not say,
But wrought with subtle touch;
A thing that lifts me sweetly up,
When drooped I am and such,
To lips that gently press mine own—
Which ease the sense of pain;
That soothes my tired heart to rest—
Warms me to life again.

You did not falter, lovely Soul,
When from your nest I strayed.
You left the impress of your love
So strong and sweet portrayed,
That ne'er the miles, the days, the years,
Have ever dimmed its light;
The vision of your sainted face
Is ever in my sight.

Oh! Mother, dear, I do not hear
The tempest's wild refrain;
I do not mind, when you are near,
Old age and cares that strain;
I'm just your little boy, once more—
Warm in his cradle lain;
For, Mother, dear, you're here tonight—
I'm in your arms again."

THE EGO

I AM a Spirit!
I lived before Soul—else I could not form and animate it.

I am a Bit of Flame, the wild-fire, the universal medium
Of Life, as created by God, the Universal Parent.

I am a Soul!
I lived before Flesh—in me the Spirit flames as in a bowl.
Caught within the web of Birth, a sufficiency of Spirit
Inhabits me as to form a human ego.

I am a Man!
A creature encased in Flesh—containing Spirit within
a Soul.

I have consciousness, an ancestry, an individuality.
For God's purpose, I am to experience all things.

I am a Poet!
All that Spirit, Soul, Man, are—I am; and more—I am a
Singer.

In the Soul of the Poet, his Spirit perceives and embraces
Divine Love and Truth, and he becomes—a *Song!*

CHRIST

A POET died in the red Blood of Christ
And stood at the mouth of Hell;
Before an Angel white in saintly light,
His record on Earth to tell.

Up above, in his gaze, a short way off,
Were the heights of Heaven nigh;
All abroad, as far as the eye could see,
Were souls from Earth in the sky.

Before him, silent stood, some that he knew—
They had done him most woeful wrong;
But on Earth, 'fore they died, he had clear said—
"I forgive, bless'd Lord," was his song.

With outstretchèd hands, imploring, they stood—
The Poet looked askance the while—
Of the Angel white, in its holy light,
Brighter now, with wondrous smile.

As it opened the Book for each bared sin,
With ready pen to 'flict the wrong,
The Poet drew back, then cried sharp aloud,
To Angel and penitent throng;

"I forgave on Earth—the Record is closed—
Angel white, bear my friends above;
Tho they wronged me, and scorned, and hated me—
Fitting to burn in fires of Hell—
Yet no sting I know in the red Blood of Christ;
No music so sweet to tell—
As the text of the Word in the olden tongue;
His glorious song, I *love!*"

The Angel so white, with its holy light,
Spoke—the Poet saw *Him* within;
His Lord, his God, by the red Blood of Christ,
Who op'd His arms and took them in.

THEE

A Dream

MY Love and I sat arm in arm
Beside a Golden Sea;
We looked far off and watched the waves
In curling canopy.
No thing we spoke as we sat there
In tender ecstasy;
Yet oft into each other's eyes
We gazed most tenderly.
At last a word rose to our lips,
And that sweet word was—"Thee!"

IT IS THE YEARS

ONCE, in Autumn, rising in early morn;
Scanning the great Peak for the Day, just born;
I exclaimed, rubbing eyes, to vision free—
“What Ghost is this! so spectral, white, I see?”

’Twas the first snow of Winter on the Range;
Visitor—cold, drear, bleak, unwelcomed—strange;
That, fallen in the night, now chilly peered—
An event long expected, dreaded, feared.

Once, in late years, before the mirror plain—
Looking, I saw myself upon the pane,
And exclaimed, rubbing eyes, to vision free—
“What Ghost is this! so spectral, white, I see?”

’Twas the first snow of Old Age on my beard;
Visitor—cold, drear, bleak, unwelcomed—feared.
“It is—it is the Years!” I cried, “the *Past*—
At last my hair is withered in the Blast!”

ONCE I WALKED WITH SWEDENBORG

ONCE I walked with Swedenborg, who
In mystic spirit flight,
While yet his mortal body glowed
With human embers bright,
Visited the Heavens and lived
To true describe his scan:
God is Universal Sovran—
Plus, Universal Man.

This Truth is mighty—and most weak
The Image senses grope,
To grasp its perfect beauty—with
Its awful vastness cope:
To know that e’en the Universe—
Huge, beyond mortal scope;
Is yet enclosed in human form—
A Divine envelope.

To perfect ken this holy theme—
Faith transcend to Knowledge;
The Spirit must o'er-crow the flesh—
Rise on winged Vision's fledge;
Must flee the respirant body—
Discern the Spirit realm;
Ascend to heights celestial,
With Virtue at the helm.

Once, walking with dear Swedenborg—
Slipping fetters mortal;
I, with him, saw Universal
Man, our God, Immortal.
Only once, thus thrilled, my spirit,
Upon the brink of Awe;
Once beheld the Correspondence—
The Ultimates—the Law.

Since then my life is ordered well—
I've learned the Perfect Plan.
My great delight is brotherhood—
I love men of every clan;
In loving them, my God, I love,
For He is every man;
In loving Him *all* things I love—
The Universe I span!

GOD'S SMILES

To Steve

THERE is a man, who oft so far disdains
The cold worldliness of Life; who proclaims,
Unspoiled his youthful fancies and his dreams—
To him, God's holy Kingdom ever reigns—
As, mounted in the saddle, 'broad the wilds,
Entering with the joy of happy child's,
He guides wonder-eyed, awe-struck visitors,
Along the floors of Nature's corridors;
Where, right and left, beside the winding trail,
Or spread, perhaps, thruout a grassy dale,
He points to blossoms, 'mid bosky bowers—
Avenues, all bright with mountain flowers.

"There," he whispers, his shining countenance
Aglow with fair, yet manly innocence;
To sweet blooms pointing, 'mong the Great Defiles—
"There is the Welcome of the Hills—God's smiles."

"God's smiles"—Oh! How sweet that sentiment fills
The heart, with raptures soft and pulsing thrills;
To feel, that all abroad Life's weary miles—
'Neath our tired feet, perhaps, amid the aisles,
Flowers—smiling the Love that reconciles
Our fears and tears to Faith; that dear beguiles
The soul of Man to sail the Blessed Isles
Among the Elysian vistas where God smiles!

On every hand the vermeil blossoms bloom;
On cliff and crag where'er the steepes give room.
Amid the umbrage—forests deep and cool,
Rimming every stream and crystal pool.
In the topmost Pass, 'mong the fields of snow;
On the Crest, where the wild winds ever blow—
Beautiful flowers, sown of Heaven bright;
Holiest symbols, crowning every height.
Oh! Blessed is that Soul, who, on Life's trail,
Can make both glad and glee the Mortal Vale;
Can warm instill the Joy of Living sweet—
Point to where angels, shining, we can meet;
Can, 'bove the Turmoil, make the sad heart gay—
Blaze, among the Sorrows, a Happy Way;
Finding in the Wilderness, fair profiles—
The gracious Welcome of the Hills, God's smiles.

"God's smiles"—Oh! How sweet that sentiment fills
The heart, with raptures soft and pulsing thrills;
To feel, that all abroad Life's weary miles—
'Neath our tired feet, perhaps, amid the aisles,
Flowers—smiling the Love that reconciles
Our fears and tears to Faith; that dear beguiles
The Soul of Man to sail the Blessed Isles
Among the Elysian vistas where God smiles!

THE ARTLESS SONG

A MAID once sang an artless song—
'Twas neither sad nor gay.
She sang it as a robin does—
A pleasing roundelay.

You ask me why I love you, Dear;
Ask me why. Ask me why?
I really can't give answer, Dear;
Only try. Only try!

When a heart beats warm and happy, Dear;
Softly shy. Softly shy.
It cannot stop to answer, Dear;
Save with sigh. Save with sigh!

So I ask you not to question, Dear;
Never try. Never try.
I'll love you *less* if I answer, Dear;
Answer why. Answer why!

A maid once sang an artless song—
'Twas neither sad nor gay.
She sang it as a robin does—
A pleasing roundelay.

BY MY FATHER'S GOLDEN BEARD

I REMEMBER, in my cradle—
Ahl 'Tis many years, I trow;
I looked, and saw my Father, dear,
Bend low his warrior brow,
To see the child that he had sired—
That Babe of Israel's vow;
So soon, that Sire, to swoon in death,
Laid low by Mammon's blow;
So soon too, the widow, orphaned babe,
The Great Beast's rule to know,
With which the Husband long had strove,
As all men have—most dread Foe.
Oh! Blue-eyed Parent, sweet endeared!
By Heaven armed and vision cleared,
I'll slay the Beast that men have feared,
By mem'ry of your golden beard.

There is a Mystic Thread of Gold
Wove 'mong the tapestries of Old;
Connecting all the Heroes, told—
Perseus to Charles the Bold.
And true at Last—'tis sure to be—
Man will slay his Enemy,
Born of Self and Egoity—
Mammon—Serpent's subtlety.
Fear not, my Sire, I'll ne'er forsake
The traditions of your Race;
From your bright brow, as from a sun,
I'll reflect your noble face.
Oh! Blue-eyed Parent, sweet endeared!
By Heaven armed and vision cleared,
I'll slay the Beast that men have feared,
By mem'ry of your golden beard.

By *Labors*, twelve, of Hercules—
By Heroes of Rome, most cheered;
By Knights of ancient Chivalry—
By Charlemagne's Host careered;
By the Sacred Rood of Calvary—
By our Saints of Holy Grace;
By Spirits of my Forebears, true—
By All the Human Race;
I'm born to slay foul Mammon, base,
On his Evil Throne, still reared;
Fell him bold, in Israel's name—
That Great Beast which men have feared.
Then clear the way for Christendom!
For Sin and Hell are doomed;
The Dragon, for a thousand years,
Be chained and deep entombed.
A Knight, most dauntless, brave, fair groomed—
Of noble Deed, is peered;
To lead the Nations conq'ringly,
Which, by Satan, have been seared.
Oh! Saints of God! Rejoice this Day!
On High, ye Angels, watch and pray!
The Enemy, I vow, I'll slay—
By my Father's golden beard!

COME WITH ME INTO ISRAEL

A GAIN a world-wide war has served the Mob;
Once more Satan's forces have done their job.
Widows, orphans, wives, and poor struggling
man,

All involved in vile Mammon's selfish plan.
"There is a future for the man of peace,"
Says old adage—yet the gross Super-race,
As tho it 'joyed the plunge to Error base,
Took up the sword and sought the battle place.
But now, I call ye, God's men, His image,
While your hurts and wounds ye try to assauge;
Come with me into Israel—Love's bond,
The blessed Tie of Unity here found.

The *Bible* has not weakened in our hand—
Pure Word of God it shall eternal stand;
And men have not weakened—save the Old Truth,
They have, by Satan's devices, forsooth,
Divided it in portions, form and creed—
The Devil, laughing, happy in his greed—
Till Religion now's but sad division;
And Hell, aglee in gloating derision,
Will rule supreme, and all our war-cursed race
Will fall in Pit—ne'er meet the Prince of Peace,
Till in Israel cease we bloody strife
And build for aye a unity of life.

We have Religion, we have mighty Christ;
The fruits, we have, of enlightened Buddhist;
Have all Ethics, have Golden Rules sufficed—
But Boon of Unity we've sacrificed.
Without it, still rules, divisioning Hell—
Man's only true Hope is in Israel,
Universal Ark, his strong Citadel,
Where religion, races, nations, shall tell
Doomed Satan, that his ancient, worn-out spell
Of Mammon'd plot and misery, dying, fell,
Cast off has been by Truth assembled Man,
Who now can see God's perfect tribal Plan.

Come with me into Israel,
 Ye Men of Earth—all Nations grand!
 Races—yellow, black, white, red, brown—
 Give fast to me your heart and hand.
 Come, join the World-wide Brotherhood—
 Israel's new, fresh-visioned Band;
 Come, join the Sons of Unity—
 Win the Earth at God's command.
 Come with me into Israell
 Christian, Moslem—all Faiths true;
 Come with me into Unity—
 Join your hands with patient Jew.
 Advance our Banner, World, full wide;
 With Love, remove dark Error's cloud.
 Extend the civilizing tide—
 March on to Victory, Truth, and God!

Dear Christian, plight your troth with Christ anew,
 Proffering *depth* of love He asked of you;
 In Israel join your Faith with faithful Jew,
 Full brotherhood with him, most hearty, true.
 To Islam and the Buddhist, blessed give
 That Love which alone full Faith will shrive.
 Let dear Confucian and loved Shinto view
 Your affection—love to them most justly due.
 If ever you in love by Christ were thrall'd,
Practice your Commandment from Calvary called;
 Extend—*Love*, only hope of Truth on Earth—
 Pulse it warm as our Christ did at His birth.

If you'll examine, there's naught to hinder—
 Nothing vital that you need surrender; ●
 Christian remains Christian fast to the End—
 Every sect and creed their own rituals tend;
 The same do all other religions act—
 Close adherent to their own native fact;
 But, for that strength of Unity and Grace
 Which God's *Word* demands of the Human Race,
 Every soul, church, faith, religion, nation—
 Confessing God, must *unite* their ration
 Of Truth with all other's, so that, *supreme*,
 The *full* Truth reigns on Earth—no more a dream.

He who persists in division is doomed—
 The foes of Unity will be deep tombed;
 For God is GOD! Creator of us all—
 No division in Him is possible!
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all—is God;
 Every image, e'en figures made of clod,
 Are but symbols of Holy Highest ONE!
 E'en heathen, who see naught beyond the sun—
 Their idols, clay, upraised to the sky,
 Yet express they, God's dear supremacy!
 To Hell, then, base Division—now beware!
 Unity in Israel wins Truth's war!

Come with me into Israel,
 Ye Men of Earth—all Nations grand!
 Races—yellow, black, white, red, brown—
 Give fast to me your heart and hand.
 Come, join the World-wide Brotherhood—
 Israel's new, fresh-visioned Band;
 Come, join the Sons of Unity—
 Win the Earth at God's command.
 Come with me into Israel!
 Christian, Moslem—all Faiths true;
 Come with me into Unity—
 Join your hands with patient Jew.
 Advance our Banner, World, full wide;
 With Love, remove dark Error's cloud.
 Extend the civilizing tide—
 March on to Victory, Truth, and God!

THE SHEPHERD OF THE NATIONS

I'M the Shepherd of the Nations
 By Divine appointment fair;
 In *Israel* sung the Story—
 You will find it written there:
 How the Spirit entered in me—
 Revealed Dispensation true;
 I'm the Shepherd of the Nations—
 The Old Truth, accented New.

I'm the Shepherd of the Nations—
 To God's Fold I've safe called them;
 The precious Flocks of Israel,
 To the New Jerusalem.
 I have shown the Way to Glory—
 To Messiah and His love;
 I'm the Shepherd of the Nations
 Serving true my God above.
 I'm the Shepherd of the Nations—
 My poor life will soon be thru,
 But Brotherhood and Unity
 I've shown faithfully to you.
 Tho gently I have called my Sheep,
 Yet most earnest was my vow;
 I'm the Shepherd of the Nations—
 Safe, the Fold they'll gain, I trow.

DO YOU THINK THAT DEAR MESSIAH WILL ONLY COME FOR YOU

D O you think that dear Messiah
 Will only come for you?
 Will only greet the Christian
 And not the faithful Jew?
 Do you think that any *good* man
 Serving, with practice true,
 God and Messiah appointed,
 Will lose his portion due?
 Ah! Forget such silly doctrine—
 His *Word* keep full in view;
 No man the *Ten Commandments* keeps—
 Believes in God and Son—
 But will find the dear Messiah
 When Earth's full years are done.

Deep reflect, my fellow Christian;
 Think well, and right, and true;
 If Messiah comes a Christian,
 He also comes a Jew.
 But the truth is much the greater—
 The *Bible* shows the Plan,
 Messiah's a Universal
 King to *every man*.

To him, whose practice worthy is
To know Messiah's reign—
God's only proclaimed Son—
Dispute and rage are vain.
No good Soul will ask a question
When angels trump His name;
If fools do—they'll certain falter—
In Hell still make their claim.

Tho Jesus died on Calvary—
Fulfilled Messiah's doom;
And bright resurrect in Glory
O'er triumphed Death's dark tomb,
Showing to all men, Messiah
To the Cause most true had come;
Yet, since, nigh twenty centuries
Of knowledge vast, great sum,
Has cleared the way for Tolerance—
With Love, men overcome.
What care they now, when manifest
Messiah fair be made;
He in surpassing loveliness—
We in our robes arrayed;
Each Soul scorns ancient prejudice—
Will never fear or doubt;
Salvation, be its one true thought,
Sweet worship, most devout.

Then do not think Messiah dear,
Will only come for you.
For within the *Book* 'tis written—
He comes for *all* souls true,
Who believe in God and the One
Appointed—He to reign
O'er the Redeemed, most blessèd, dwelling
Happily in Heaven.
By the Love and Truth you bear Him,
You'll know the Holy Lord—
Christ, David, and Immanuel,
He'll be, true to the *Word*.
He's a Universal Sovran,
Crowned bright of God on High;
And *all* souls He'll call to Glory,
Save those, who, doubting, die.

AGE

THEY say that I am grown old,
Decrepit, aged, and gray.
True—the long Earth years are told—
I am all that they say:
And I know that I shall die,
The Flesh, as my Jesus on the Tree.
But how old is that Soul which lives—
That dwells with God eternally?

YE, SMA' CRYING BIRD

YE, sma' crying bird, blown
By October's cold blast.
How keenly ye mind me
Of my wanderings, past!

Can ye nae bide Shelter—
Stable, rick, cosy barn?
Bide the warm straw and hay,
Ye poor wind-driven bairn?

Nay! Like myself, wee bird,
Fate blows ye with the Blast;
Ye'll wander—till the *Weird*
Of your life holds ye fast.

Ye, sma' crying bird, blown
By October's cold blast.
How keenly ye mind me
Of my wanderings, past!

"TONIGHT"

A Dream

I SAW in a dream her face last night,
Not seen since the long year's array,
When it glanced on me 'neath her bridal veil
On the eve of her wedding day;
When our glances met in that strange farewell,
As a more favored man than I,
Led her down the aisle from the altar-rail
Enjoying her pink blushes shy—

When I read in her eyes she yet was mine,
As cruel Fate played its dread part—
Tho clasped in the arms of that other man,
'Twas I that she held in her heart.

For I was her lover, her suitor—a man
Who had lived in the light of her smile,
Just as a flower turns toward the sun
To languish when it sets the while.
In spite of the anguish that bled my heart—
The jealousy which made me vile,
I bowed to gods who were stronger than I,
Invoking Time to reconcile.
Tho 'tis some thirty years since that event,
When another man took my bride away;
Yet last night when her face in vision came,
I felt the old love as if yesterday.

She said just a word in this midnight dream,
Yet it seemed to me that I knew
The soft import of a mystic delight—
A paradise rose to my view;
Seraphs of Heaven were gathered there,
Where the palms of Eden grew;
She seemed to be standing at the low gate
Of a garden of roses in dew;
Whose portal was opened wide unto me,
All lit by her heart's warmest hue,
To welcome the man of her maiden love—
To summon his passion anew.

She drew off a glove with artless grace—
Hand so tender, so soft, so white,
That I sighed in my dream and eager looked
As she pointed within to the light,
Of a bower of bliss and hymened love
Where a brazier of Joy glowed bright:
And I read in the depth of her woman's eye
Such expectance of deferred delight,
That I knew the long years were merely myths—
Fair illusions that reunite,
For she gave me the glance of her wedding day—
Said just the one word—"Tonight."

FAILURE

WASHINGTON, at Valley Forge;
Dave Thoreau's unsold volume.
John Brown, at the Ferry's gorge;
Sidney Foster's blighted bloom.
Abe Lincoln, after *Bull Run*;
Eugene Debs in Woodstock jail.
Woodrow Wilson, last election;
Truth, denied, riding the Gale!

I crept out into the woods last night,
Away from the eyes of man;
Out there in those verduring temples,
Arched by Heaven's starry span;
And I prayed, that in Israel's mission,
As the wind soughed thru the trees,
That the God of the Nations would bless me—
Make me fail as one of these:
Washington, Eugene Debs, John Brown, Lincoln;
Dave Thoreau, Sidney Foster, Woodrow Wilson!

MAMMON TAUNTS

“BY the word of great St. John,
Ye bear within thy palm,
My imprint, Slave, upon.”

“Ye, lie! Mount of Fat!
Mammon—your outrageous, ancient fiat,
Illusion is—that sordid day is past;
My hand has long since been your deadly foil;
Its palm but bears the mark of honest toil,
Which, oft pained in blistered cast—
Grimed and cracked with Earth's dear sod;
Is yet pure worship of Labor's holy God;
Of Him who empowered Aaron's potent Rod.”

SOLACE

THIS is my own sweet hour
With Thee, bruised One.
Fresh from the bosom of God,
Celestial, I come,
To embrace that sad soul of Thine
In soft compassion.

You do not know, now,
Desponding, fainting One,
Why this pallid affliction
Cankers Thee with death.
But Ye shall know, even
As Ye walk in faith—
Ye shall know—and be glad—
And rejoice, faithful One.

There is a heavenly land,
Oh, wearied One.
And all that Thou hast loved,
Or ever shall, is there—
An empire of pure affection,
In whose zone,
Is heaped up sweetest comfort
For your every care.

Hearts are sometimes broken
To let Love in—
That *greater* Love, which God
Claims as His own—Divine;
And thus, Solace, softly creeps
From His breast to Thine.

MOOD

THIS day I sorrow—Winter's reign is o'er!
Grass is springing green on Vale's sun-warmed
floor—

Water from melted snow stands on the moor—
The nimble snipe are skipping 'long the shore.
Hark! The watchdog bays an ominous bark;
I listen—hear strange voices on the road—
Not the vibrant Spring note of thrush and lark,
But human voices, that most dire forebode,

Peace and solitude from my hut far hurled—
Flag of the Wilderness must now be furled;
And on the mast, Man's ensign to the breeze
I'll fling, dreading—him, with all Sin's disease,
That thru the open Summer months will tease
Till winter shuts the door again with freeze.

I hear a step, a knock upon the door;
My rest is done—it is a visitor!
Restraining baying hound, I cross the floor;
Put on a front of smiles, Guile's orator—
Then, fearful, brow with lying Cheer encurled,
I raise the latch, and greet, alas—the World!

This day I'm joyous—Winter's reign is o'er!
Grass is springing green on Vale's sun-warmed floor—
Water from melted snow stands on the moor—
The nimble snipe are skipping 'long the shore.
Hark! The watchdog bays a familiar bark;
I listen—hear strange voices on the road—
Not mere vibrant wild note of thrush and lark,
But dear human voices near my abode;
Lonesomeness and pall will now be far hurled—
Drear flag of Wilderness will be close furled,
And on the mast, Man's ensign to the breeze
I'll fling, anxious, that I can happy please
Him, thru summer—that he can take his ease
Till cruel winter brings again its freeze.

I hear a step, a rap upon the door;
Great joy has come—at last a visitor!
Restraining baying hound, I cross the floor,
Aglow with smiles, Love's sweet ambassador—
Then, eager, brow with hearty Cheer encurled,
I raise the latch, and greet, oh joy—the World!

How strange is Mind? its vagrant errant Mood?
One moment, yearning closest Brotherhood—
Next, skulking deep the Cave of Solitude.
Ah! 'Tis Love, alone, the far 'part extremes
Can reconcile—with Duty's weighing beams,
She tips base Mood with Heart, and Truth redeems.

WHEN DEATH COMES BY

LOVE had conquered all my enemies,
And to my life had given every joy;
Had brought me friends and happiness;
And pleasures, dear, without alloy.

Then came, alas! a grief profound—
I looked into a Face, pale fair;
Once animate with rosy health and smiles—
Now cold and still amid the clustering hair.

I cried for Love—for help, for comfort, strength,
Amid the desert wild of my despair;
But Love was not there—I was left alone—
I wept, I could not find her anywhere.

Then came another Form as I knelt there;
So sweet and strong, pointing to God on High.
Who roused and comforted me—made me bear.
Ah! One must call on Faith when Death comes by!

LIFE

THOU! Who created Life that it might know You;
Thou, Who didst once die that Life might miss You;
Thou—Who didst rise, resurrect, that Life might
Love you;
Know, that Thou *wert* known, and *missed*, and *sought*,
above;
And that, thru Faith, and Works—proofs, rising to
your view,
Life will surely find You, and finding—*love*!

FROM SIN, I HAVE LIVED A DAY

I DID not care what storm might break
On my old gray head bowed down.
I did not care what Hell might dare,
Or World, with its Mammoned frown.
I had my precious beads to tell—
My wreath with piercings bethorned;
Tho Fiends might gnaw my shrunken breasts—
'Twas Satan, not I, who mourned;
For I was a Child of pure Ecstasy—
In Visions, treading the embattled Way;
With Christ, holding the Fiends of Hell at bay.
I thank Thee, God—from Sin, I have lived a Day!

I did not know the Day had passed,
Till I woke to evening sky.
I looked about, and all the Fiends,
With Satan, on ground did lie.
Their teeth were broke, their spears were bent,
Their faces long and drawn;
And then I knew that Hell was sold—
Its implements gone to pawn.
Its powers were spent on my strong array—
Were applied in vain on my Ecstasy;
With Christ, I had won the furious fray.
I thank Thee, God—from Sin, I have lived a Day!

MY SHRINE

MY shrine is not raised unto Thee
From the snowy peaks of Mountains;
Neither is it laid within
The mist-wet caverns of the Sea—
But in a place more holy.

My shrine is not dim hid among
The leafy dells of the Forest;
Neither is it set in a
Fair oasis of the Desert—
But in a place more holy.

My shrine is not frost laid within
The icy chambers of the North;
Neither does it rest among
The scorching tropics of the South—
But in a place more holy.

My shrine is not silk-curtained nigh
The purple windows of the East;
Neither is it set between
The golden portals of the West—
But in a place more holy.

My shrine does not orbing glitter
On the twin rivers of the Stars;
Neither is it buried 'mid
The precious ores of boweled Earth—
But in a place more holy.

My shrine does not cloud-float or swim
The void-shored, dome gulf of the Skies;
Neither is it set below,
Farther, nearer, mist-hid, or sunned—
But in a place more holy.

Nay! Thou terrible, feared Lord,
Yet sweetest, dearest Father—GOD;
Thou, of the fierce, avenging Sword—
Thou, of the almond blossomed Rod;
My shrine is not there, but *here*—
My lovely soul within—free,
Which Thou hast shaped with Thine own hands,
And set me in the midst of Joy to worship Thee!

*“Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God
And that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?”*

I Corinthians, 3-16.

In July, 1921, a family by the name of Aubuchon, from Michigantown, Indiana, were camped on Glacier creek, one of the main tributaries of the south fork of the Big Thompson river. The family had planned to climb Longs Peak, but having suddenly decided to break camp and return to their home in Indiana, they had abandoned the project. One of the boys, however, Gregory, a strong lad of about eighteen years, disobeyed the wishes of his parents and on the morning that they were to break camp, July 20th, rose very early and quietly stole away, before the family were awake.

After waiting all that day and night without the return of the youth, the distracted family notified the National Park authorities who instituted an immediate and elaborate search in which the family joined. After several day's of anxious labor during which the Longs Peak district was thoroly examined by the National Park rangers, the family was at last forced to depart for their Eastern home and apparently without the slightest clue of the lost youth's whereabouts, but with the firm conviction that if he was dead his remains would sometime be found in the immediate vicinity of the Peak.

On the morning of September 16th, nearly two months later, rangers McDaniel, and Higby, were assigned a climb to the summit of Longs by Park Supt. L. C. Way, to obtain information from the register on the summit of the number and identity of the people who had ascended the mountain that year, and who were also instructed to take powerful binoculars with which to examine the surface of the surrounding country, with the possibility of discovering any object that might resemble a human body, especially in the vicinity of the foot of the great east precipice of Longs. Attaining the summit these hardy men presently identified with the glasses, a human body lying on a field of snow exactly at the base of the precipice a half mile below. Later, they descended to it, and identified the remains as those of the lost youth, Gregory Aubuchon. The body was in a fair state of preservation, but most every bone was broken. It then seemed apparently well proven, that the youth had probably gained the summit successfully, but bewildered and wholly unfamiliar with the safe, regular trail, had descended the east face of the mountain and been caught in the dangerous trap at the foot of the Notch, which is described by Elkanah J. Lamb in his *Autobiography* and who once, in 1871, fell into the same peril; he says "The mountain wall was not only perpendicular, but projected with a frowning incline some degrees over my icy pathway." It was probably at this point or some other position above, for Mr. Lamb, who descended in this vicinity a full month later in the season when there must have been much less snow and ice, also says: "having already passed dangerous points, perpendicular places, sloping icy places, that were almost impossible to round or ascend." Thus, perfectly trapped, likely unnerved and exhausted after the long and arduous climb to the summit, the distracted Gregory could neither ascend or descend with safety. The ranger's theory was, that the youth had remained fearstricken and helpless on some cleft of that terrible precipice until he fell, either from hunger and exhaustion, or, as in Mr. Lamb's case, made one desperate effort to escape, and losing his balance, fell many hundreds of feet to the snowfield below, and where

his body was embedded in the snow deep enough to not be noticed until the hot sun of two summer months had melted it, hence Supt. Way's wisdom in having the snowfields scanned with glasses after the summer's melting of the snow.

The Park authorities notified the coroner of Larimer county, and on the following day, the 17th, the body was recovered with considerable difficulty, the great Chasm at the foot of the Peak brooding and lowering all day in suggestive funereal mood, in a great ashen, pallored cloud mist, and it was near 10:00 p. m. when the little cavalcade of rescuers returned by moonlight. So far as known, Gregory Aubuchon is the first and only victim that Longs Peak has claimed as the result of a fall.

GREGORY AUBUCHON

HE was happy—he was careless—
Was Gregory Aubuchon.

He was dauntless—he was fearless—

As he looked the Mountain on.

Ah! Youth is gay and innocent,

And laughs when danger's nigh;

It does not realize its life

Until it comes to die.

Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—

Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

Dear, thoughtless youth, you vagabond,

Your simple story's old;

Long since, the Fates, in anger fierce,

Your little life has told.

Disobedience, its ire roused—

Fair Eden's parent curse—

Has doomed you to the penitence,

Its ancient grudge will nurse.

Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—

Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

The camp was still, and silence bound

The family's slumber deep,

As beneath the stars of heaven

From its presence he did creep.

The Gorge echoed with wild waters

As they poured from snow-bound heights;

And he climbed with guilty footsteps

Toward the Peak where Fate invites.

Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—

Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

Long he toiled beneath the summit
Till the Gorge came to an end;
Far up the Mountain's shoulder where
Steep the *Narrows* westward bend.
Here the sun in golden glory
Beamed the splendor of July;
Here down he looked upon the camp
From that eminence so high.
Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—
Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

Howe'er the guilt, the goal was won—
The great summit towered nigh.
Quick he scrambled up the *Home Stretch*
With victory in his eye.
Here upon that dominant crag
He gazed o'er range and plain—
At last the sense of rest produced
The thought of camp again.
Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—
Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

He laughed, the task was easier,
Those upward miles, now down.
Eager, he descended careless
To where the Dangers frown.
Ah! Cruel, did the Fates lure on
The youth who disobeyed;
At last he stood upon the ledge
Where Doom was dire arrayed.
Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—
Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

From whence he came, above his head,
The wall rose sheer and fell;
Beneath his feet, the precipice
Dropped to the yawning hell.
Then Panic and the Terrors seized
His shrinking, trembl'ing soul,
And wildly on that dizzy cliff
His weeping eyes did roll.
Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—
Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

No one has kenned what happened then—
The dread Day—the horrid Night;
He may have clung upon that cleft
With long heroic fight.
Or else, one desperate venture;
He sprang, and failed the path—
Ah! let us not too close explore
How fell the fated Wrath.
Oh, rash and heedless boy, before Tomorrow dawns—
Gregory Aubuchon, for you the Chasm yawns!

PHILOSOPHY

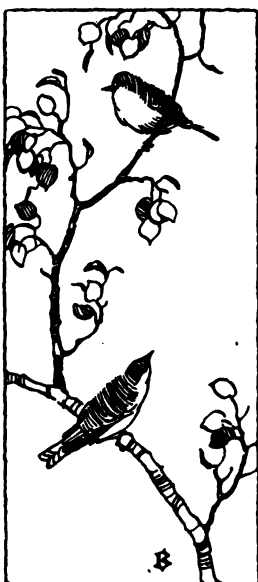
I NEVER had a Sorrow fall
But in a Joy forgot it all.
Oft widow's weeds are but the pall
To hide another nuptial.
Tears at many a funeral
Flow on to joy—a Birth, withal.
But, most sad, observe the dread reversal—
Joy oft brings a stealing Sorrow cruel:
Then man applies his only logic tool—
Philosophy, to bridge the interval.

THOUGHT

I THOUGHT of a Woman so wondrous fair—
Of beauty and virtue beyond compare;
And lo, as I looked, she was standing there—
Thought! Creating what thinking egos dare.

HOPE

I WOULD like to live a beautiful life—
One that was free from sin;
A life that was filled with holiness bright—
Pureness of thought within.



BLUEBIRDS 'NEATH THE CABIN EAVES

BLUEBIRDS 'neath the cabin eaves are nesting—
Love and Joy once more are fondly resting
On the rosy summits of my dreams.

Bluebirds 'neath the cabin eaves are twitt'ring—
Their affection, like warm sea waves cresting
Ocean reef, sweeps o'er my heart Love's streams.

Bluebirds 'neath the cabin eaves are mating—
Once again, they find me dedicating
Praise and worship to the Holy Themes.

Bluebirds 'neath the cabin eaves are hatching—
Their tender young, eager, I am watching—
Those dear pinions bright of sky-blue gleams.

Bluebirds 'neath the cabin eaves are ling'ring—
Loth to leave the home-nest warm, so shelt'ring.
Stay, my darlings, till your last hour beams.

Bluebirds 'neath the cabin eaves are flying—
With their brood on Southland zephyr sighing,
They leave me, still happy in my dreams.

Bluebirds 'neath the cabin eaves are coming—
Swift, o'er the melting snows they'll be homing
To the bosom that so fond esteems.

GOODBYE

THE flowers of Summer are seeding—
It is time to say, "Goodbye."
The voice of the far World is calling
To those labors that ever ply.

Oh! When, in your distant wanderings,
Your thoughts to the mountains fly,
The Trail of Fond Mem'ry will lead you
To those Scenes that never die.

Why weep then, sweet Lady, so tender;
Ye Gallant, why grieve, or cry?
For parting is only the rain-drop—
A cloud adrift in the sky.

Though flowers of Summer are seeding—
Though 'tis sad to say, "Goodbye;"
The Trail of Fond Mem'ry will lead you
Back to Scenes that never die.

WHEN THE LAST GUEST HAS GONE

WHEN the last guest has sped from my doo rway—
From the hearth of my mountain home;
When the last guest has answered his World call
And I am left standing alone,
'Mid the white snows of drear winter falling,
When the birds to the South have flown;
Then into the Mansions of Memory
The dear Ghosts of the Seasons come:
When the last guest has gone to his summons,
'Tis then, I come into my own.

Oh! Ghosts of the Years that are passing;
Children so dear to my heart;
Come, enter the doors of the Spirit—
Draw once again to my hearth.

Ye, Shades of guests long departed,
Enter my arms as of yore;
No guest of this world or the spirit
But seeks again my lone door.

He's only gone on for the moment,
As he speeds over the moor;
His soul lingers on in my mem'ry—
His presence is here as before.

Then enter the Mansions of Mem'ry,
Ye, Friends, thru the Seasons found;
Though ye speed to a far off country,
Yet ye are here in my bosom bound.

When the last guest has sped from my doorway—
From the hearth of my mountain home;
When the last guest has answered his World call
And I am left standing alone,
'Mid the white snows of drear winter falling,
When the birds to the South have flown;
Then into the Mansions of Memory
The dear Ghosts of the Seasons come:
When the last guest has gone to his summons,
'Tis then, that I call him, my *own*!

THE DAY THAT WAS GOD'S

IT came, sweet surprise—to my excursion;
Its significance slow grew upon me.
At first, it seemed like any other day—
On, I walked, unconscious of Deity.

Nigh half way up the steep, I paused for breath;
Looking back, I ne'er saw the World so bright;
All abroad, ne'er observed so blue a sky—
Its heightened hue, bedazzled, quite, my sight.

Farther up, again I paused—gazed about;
And now a gentle zephyr bathed the scene,
Cooling my brow—a calm refreshment came.
I sighed, my thought bestirred—I walked serene.

From that point, it seemed to me a Presence
Moved beside me to the appointed Height.
If so—we were at Peace, without—within.
Arrived, there was a suffusion of soft light.

Quite spent, I leaned against a tree and looked.
Birds came, tame and eager, each one singing.
In great amaze, yet in silent delight,
I listened—they were sweet Praises bringing.

Rested, I paced the terrace, awed—thoughtful.
It showed a vast vista—far to the Plains.
Walking, I noticed wondrous fair flowers;
And trees, bent, old, wind-worn, seemed freshened
greens.

These Edenic proofs, most full convinced me—
I did not for a moment doubt that *He*
Was here; that the whole Illumination—
Bird songs, verdure, sky—was for Deity.

There was one thing yet; His creature's worship—
Man must supplement the praise of things;
This day of God's, perfected, full must be—
I worshiped, 'mid the play of Angel's wings.

Thus, 'twas *His* day, and mine—for I enjoyed.
Awed still; a last portent—some golden clouds—
Fearful lest I disturb His privacy,
I left, to dear affirm—This day was God's!

WHEN THE WATCH-DOG BARKS AT THE DAWN WIND'S BAY

WHEN the watch-dog barks at the Dawn Wind's
bay,
As o'er the Mountain breaks the Morning
gray;
I, to my soul, this question say;
"Am I prepared to meet this Day?"
Then my soul replies, "There is one *sure* Way—
To the Lord of Hosts your orisons pay."

FAREWELL TO THE WILDS

ONE lingering look from the distant Pass;
One more glance on those vistas—sweet and
last—
That we've seen in shadow, cloud, and the sun;
Have learned to love, in excursions, now done.

Farewell! Ye dear hills and mountains—
Ye far heights and alpine trails.
Farewell to the streams and fountains—
To green verdured glades and vales.
Farewell! Adieu to the Wilds and you.

Farewell! Ye woods and the dun herds—
To the camps and hearth that cheered.
Farewell to songs of the wild birds—
To the hut so snug, endeared.
Farewell! Adieu to the Wilds and you!

One thought, Wilds, in the sadness of parting,
We speak, as fondly we gaze o'er the view;
To the dear bond of Nature, forever,
We'll abide, Wilds, tender, faithful and true.

Farewell! Ye dear hills and mountains—
Ye far heights and alpine trails.
Farewell to the streams and fountains—
To green verdured glades and vales.
Farewell! Adieu to the Wilds and you.

Farewell! Ye woods and the dun herds—
To the camps and hearth that cheered.
Farewell to songs of the wild birds—
To the hut so snug, endeared.
Farewell! Adieu to the Wilds and you!

WOODROW WILSON

January 9, 1920

WOODROW WILSON!
Our President—God bless you!
We greet You, first International President!
To you, our eternal thanks! Yea! Our highest Praise!
For your vast, devoted, inspired, Continent days;
Linking this, our Nation—these American states—
To the whole World's company of vested nations;
All men leagued covenant—in common now their fates.
This is as it should be—perfect Equality;
That final test of Empire true—not Slave but Free—
Fought and won, long since, in this Land of Liberty
Which lies between the shoulders of the Western Sea.
By your efforts, loved Chief, an Old World gone to pawn
To those who held base unscrupulous mastery,
Now views, above the wreck of cruel War, that Dawn,
Which proclaims the Sun of Universal Liberty!

Woodrow Wilson!
God's Instrument—May He bless you
As he did the revered Washington and Lincoln;
For His hand, potent in this land, is plainly seen,
As in the records of past exalted nations,
Which, by Sin, losing the appointed Way—*have been.*
Oh! May we, God of Israel, ne'er fall as they;
But, should it be our sad deplored Fate so to do,
It is our firm Faith, that other, better, nations,
As yet, perhaps, unborn, will find the Path anew,
And lead sublime races of endeavoring Men
On paths of Truth, faithful, as Woodrow Wilson true!

Woodrow Wilson!
 Fellow Citizen—God bless you!
 Even as we, your democratic peers, your friends;
 Feel that fond Esteem which our warm applause extends.
 We love—we cannot help but *love*—deep revere, that
 Man,
 Who, joined with Asia's, Europe's, Afric's enlightened
 Band,
 Has, unfalt'ring, under God, forged those links that
 Bind
 The League of Nations for the good of all Mankind!
 Woodrow Wilson!
 President—Instrument—Citizen—This is *Your Day*!
 We celebrate it *now*—this glad hour—while we may;
 Nor let the press of great events postpone our say,
 For none so great as this—*Your Day*—for Aye and
 Aye—
 Will be, 'till God's angels peal forth the Judgement Day!

BACK ON THE TRAIL

ONCE more I'm on the pony—
 Trail inviting sweet.
 Yonder is the river—
 Afar the Peak I greet.
 Golden sun is shining
 O'er the pine-clad dale;
 No care—no sin—no evil
 To rude assail;
 Oh, God! but I'm glad
 To be back on the trail.

Once more I'm on the highway
 Of the bighorn and the bear.
 Campbird a calling to me
 For a crust of bread to spare.
 Sky-blue 'bove aspen tassels,
 Is the weather's tale;
 No care—no sin—no evil
 To rude assail;
 Oh, God! but I'm glad
 To be back on the trail.

Once more I'm in the valley—
Pony going slow.
Coyote barking yonder—
My pipe's a smoking low.
Now the day's declining—
Sun has left the swale;
No care—no sin—no evil
To rude assail;
Oh, God! but I'm glad
To be back on the trail.

Once more I'm on the old path,
Old stars guide the way.
Wind's a blowing fresh
And cool at the close of day.
On the hill I'll greet
The moon a rising pale;
No care—no sin—no evil
To rude assail;
Oh, God! but I'm glad
To be back on the trail.

Some day, as the sun goes down,
I'll follow it on and on;
To heaven—perhaps to hell,
If the Fates upon me frown.
But if I meet God, and
With Him can prevail;
No care—no sin—no evil
To rude assail;
I'll ask Him to put me
Back upon the trail.

YE HILLS OF ST. VRAIN

ONCE more the dear prospect of hill and of dale—
Once more the green depths of the stream mur-
m'ring Vale;
Bursts bright on my eyes as the sun lights the plain—
Sweeps the crests of the West with his fiery mane.
Once more from the home cot, won with labor and
pain—
Ye Hills of the St. Vrain, I greet ye again!

When Morn in her glory shakes the dew from her train
And the lark lifts its first song in raptured refrain;
When winds from the cañons waft the scent of the pine
And sweetly the worn Soul quaffs Spring's odors divine;
Ah! 'Tis so sweet to greet you—those summits again;
Your dear heights—your loved crags—ye Hills of
St. Vrain!

When, returned from the World—from its fevered
strain—

To don the pure vestments of Nature again.
To list to the bluebirds nesting happy once more,
As I sit on the bench by the old cabin door;
Ah! It is joy to gaze o'er your woodlands again—
Your ever green mountains—ye Hills of St. Vrain!

'Tis then the old Question comes up from the main—
My Soul, are you worthy, are you fit, are you clean,
To dwell in the land where the Great Spirit broods—
Where the Wilderness sleeps 'mong its vast solitudes?
Ah! I cannot answer, for I'm old and in wane;
But it's so sweet to greet you—ye Hills of St. Vrain!

Then up with your banners, deathless Soul, brave and
true;

Bright polish the arms so oft raised 'gainst the foe.
'Mid the songs of the wild birds your courage renew—
In the bosom of Nature find manna and dew.

Ah! I'll answer—I'll answer—the Question again,
Tho some day I'll be going, ye Hills of St. Vrain:
When the battle is over and Mammon is slain,
To heaven I'm going—ye Hills of St. Vrain!

In 1916 occurred the death of one of the most treasured characters of the Rocky Mountain National Park region, Lathrop Ripley, the artist, aged 35 years, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Ripley of Kansas City, Missouri. In company with his uncle, Dr. W. J. Workman, the region in the vicinity of Fern and Odessa lakes, Spruce and Forest cañons, headwaters of the Big Thompson river, were first explored by him, and also stocked with trout. They also built the first lodge on the shores of Fern Lake. Lathrop Ripley was not only a sturdy pioneer and woodsman but was also a highly accomplished gentleman, a rare landscape painter, a musician, and an intense lover of nature. The last composition which he played

by the shore of Fern Lake on his favorite instrument, the cornet, was the air of *Say au revoir, but not good-bye*. Many of his paintings were sold to visitors, many adorn the cabin walls of mountaineer friends, and his parents have assembled a considerable collection of them.

THE SILENCE THAT IS SILENT TO ALL

A CROSS the Lake of the Ferns
Where the sunset last burns
As it flames from the Western wall,
You will hear far and near
A sounding horn sweet and clear
Which calls when the first shadows fall.

You look for the Bugler, yet see him not,
Tho you hear his clear pealing horn;
'Tis a Spirit stands there, scene of his call,
Rare man, by Death from us cruelly torn.
But we still hear his song, sounding sweet mystical,
Afar o'er the valleys, the peaks, and the tarn;
That one pure saintly strain, swelling full triumphal,
Out of Death the Ressurrection is born.

A Hero, he stood, with his face to the West—
Long he had strove with Life's mystery.
In the sunset's last glow o'er the peaks of snow,
He faced Eternity smilingly.
From the depths of his heart at the call of Art
He sang his swan-song to the stars;
And placed to his lips the bright silvery horn—
Bold challenged the Void with its bars.
Oh, saintly o'er that white wilderness
Rose his song sweet ecstatic;
And we know that the angels sang with him
From those Heights that overlook all.

"Say au revoir, but not good-bye,"
Were the words of his last bugle call;
And wildly the sleeping mountains
Awoke in their sky vaulted hall.
From dizzy crag, cliff, fissure, and hollow—

From wall to wall, peak to peak, rock to rock,
The wild echoes resounded and tumbled—
Chasm and gorge trembled afar in the shock.
Yet higher the sweet paean kept pealing,
'Till the mountains rang loud in its thrall;
Yet coldly they mocked the brave Bugler
From the Silence that is silent to all.

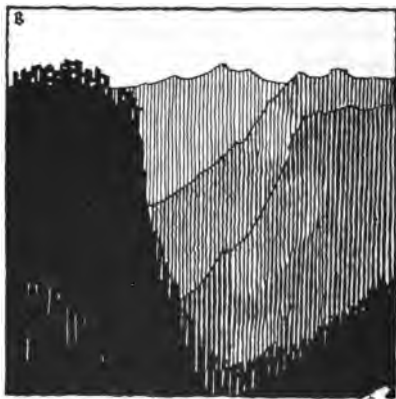
Oh! Lathrop! We know what your call was—
'Twas the call of the Great Soul for its mate,
That on Earth will never be answered
By the flesh of the mortal state;
For great souls are wed to the Infinite—
Without bounds, forever, their fate;
Tho born of tender woman's flesh tissue
They seek realms immortal situate.
You had sought afar thru the cities;
Afield you had searched the country wide round;
At last to the tops of the mountains
You pealed forth your bold trumpet sound.

'Twas a challenge sublime from the Bugler
As he called o'er the stilly lake;
"Tho ye only give echo, wild mountains,
My spirit shall here its place take.
I will call and keep your steeps sounding
'Till the time ye shall burst into flame.
I shall witness the day of your breaking,
When from your lips is wrung the Great Name."
Oh! Hero! When you challenged that Silence—
When you called to the Heights with your soul—
We knew that the Gods would give answer;
You would forfeit your life for the Goal.

Oh! Silence! Why do you only echo—
Mock the cry that is wrung from the heart?
Why do you so wantonly veto
The yearning of high soaring Art?
Tho a thousand far echoing mountains
Should answer the bright horn by the shore,
Yet their echoes your call will mere ditto—
Their Secrets they'll keep evermore.

Thus the Gods, too, keep their hid treasures;
'Tis in vain ye challenge the Heights.
Thru the Gates of Death swinging open,
Alone, can you purchase their rights.

Oh! Lathrop! I looked at the stars tonight—
Gazed aloft on those stupendous suns;
And I wondered, sweet Friend, did you reach them—
Are you one of the Shining Ones?
And it seemed to me that I heard you
From where the wild echoes dwell in their hall,
Your haunting melody still sweetly ling'ring—
The far mountains still singing the thrall—
"Say au revoir, but not good-bye,"
The words of your last bugle call.
Oh! Dear Spirit we know you are standing
By the shore where the clear waters fall;
You are calling to us from the Shadow—
From the Silence that is silent to all.



THE WESTERN TRAIL

THE Western Trail is an open trail
That leads to a land of Men,
Who ask not where nor whence you've come
And who greet you as their ken.
You rise with the dawn as it lights the path
'Mong the hills where the green glades run;
And rest in the camp on the river's bank
'Neath the rays of the setting sun.

Oh! The Western Trail is a Spirit Trail,
Where an Angel sings like a nightingale.
She leads to the place where the Great Dreams play—
Where the Valleys of Promise bloom so gay;
She has youth in her breast—flowers 'neath her feet,
And her robes are of bright green pine;
Her eyes beam love and her hair is gold,
And her smile is the stars that shine.

The Western Trail is a rugged trail
That tingles the heart's red blood;
It has peaks to climb and streams to cross
And it leads to the Ocean's flood.
You soar with the lark and join in its song
And your soul thrills as joyous sweet;
And you come to day's end in a cañon deep
And sleep where the Arch Angels meet.

The Western Trail is a happy trail
And its joys are pure and full;
It leads you to scenes of solemn thought
Where God speaks clear to the soul.
You rise in New Light from the Mystic Night—
Mind your steps 'long the Wondrous Way;
And you end your life by the Spirit Shore
Where the Others have found their way.

Oh! The Western Trail is a Spirit Trail,
Where an Angel sings like a nightingale.
She leads to the place where the Great Dreams play—
Where the Valleys of Promise bloom so gay;

She has youth in her breast—flowers 'neath her feet,
And her robes are of bright green pine;
Her eyes beam love and her hair is gold,
And her smile is the stars that shine.

HAPPY VALLEY

I KNOW I'm but a vagrant—
Just a dreamer, lazy, bold.
I know I'm only fit to hear
My critics talk and scold.
I'm worthless—a good-for-naught,
In the most of people's eyes;
Yet if Truth was my defender
They would meet a sweet surprise:
For my Love is on the Mountain
And her Call is in the skies—
And beyond the Range we're going
Where the Happy Valley lies.

Don't call me to the labors—
To the Task that never dies.
Don't chain me in Toil's bondage—
To the Work that ever plies.
Don't put me in the treadmill
Where they grind the wealth that flies.
Don't force me to the follies
Of the World that ever cries:
For my Love is on the Mountain
And her Call is in the skies—
And beyond the Range we're going
Where the Happy Valley lies.

I'm just a merry gypsy—
Careless vagabond—a jade.
While the World's so very busy
I often loiter in the shade.
I can work, tho—for a penny,
For I always call it play;
My wealth is in the keeping
Of the Lord who gives each day.

And why should I be pitied,
Tho I'm clad in vagrant guise?
The folly of most men is—
They are too worldly wise:
So my Love is on the Mountain
And her Call is in the skies—
And beyond the Range we're going
Where the Happy Valley lies.



WHEN WE CAMPED IN THE VALE OF THE GRAND

OH, softly the moonbeams did quiver,
When we camped in the Vale of the Grand,
On the breast of the shining river
That flowed o'er its pebbly strand.
When we sang the old songs of Dixie
Binding strong the fellowship band,
As we sat in the grove by the river
When we camped in the Vale of the Grand.

Oh, softly the moonbeams did quiver,
When we camped in the Vale of the Grand,
On the breast of the shining river
That flowed o'er its pebbly strand.
When we smoked the sweet pipes of briar
Which the vows of dear friendship demand,
As we sat in the grove by the river
When we camped in the Vale of the Grand.

Oh, softly the moonbeams did quiver,
When we camped in the Vale of the Grand,
On the breast of the shining river
That flowed o'er its pebbly strand.
When we slept 'neath the stars of heaven—
Dreamed of God and His Promised Land,
As we laid in the grove by the river
When we camped in the Vale of the Grand.

1907-1914

ESTES PARK—MY COLORADO QUEEN

FAIR one, thy snow lords are waking
'Neath the torches of crimson morn.

Fair one, thy gray crags are steaming
In the mists of the midnight storm.

Fair one, the eagles are screaming
A challenge to mountain hearts.

Fair one, thy woods are ringing
In the pipe of a thousand larks.

Oh! Estes Park! I do love you,
Queen of the mountains, with your skies so blue;
Your hills and vales, your murm'ring streams,
Your beauteous nights, when the silver moon beams.

Fair one, I'll seek thee in rainbows,
I'll search all thy valleys green.
I'll hunt thee in golden sunshine,
And chase thee in shining rain.
I'll woo thee in purple shadows;
And under thy white waterfalls,
I'll clasp thee fast in the torrent—
We'll wed where the lone ouzel calls.

Fair one, our lives shall be merry.
Our hearts shall bound as the deer,
That swift o'er thy meadows scamper—
That quaff from thy fountains clear.
And when in the evening's shadow
My life speeds away in the gloom,
Lay me beneath a green aspen—
Let thy grassy slopes be my tomb.

Oh! Estes Park! I do love you,
Queen of the mountains, with your skies so blue;
Your hills and vales, your murm'ring streams,
Your beauteous nights, when the silver moon beams.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK

A Dainty daughter of the Snow am I.
My father, the gold Sun.
My Lord, the blue Sky.

I was born when a Sunbeam my mother's lips kissed.
I leaped from her bosom in a halo of mist.
I've dashed down the mountain in my garments of foam,
Toward the great Ocean, my future home.
For the River's my husband, and together we
Shall wind thru the rushes toward the deep sea.

Oh, you that are thirsty, as I pass you by,
Oh, drink of my fountain, the dew of the sky;
Brewed on the far heights of sunlight and snow;
Distilled 'neath the blue sky and poured here below.
Oh, drink of my waters, each passing soul.
Quaff from my bosom, as I toward the sea roll.

A dainty daughter of the Snow am I.
My father, the gold Sun.
My Lord, the blue Sky.

WORSHIP

LAST glint of gold upon the hills—
Last gleam of Day's sun glory.
How like the summits of my soul,
Aglow with skies so rosy,
Of Him whose heart is the flower of life,
Rare rose of loveliness;
Of Him whose love is the bosom of bliss,
Fragrant with holiness.

And I kneel me down in that holy light,
And press my lips to the sod.
And I know by faith of the inner sight
That I've kissed the hand of God.
Last glint of gold upon the hills—
Last gleam of Day's sun glory.
My soul pours forth its flood of praise—
The evening's offertory.





The quaking asp or aspen, the principal deciduous tree of the Northern Colorado Rockies, is equally the favorite of the botanist and the woodsman. Long after the grass and flowers appear in the early spring, it refuses to burst its buds, fearful of belated snows; but once assured, puts forth its vivid green leaves with great vigor. The tall slender trunks assume a beautiful velvety creamy bloom in the spring, which together with the dazzling leaf cover, presents a refreshing aspect of verdured beauty. It is a saying among the mountaineers that, "wherever the aspens grow, there is good soil;" which, however, does not always apply, if depth of soil is to be considered; for this flourishing sylvic, which finds root-hold even at timber-line, often withers and dies in considerable companies, when it reaches the food limit of shallow soil. Once rooted in deep, or average, moist soil, however, and protected from wind, it attains considerable girth and height, growing side by side with spruce and pine for many years. It is to the aspen that the woodsman turns for binding sticks, in connection with his chains, to bind his load of poles or logs; for there is just enough spring in the withy green trunks, to ease the strain of the load on the rough roads over which in part he is usually forced to travel; also to the same tree he turns for his brake-blocks, on account of the elastic fibre of its growth and its very slight wear on the wagon tires. Aspen, when dried, is highly prized for stove wood, and if a stove is clogged from the use of pine, it will consume and destroy the soot and pitch, and thus clean the stove. In autumn, the hills, from the lofty heights near timber-line, down to the great leafy groves of the valley floors, are one bright blaze of gold and crimson from the frost turned leaves of the aspen, in vivid contrast with the dark green masses of the conifers. It is the aspen that furnishes the beaver his principal supply of dam and house material, and its bark is his main food provision.

SONG OF THE QUAKING ASP

THE aspens are calling the little dun deer.
 Come! Up from the valley and be with us here.
 Here, where the grasses are spreading their green;
 Here, where the rushes are breasting the stream.
 Come! Oh, ye bounding ones of mountain and heath.
 Come! Rest safe beneath me, the soft quaking leaf.

The aspens are calling the little dun deer.

Oh! Know ye not, loved ones, the summer is here?

Here, where the thrushes are piping their lay;

Here, where the roses perfume the long day.

Come! Oh, ye coy ones, ere the autumn's in sheaf.

Come! Sweet recline ye, 'neath the soft quaking leaf.

The aspens are calling the little dun deer.

Come! Tarry ye not, the sweet lupine is here.

Here, where the west wind soft ripples the lake;

Here, where the moonbeams pierce the dark brake.

Come! Oh, ye wild ones, up from manor and fief.

Come! Hide in the shade of the soft quaking leaf.

THE HEAVENLY BLUSH

THE Heavenly Blush is pressing
Its cheeks 'gainst the mountains soft;

Last kiss of the fading sunset,

Pressed fond on the peaks aloft.

Oh, lingering One, thou wringest

A sigh from my earth-bound heart,

For one who dwells beyond ye—

By my ribbed flesh thus kept apart.

Oh, Heavenly Blush, my message bear,

As ye fade from yonder sky;

Caressing Eve's dusky deep-murked spaces,

As ye lambent westward ply.

Tell her, my immortal soul is pressing

Its red lips upon her brow:

That our troth, divinely shining,

But waits Death to break Life's mortal vow.

YOU LOOKED FAIREST IN THE HILLS

LOOKING back, dear Heart, it seems to me
You looked fairest in the hills.

Back in that rarest summer spent

Beside the alpine rills.

'Twas June—You well remember, Love,

Those effulgent nights of Moon,

That bathed the Vale in glory-light,

And set the world atune.

We wandered—Ah, Love, you blush to tell;
How far those flowering glades.
We lingered—Ah, 'till Morn's first
Dew-kist hour we sweetly strayed.

Nymph, you were—a naiad blushing rare.
And I, gath'ring roses fair,
Keen envied their soft leaves nestling
In the clusters of your hair.

Let's go back, dear Heart, this summer day,
To those same beloved hills.
I'll woo your cheeks to roses back
Beside the alpine rills.

Grand Lake, in Middle Park, the source of the Colorado River is the largest natural body of water in the State of Colorado, being about two miles in length and one wide; it is also probably the deepest, soundings of over 700 feet having been obtained. It lies at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, in the lap of comparatively low, densely wooded mountains, with the towering Continental Divide seen dimly thru the deep gorges of the North and East Inlets, and the beautiful Rabbit Ear range to the northwest, visible from mid-lake and the south shore. Row, sail, and motor boating, fishing and bathing, are the sports of the numerous summer guests of the village hotels.

GRAND LAKE

GRAND Lake!
Beauteous Mother of the River
That in California land
Pours its flood of crystal water
From the Valley of the Grand.
Rio Colorado—
Born of Rocky Mountain snows.
Rio Colorado—
To the far Pacific flows.

Spruce-rimmed Basin!
The meeting place of gorges,
Vast, stupendous—
Between mountains dim and
Misty high beyond—
With wide extended beaver flats,
Canals and hutted pond.

Abysmal Cistern!
Walled with dizzy fathoms
Of moss-grown granite,
Rising ghostly from
Subterranean steep;
As columned cities seen dimly
In Ocean's vasty deeps.

Blue-recessed Grot!
Of snows—which, falling
From the blue empyrean
In whitest fleece, and
Melted by the Sun,
Again take on the color
Of the sky in thy bosom.

Flashing Inlets!
North and East—pouring,
Eternal, their crystal flood
Into the waters of
This shining pool;
Drawn from the melting ices of
The Alp-land's glaciers cool.

Ambrosial Teat!
The Outlet—of this
Mothering breast, which
Bears and feeds the
Mighty Colorado River,
Rushing seaward thru the
Arizona land, its water.

Grand Lake!
Beauteous Mother of the River
That in California land
Pours its flood of crystal water
From the Valley of the Grand.
Rio Colorado—
Born of Rocky Mountain snows.
Rio Colorado—
To the far Pacific flows.

'DEED, IT SEEMED NICE TO HAVE THE
CABIN CHUCK FULL OF TOBACCO
SMOKE AGAIN

THE four came, to my hermitage retreat,
Out of the deep snows and the bleak wind's beat;
Full into the glare of the big fireplace,
Casting in red bronze each deep weathered face.
Men of the howling wilderness were they,
In the Nation's wide forests holding sway.
Forest rangers, tho filled with Nature's ken,
Yet keen to enjoy the good cheer of men.
To the supper I called them. They fell to,
With zest that only wolves and woodsmen know.
When thru, with story and joke, and puff and pull,
Their four pipes went at it then.
'Deed, it seemed nice to have the cabin chuck full
Of tobacco smoke again.



YON SOLITARY BLUE HOLLOW

Isabella L. Bird-Bishop, the celebrated English traveler, who visited Estes Park from September to December in 1873; and who so graphically describes her experiences there, in her book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, refers to Estes Park as "that solitary blue hollow."

FROM yon solitary blue hollow,
Rimmed by ice-breathed, snow-beaked bergs,
And misty—douched with shining rain,
Emerges—nude, dripping, exultant
And gold-tressed—diaphanous Summer.

In yon solitary blue hollow,
Rumbling in deep sky-ward surge,
From wall to wall—and then again,
Echoes far—loud, crashing, hail-glinting
And cloud-massed—hoarse mutt'ring Thunder.

On yon solitary blue hollow,
Slashed in cloistered aisles by vale and gorge,
Deep nessed with mist wet cliffs,
Glittering—bursts, flaming, gold-limbed Sun;
And Rainbow, its guled arch uplifts.

From yon solitary blue hollow,
Sunk in the cooled, dew-laved lap of Night,
And songed with soughing pines,
Rises full—the 'fulgent, mellow Moon;
Which, gorgeous—in lunar glory shines.

In yon solitary blue hollow,
Flower perfumed, purple Pool of Sky,
Swims crimson Dawn and Day;
And Evening, swift veiling western hills,
Her rubied gems sets in array.

In yon solitary blue hollow
Broods the Great Spirit of the Crag Land,
In its vol'tile Burg of Air;
Which, towering to infinite heights,
Falls shattered—yet ever doth repair.

The mountaineer on the east slope of the Rockies observes the flight of many strange and beautiful feathered folk—often to him wholly unknown and unidentified—at the various stages of spring; flying northward along the Range, with that mad-pulsing, swift, migratory flight, described so inimitably by Audubon. Even in the dead of night he hears their strange wild cries, as they wing close over his cabin roof; also he sees them at times flit across the full moon; and occasionally, when fierce blizzards prevail at night, they hurl themselves against the windows, attracted and blinded by the light. Sometimes they stop and hastily feed, and the alp dweller finds his habitation suddenly surrounded by hundreds of north bound birds, eagerly snatching at those bits of food and seeds, which the fierce winds of winter have buried in the deep drifts, and which the sun now mercifully releases for their benefit.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

O 'ER the wintry mountains they fly—they fly,
Birds of passage, 'cross the sky.
And they sing to me as I sigh—I sigh,
Of the flowers a-coming bye and bye.

They fly 'cross the March moon, so white—so white,
Birds of passage, thru the night.
Whirring their eager wings so light—so light,
Spreading the gladness of Summer's delight.

They're breasting the azure, so pure—so pure,
Birds of passage, swift and sure.
A-singing to drear lands, "Endure—endure!
We're the gay songsters of Spring's overture."

They're seeking the northland, afar—afar,
Birds of passage, toward polar star.
Bidding the drifted snows, "Beware—beware!
For the spring Sun's mounting his golden car."

Fly on, ye blessed ones, so sweet—so sweet,
Birds of passage, fair to meet.
The dwellers of far lands, Oh, greet—Oh, greet,
With that joy thou hast given me complete.

ESTES PARK IN WINTER

IN winter, by the wondrous brush craft
Of Nature fair fashioning the view,
The matchless amphitheatre is pasteled
White and blue—the Delften hue.
Its floor, which in summer's spangled gay with flowers,
Is sanded now with virgin snows.
And those thousand flying buttresses,
Pine verdured, ascending in rock sculptured rows,
From park floor, to those snow crowned heights
That firm support the vaulted dome of heaven,
Are changed from their fresh green to blue,
And soft merge with the deep empyrean.
In this vast auditorium, clouds, fine mists,
And vapors, stage vistas present—rare!
Shifting day and night scenes for Pan's finest drama s
Played to light responsive air.

Jay and chickadee lend animate life,
With cottontail and snow-shoe fleet.
And the beaver, hutted in his willow and asp fringed
pool,
Fast icebound, sleeps.
Oft-times, stag and doe bound 'cross open glades,
And disappear in cedar hedges.
Magpies aeroplane in careening flight,
And bighorn browse 'mong sun-warmed ledges.
Winds, bleak and chill, in high carnival
'Mong the upper passes, roar and welter;
And at times, in Park itself, fierce biting,
Drive both man and beast to shelter.
Clear and cold moonlight nights
A fairy land of magic frost enchantment bring;
And bright days, e'en in deep midwinter,
Promise sweet the coming charms of spring.

The unseen river yet preserves its meand'ring form
In snow-crusted ice.
And the elephantine Continentals
Dark lower 'neath their vizored eyes;
Or on sunny days, glittering transcendent
From fair, storm forgotten skies,
As mailed knights, in full regalia for battle,
Or rite to solemnize,
Stand rank on rank, with the assembled host
Of the gleaming Medicine Bow,
Whose wild leagues of wintry rampart,
Vigilant guard, their shining arms bestow.
While towering Longs, 'neath his boss of eternal snow,
Helméd in glory stands;
The Sov'reign Lord and Chief
Of all the white plumed legion of the Oberland.



Longs Peak, altitude 14,255 feet, the cloud monarch of the Northern Colorado Rockies, is one of the most celebrated mountains of the world; and is particularly noted for its attraction to both foreign and native professional mountain climbers, as affording a genuine test of their prowess, being wholly inaccessible to other than pedestrians. It is known to foreigners as the "American Matterhorn," from the fact that like its famous namesake, the Matterhorn of the Pennine Alps, altitude 14,703, its summit is an obelisk, altho more cubed and not sharply pointed. From the east this feature is hardly noticeable, but from the west, north, and south, it is very striking; in fact, from Flat Top and south on the Continental Divide on the Grand Lake trail, its aspect is truly formidable, and would seem to utterly defy the most intrepid mountaineer. By a curious coincidence, the first record of its attempted ascent, made by W. N. Byers in 1864, was almost identical with similar efforts made on the Matterhorn in Switzerland: the latter, however, was finally conquered in 1865 by Whymper's party, costing the lives of four of its members; while Longs was successfully and safely assaulted by the persistent Byers and his friends in 1868.

Mt. Meeker, an immediate neighbor of Longs and second only to it in altitude (13,900) as the loftiest peak of Northern Colorado, also bears a striking resemblance to the famous Swiss peak, the Weisshorn, altitude 14,803, said by many to be the noblest peak of the Alps, and a close neighbor of the Matterhorn; and whose first ascent in 1861, is so graphically described by John Tyndall. Both the Weisshorn and Meeker are pyramids, each having three faces, and in this respect bear great resemblance. The sharp apex of Meeker scarcely more than allows the occupancy of but one person, while Longs, altho very roughly surfaced, has an area of several acres.

LONGS PEAK

THOU!
 With thy snowy robes
 And Head of Glory!
 Mighty Matterhorn!
 Emerge in thy supernal beauty
 From the cave of Night,
 As Day pours the scarlet blood of Dawn
 O'er thine altars white.
 Thus, with the sacrificial rite of Morn,
 The great Oberland is wakened;
 The Starry Hosts their torches snuff,
 And swift the Loft of Heaven do ascend.
 Comes now the Sun, who crowns thy lofty brow
 With glitt'ring gold;
 And names thee Sov'reign Lord
 O'er legioned peaks and ranges bold.

Thou!
With thy snowy robes
And Head of Glory!
Inarticulate One!
On which a thousand tempest driving ages
Fade as a breath,
And ne'er in a million stone-gnawing years
Will suffer death.
Thine is the awful sovereignty
Of Silence dumb—
Creation's birth-cries congealèd
Stone and granite become.
To which the plunging avalanches,
Thundering down thy riven slopes,
Are but the sweat-drip of constricting muteness,
Throttling Expression's hopes.

Thou!
With thy snowy robes
And Head of Glory!
God-hewn Obelisk!
Reign on, Serenity, above the canopied clouds,
To thine appointed end;
And thru the abysmal eons of Time,
With storm, earthquake, and frost still contend.
Vast, Promethean-bound pile,
Yet clank the unyielding chains of Gravity.
And when at last, for the fashioning of other worlds,
Loosed from captivity,
Explode, each unpopped granule of thy huge disintegrating mass,
To finest dust—
Screaming the pent-up agony of the unnumbered years,
And scatt'ring nebulous.

ROSY EAST

ACROSS the dim streaked sky she comes;
Queen of my heart—the Glory Maid.
Her Titianed tresses bright she combs,
And soft the winds her robes invade.
I love you—love you!
Maid of Dawn,
Rosy East.

The dewy morn smells sweet of rose.
The sky-lark flies to greet my Love.
The mountains flush their gleaming snows,
And low coos now the wakened dove.
I love you—love you!
Blushing One,
Rosy East.

Blushed to thy lips, ye beauteous One,
Thy kisses woo and wake the world;
And for the wreck of storms atone,
That thru the night wild winds have hurled.
I love you—love you!
Kiss me sweet,
Rosy East.

Embrace me, Love, before the Sun's stern eye
Doth rim the mountain dark and mount the sky.
Embrace me, Love. Press close thy rosy form
About me myrrhed—And then, farewell—She's gone.
I love you—love you!
Speed return,
Rosy East.

At the entrance of Wild Basin, as the great upper gorge of the North St. Vrain is familiarly known, and at a point where the State road crosses the above named stream, lies Copeland Lake, one of the beauty spots of the Front Range of the Rockies. It is a small but beautiful body of water surrounded by a forest of yellow pine, and is famous for its perfect reflection of the great central peak of the Basin—Mt. Clarence King, named by William Skinner Cooper when he made the first authentic map of the Basin in 1908; in honor of the first director of the United States Geological Survey, who ran the 40th parallel of latitude a few miles to the north of this peak. The settler's name for this peak is Mt. Copeland, named after the pioneer of that name.

MT. CLARENCE KING FROM COPELAND LAKE

BEETLING Ortler!
Vast bulked and reared—
Above thy shaggy taurian haunches—
Against the Continental range.
Snow headed Bull of Wild Basin's
Horned alp herd—wild, chill winds
Bellow thine eternal challenge.

Brooding Ortler!
Deep sunk in the dusky starred distances
Of the all embosoming Night—
Soft repose thine alpine beauty till the
Morn beams its golden glory light;
Then, lifting high thy snowy head above
The mist streaming pastures of the skies,
Peer, with glist'ning horn, into this mirroring
Pool, thy flushed, dawn-awakened eyes.

The predominate force in winter in the Longs Peak *oberland* is Boreas. Ordinary gales, of from twenty to sixty miles per hour, sometimes blow for days at a time and are little thought of. However, perhaps from four to six times a year, and from October till May, occur—what are termed by the mountaineers—*maximum gales*, meaning winds that attain extreme maximum velocities, and which reach a force of sixty miles an hour and upwards.

The greatest wind velocity on record in Colorado, filed in the office of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Denver, is that made in 1893 on the summit of Pikes Peak—112 miles per hour; and from the fact that records as high as 79 miles per hour have been made at the Agricultural College in Fort Collins on the Great Plains, it is quite

probable that in the mountains, depending upon the altitude and exposure, these maximum gales attain at times, the frightful velocity of 100 miles per hour.

The greatest wind velocities on record in the United States, are those recorded in the files of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Washington, D. C., and are as follows:

Cape Hatteras, N. C.	105 miles per hour.
Pikes Peak, Colo.	112 " " "
Point Reyes Light, Cal.	120 " " "
Mt. Washington, N. H.	186 " " "

The latter record, made on the summit of Mt. Washington, N. H. (altitude 6,290 feet), January 11, 1878, was not obtained from a self-recording apparatus, but from an anemometer exposed temporarily, and the velocity determined from the dial readings, and is considered approximately correct. Upon another occasion, January 3, 1883, and at the same station, a velocity of 180 miles was clearly recorded.

When these winds coincide with wet or frost seeping ground, the trees, having less secure roothold in the soft soil, are uprooted in whole rows and ranks.

Also the settler, being forced to maintain heavy fires to counteract the cold being driven with terrific suction thru every chink and crevice of his habitation, is more or less terrorized by the danger of fire; which, when once started, his efforts of slight avail against the fury of the wind, destroys his cabin with frightful ravage, forcing him to flee for his life into the howling elements outside.

MAXIMUM GALES

HIGH on the polared rim of western peaks
 The flying of light snow—
 As off the house eaves it in winter sifts
 Driv' by the blizzard's blow—
 Gives warning to the shepherd's anxious eye,
 Of gale quick to expect—
 Fiercest venom of war-mad Boreas
 Mustering his elect.

Soon the upper naked slopes are welt'ring
 In vast swirls of the icy dust;
 And first faint tremors of timber-line trees
 Give witness of descending gust.
 Wild now—steep-sloped, and sharp, tooth-snagged
Meeker writhes in the fury of the gale;
 And the white shoulders of quiv'ring *Battle*
 Shudder, as 'fore the blast they quail.

Come now, the first keen shrieks of agony
From the far woodland's upper ranks,
As the dread monster, scourging pack and steed,
Bursts foamed upon the deep wood's flanks.
And as the blood-curdling note of dire conflict
Sounds weird from the gnarled vet'rans of timber-line ,
The whole defiant, strong-limbed forest yells
In battle fury, and its ranks combine.

When all his maliced fuming regiments,
Full accoutered and fierce, are thus engaged,
The bellowing Wind Lord—as one hurls bowls—
From topmost heights, darts whirls, in his mad rage,
That ever gaining speed, rend serried ranks
Of combatants, as cannon-shot mow men;
And which, gathering in their cycloned flight
Fine snow, fling it in clouds as they descend.

Three fearful surging wave crests, like Ocean,
Surfing madly on reef and stagg'ring shore,
Descend in constant pounding succession,
And break upon the wood with deaf'ning roar.
Vast, strangling vacuums scream and serpent hiss,
As they, in wild writhing spirals eddy,
Like whirling Dervishes; swerving off in
Weird fantastic tangent, and unsteady,
As eerie phantoms, swoon in blinding snow,
Tearing and stripping tree boughs as they go.
Aerial wind bombs, explode and burst,
As tho rending the atmosphere in fragments;
And frightful pauses hover, as tho a foe
Pushed back, poises for resistless augment.
Wind whiffs, as gut-tasseled whips that flay, crack—
Pistol-like, at the instant touch of impact.

Death embraced now, the frenzied warriors
Weave to and fro on every snow whirled slope.
The Vale, from highest wind-lashed crag to low,
Mews and sickens as the heaved armies cope.
Limbs, trunks, and vitals smoking, strew the ground,
Where Boreas' spleened legions fiercest melled;
And low drooped, the wailing forest conquered
Bends sullen 'neath the spoiler's storm-wrecked spell.

The devoted Hut, the one lone fortress
That still defies the air careening crew,
Tho shaking vibrant in the awful mell,
Yet pours its smoke defiant thru its flue.
Inside—the forest here claims victory,
By its pitched logs flaming in deepest roar;
And its red fires, leaping forth exultant,
Seize beard of Boreas and burn him sore.

Deep in sand and gravel he digs his claws,
And it in fury flings upon the glass.
At eave and pane in vain he gasping tugs,
To ope' and scatter hut in broken mass.
But stout it wrestles sturdy, and at last
He from it headlong, daunted, doth him cast,
And turns, envenomed, once more on landscape
The enraged mouthings of his cruel blast.

Hours, sometimes days, of this nerve-racked weather,
Doth the far dweller in the mountains live.
Cramming his hottest fires with stoutest logs,
To subdue the cold arctic breaths that drive
E'en thru smallest cracks in deep weathered slab,
That close, double-lapped, hold the windward walls.
When thru—the dread conflicting el'ments still—
He on his cot oft quite exhausted falls.

Maximum Gales! Oh, how modest the tale
To soft ears, that ne'er kened the fearful blast.
Swirled—world-high tides, one hundred miles an hour—
The dread winds of winter on cabin cast;
Tuned to all noises diabolical,
That tooth-grinding crazed Boreas can gnash;
And embittered Winter, fury consumed
By thoughts of Spring's nighsome 'proach, can compass.

Sweet tho, the ineffable stillness
That steals somnolent o'er the battered land;
When once the blasting fury of the winds
Hath sunk to the soft zephyr, kissing hand.
And true it is, that they who've dared, and climbed,
And nested, pure, among these lofty heights,
Tho bearing in their souls the wounds of battle,
Yet live knowing—Oh, sweetest thought—God requites!

THE NIGHT LOG

THE night log is on and aflame.
The one lone fire of many a mountain mile.
Star of the wilderness—Men to reconcile.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
One red fire, sparking the hours of the passing night.
Sign to other worlds of a universalite.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
The lone wolf at midnight sounds his hungry howl.
Weird from the gloomy wood hoots the hunting owl.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
Morn's angels, star crowned, have set their glittering
watch.
Fast the wide wheeling constellations westward
march.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name.

The night log is on and aflame.
And I, musing, breathe many a sacred name
Of them who battled dauntless with the World's disdain,
And mingle now their glory bright with Heaven's train.



One of the most interesting nature sculpturings in Estes Park is known as the Mummy. The face is visible from almost every view point in the Park, and when once fairly distinguished, the eye reverts to it with ever increasing fascination. It occupies a prominent space in the sky-line on the northwest rim of the Park, and forms a portion of Hagues Peak. A constant change of expression is to be noticed in the weird countenance as the snows begin to melt in the spring, and clouds, mists, moonshine, sunlight, and shadow, continually affect it.

THE MUMMY

BEHOLD!
The Mummy!
Inscrutable countenance!
Forever staring askance
Of relentless sky.

Calm eyed,
Benign Face!
We deem you beautiful.
Gazing, brave—steadfastful,
On eternity.

Star jew'led,
Queenly Head!
Bridal veiled 'mong fleecy mist.
Sleeping—dream of lips you've kissed.
Dead—let them also die.

BEAUTIFUL ISLES OF SKY

I AM sitting alone
By my wild mountain home,
And my heart ever yields a sigh;
As I gaze on those clouds,
High above the world crowds.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

They are drifting today
On that far azure way;
And my dreams ever rise on high;
To those mansions so bright
In the regions of light.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

Deep the low setting sun
Turns them gold and crimson;
My thoughts turn to hopes as they ply.
Oh, fair ships of the air,
My fond fancies ye bear.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

Some sweet day I will speed
On some air-winged steed;
To this world I will say goodbye;
And float over the seas
In my Palace of Ease.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

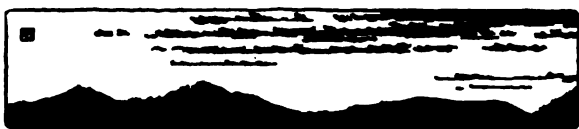
They are drifting today
On that far azure way;
And my dreams ever rise on high;
To those mansions so bright
In the regions of light.
Beautiful Isles of Sky.

THE DYING THRUSH

NEVER more thy song will gladden
Verdured dales of stream and wood.
Never more thy pipe will waken
Summer's lang'rous flow'ring mood.
Bird of Joy! My heart is breaking,
And my tears flow fast in flood.
Oh, ye drooping dying songster,
Know by these sobs, thou wert loved.

Cruel Hawk, that swooped so ruthless
From the bright and sunny sky;
Could ye've known whose throat ye throttled—
Known what lovely warbler lies,
Bleeding now, among the grasses,
On the green and mossy sward;
Ye'd have stayed thy steely talons—
Listened sweet, with rev'rent bard.

How like, Oh God, Thy fair children,
In this quick and mortal world,
Innocent, in laughing gladness,
In the arms of Death are hurled!
Dying Thrush, thy bosom softly
'Gainst my aching heart I press;
Token that there's one who loves thee—
Who thy torn form doth caress.



VAL ELKANAH

The Vale of Elkanah lies on the State road midway between Allens Park and Estes Park. It is surrounded by lofty mountains and has an elevation of about 9,000 feet and thru it winds the historic trail to the summit of Longs Peak. It abounds with bird and animal life, and is celebrated for its beautiful flowers and also for its magnificent cloud and atmospheric effects. It was originally settled by the Rev. E. J. Lamb and family in 1878, who established the first hotel there; and was named in honor of Mr. Lamb, bearing his first name "Elkanah," meaning "possessed or loved of God."

In the bed of the Vale are the homesteads of Elkanah J. Lamb, Enos Mills, Harry Bitner, John Moreland, Mary Kirkwood, Charles and Stephen Hewes, and Ella A. Hart.

WEST and solitary reigns the cloud king—Longs,
As a crownèd lord on high.
And east, low at his feet, the two Sisters
Bare their chaste bosoms to the sky.
Between them lies the God loved Vale,
Green, rose-scented, fair-smiling as the morn—
Filled with blooming nymphs and naiads fair,
Dancing to Pan's pipe and elfin horn.

On northern rim the virgin peak—
Lily's clustering crags—
Rise nut-brown above her mirrored lake
Fringed with waving flags.
The Cone, majestic—*savant*-like,
Most perfect of mountain piles,
Doth also rim upon the north
The Vale's fair emblossomed smiles.

Between the Cone and Longs' dread brow
Lie Battle's corse strewn slopes;
Of tree, and bush, and grasses slain—
Storm-crushed of Life's fair hopes.
Still south, our Lady Washington
Sits white amid her snows;
And Meeker, 'cross the vast East Gorge,
His wild and bleak wind blows.

Of lesser heights, Horsetooth, on Meeker's side,
Rears a mighty rock.
And The Lookout, farther on,
Beholds Wild Basin's shagg'd alp flock.
Pine Ridge, a grand green slope,
Lies next to fire-scarred Great Moraine.
And Deer Ridge, to the far southeast,
Bounds on the North St. Vrain.

The water-gate to this beauteous realm
Southerly far swings,
Past Big Owl's mystic, pine-clad hill,
And to the deep gorge clings,
Of St. Vrain's foamed and bounding flood
Of many glacier rills—
Gorged to the choke and lashed to the froth,
'Mong the plainward hills.

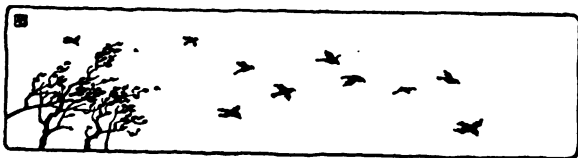
Thus Val Elkanah, enthroned and crowned
Among her snowy lords,
Lists forever to the Hymn of Nature
Sung in purest chords.
An Eden of the Rockies,
She woos man's subtlest nature sense.
And decked with all her flow'ring robes,
Yields Flora's sweetest incense.

ALTITUDE

He As when, from the heights,
Mid wastes of rock and snow,
One views among the mists
The distant Vale below;
All lovely, green, and smiling,
In the tender alpenglow:
So I view Thee,
From my solitude of years;
And yearning—reach for Thee,
In the sob of sighs and tears.

She As when, from the depths,
A noble Peak I view,
Cloud-kissed, snow-crowned,
And bathed in a golden hue;
Fulfilling all those fair ideals
I've centered, Love, in You:
So I view Thee,
Lifting mine arms toward Thine;
And wond'ring how long, dear Heart,
Till they with Thine entwine.

Poet Altho 'tis not with beautiful valleys,
As it is with beautiful souls;
A-sighing and yearning for heights above them,
The heights longing for depths below;
Yet sometimes I think, in anguish of heart,
'Tis the same with us, as the peaks we have
viewed:
The mystery of lives oft kept apart,
Is merely a difference of altitude.



The wild, joyous, sky-mounting twitter, and musical whirr-whirr of dazzling blue wing, with which the Rocky Mountain bluebird ushers in the mountain spring, is gloriously welcome to the alp dweller. Often, so rapid is its flight, that while its motion eludes the eye, yet it is distinguished by the sound of its keen whirring wings. From copse to copse, tree to tree, crag to crag, this beautiful songster flies, long before the great winter drifts are melted; and his zest of possession seems to be wholly unsatiated, until he encompasses with his twittering presence, every loved ledge, nook and spot in the lower and middle *oberland*. After the nesting and brooding season is passed, and the young brood is strong of wing, whole families of them flock together in joyous autumn flight, often accompanying the pedestrian or other road traveler for long distances, as tho delighting in his company; and they linger long, until finally driven out by the keen blasts of winter.

WILD ALP WIND ROARING UP ALOFT AND WHIRR OF BLUEBIRD'S WING

THE wind with wild exultant gusts and shrieks
Leaps into the Vale from among the peaks.
And eager now he is, to slay the snow,
As he in winter was, it wide to blow.
With shredding tooth and tusk into the drifts
He bites his way; and each sunbeam shifts,
As a blow-pipe of golden ray to smelt,
The frozen fleece to aqua's melt;
Which everywhere in tiny rills seeks
To find its way and run into the creeks.

Exultant then,
Wild alp wind roaring up aloft
And whirr of bluebird's wing
Proclaim the passing of the snow,
And the coming reign of Spring.

The greens of grass now appear and merge
Their bright blades with the shining waters surge.
And the tender shoots of wind-stirring pine
Into the balmy air and sun incline.
The buttercup and bee sweet alyssum
First peep—then the silken pasque flower comes.
The catkins of the canaried willow,
Fluff and tassel, as they fat plumpy grow.
The sparkling blue of beaver ponds 'flect sky;
Their dams are fringed with white violets shy.

Exultant then,
Wild alp wind roaring up aloft
And whirr of bluebird's wing
Proclaim the passing of the snow,
And the coming reign of Spring.

The peaks no longer blanch in drifting snow,
But iced, transcendent glitter and bestow
Their sun-glint glances on the vales below,
And bid the alpine herbs take root and grow.
When the first warm slants of sun-steaming rain
Douche the brown, seed-sown mountain lands again,
A myriad of elfin things appear,
That later, as the mounting sun draws near,
Will bud and burst in flower blossoms rare,
And all the summer deck the meadows fair.

Exultant then,
Wild alp wind roaring up aloft
And whirr of bluebird's wing
Proclaim the passing of the snow,
And the coming reign of Spring.

THE MOUNTAIN NIGHT

DEEP!
In the vast canopy of Night
Fade the peaks.
Perched!
As birds of Titan might
With breast hid beaks.

Mighty Mother!
All embracing One
Of Sleep's delight;
With tender eyes soft glowing—
Embered coals of light:
Let me sink too
In slumber sweet
On thy gentle breast;
And silent droop as these far heights,
In dreamless rest.

Mr. Chapin, in 1887, speaks of the great flat-topped mountain, across which leads the trail between Estes and Middle Parks, as *Table Mountain*; but it has, in more recent years, been familiarly known by the very appropriate cognomen of Flat Top, altitude (estimated) 12,400. There is probably, and aside from its great importance as an absolutely commanding mountain pass, no more interesting alp in the Rockies than this peerless mountain; which resembles nothing so much as a gigantic, flat roofed, architectural pile, buttressed with enormous bastions and wings of solid masonry. The tundra verdured, rock strewn, and comparatively level summit of this alpine leviathan, is many miles in area; and one can actually spend days in the examination of its various connections with the four great ranges mentioned in the poem, to say nothing of noting that myriad animate life which swarms its dizzy walls and cañons. Such localities as the charming lake region of Fern and Odessa; Andrews and Tyndall glaciers; Bierstadt and Bear Lakes; and the Big Meadow, and North Inlet regions on the Western Slope, are all mere details in the vast ramifications of Flat Top. On the West slope, one enters timber-line immediately among some of the largest and finest spruces in the Rockies; while on the East slope, are miles of the most dwarfed, gnarled, and storm battered timber-line growth imaginable; affording a contrast most striking and suggestive.

The marvel of such alpine wilds as Flat Top, is greatly accentuated, when one realizes, from a botanical standpoint, that the zone of vegetation—which is affected by altitude as well as latitude—six to fourteen degrees of latitude corresponding to two thousand feet of altitude—which one traverses in crossing its summit, is the *sub-arctic*; corresponding with that of northern Labrador, Iceland, and the *arctic circle*. The *zone of vegetation* on our highest peaks, such as Longs, Meeker, and Hagues, is the *arctic*, corresponding with that of Cape Parry in Greenland, Baffin Bay, and the isles of the Polar Sea north of Alaska.

FLAT TOP

FLAT TOP!
 High plateau of rendezvous
 For mighty peaks and ranges sheer:
 The massive Continentals,
 And jagged, snow-tipped Rabbit Ear;
 The curving Medicine Bow,
 And mystic Mummy, vague and weird;
 All, on this wide spreading alp
 Converge, and high assemble here.

Great Pass!
 No alp in all the Snow Range
 Enjoys such royal sovereignty.
 Thou art an Emperor great,
 To whom snow-crowned kings yield fealty.

Demanding toll of each foot
That would safe cross from peak to peak,
Or would pass from Park to Park,
Across the Great Divide's swart beak.

Vast Burg!
Tundra-roofed, torrent-guttered,
And broad eaved with eternal snow;
Which melting, feeds deep cisterns,
Rock-scooped in dizzy depths below.
Porticoed on the West Slope,
With pillared spruce in columns deep.
And on the East, with filigree
Of dwarfed pinelings on wind swept steep.

YON PEAK

IT is only a glimpse
That I ask of yon Peak,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
To know that from it
The dear Father doth speak—
The glorious God I adore.

I behold Him so fair
In the rose blush of morn,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
Of His joy beaming day
On the mountain just born,
And bound for that far Western Shore.

I behold Him so pure
In the depths of the sky,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
As it azures the world
And the heavens so high—
Oh, Holy is He evermore!

I behold Him so vast
In His shadow of night,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
As it darkens the brow
Of the mountain so white,
And mantles the valley high o'er.

I behold Him so bright
In the beam of the stars,
As I look from my ain cottage door;
As they glitter and wheel
Their swift night-coursing cars,
And His grace I humbly implore.

So remove me not hence
From the sight of yon Peak,
That I see from my ain cottage door;
For when Life's sands are low run
To it I shall speak,
And toward it my spirit shall soar.

MOUNTAIN BERRIES

ON the steep and dusty road,
As I drove up to the Peak,
I met a red-checked maiden, in whose hands
were
Mountain berries, rare and sweet.
As she raised her eyes to mine,
With a glance that seemed divine,
She coy proffered me the fruit,
Tho her scarlet lips kept mute.
Proffered me, even me, the lone stage driver,
As I drove up to the Peak;
Proffered berries, mountain berries, rare and sweet.

How they lingered in my mouth,
As her smile did in my soul;
Each berry rare, that had nestled in her hand
And enjoyed its velvet fold.
And she won my heart that day,
Won it quite from me away;
Won it surely and complete,
That it almost ceased to beat.
E'en for me, even me, the lone stage driver,
As I drove up to the Peak;
Won with berries, mountain berries, rare and sweet.

And they said her name was Ruth—
 Ruth, the faithful, lovely Ruth,
 Named for the sweetest woman of the Bible—
 Ruth, the gleaner, tender Ruth.
 And how now it thrills my soul,
 As when past that spot I roll,
 To know that she, even she,
 Had there gleaned the fields for me.
 E'en for me, even me, the lone stage driver,
 As I drove up to the Peak;
 Gleaned red berries, mountain berries, rare and sweet.

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON LILY'S MOUNT

An evening effect to be observed in the Vale of Elkanah, is the shining of the sun on Lily Mountain long after it has set in the Vale itself.

THE sun shines bright on Lily's mount
 Where soft my fancy dwells.
 I vow I'll climb her gentle slopes
 Among the wild bluebells.
 Her feet are hid in forest green
 Where springs the columbine.
 Her robes are made of shining mists
 Which soft her form entwine.
 She kneels before a mirrored pool
 And combs her golden hair;
 While all her rosy breast is filled
 With clust'ring lilies fair.
 Ah me! Sweet wood nymph, how I sigh,
 To nestle in thine arms.
 I'd lay me down to sleep among
 Thy soft sequestered charms.
 I'd fold about me as a robe
 Thy golden tresses fair.
 I'd woo thine every dimpling blush
 And 'joy thy charms most rare.
 The sun shines bright on Lily's mount
 Where soft my fancy dwells.
 I vow I'll climb her gentle slopes
 Among the wild bluebells.

Three beautiful species of trout, *rainbow*, *eastern brook*, and *native*, the two former being importations, the first a native of Alaskan, Californian, and Pacific waters, and the second from New England, inhabit and thrive in the mountain waters of Northern Colorado. The *rainbow* haunt the lower cañons, the *natives* the uppermost and coldest waters issuing from the glaciers, and the zone between is occupied by the *eastern brook*.

SONG OF THE TROUT

MY song to the world is *motion*—
The sheen of my body light;
Its exquisite colors flashing,
Thru clear waters sparkling bright.
In the sun's effulgent glory
I take my watery flight,
O'er the shining sands of mountains
Set in pebbles crystallite.
I leap and bound ecstatic
In the sluicing torrent's foam;
I glide and lurk prismatic
In my turquoised lakelet home.

I flash in glint impulsion
My flexed form of rosy pearl.
I gleam the Hymn of Ocean
In the ripples' fleecy whirl.
Beneath the willow catkins,
And the dogwood's honeyed bud,
I dart the waving shadows,
And swift fleet the shallows' scud.
I chant a sacred paean
Of holiest devotion;
With dolphined form and beauty,
Voiced in seraphic motion.

A phenomenon peculiar to the Vale of Elkanah has been named by the inhabitants, the Peak Bird; a remarkable cloud formation, which with head pointed towards Longs Peak and body poised over the Vale itself, and with wide spreading pinions covering miles of sky north and south and beautifully feathered with cumulo-stratus, resembles nothing so much as a gigantic fowl. At times it is headless and the body is merged into its wings, but often the complete birdlike formation is easily distinguished. Another feature of this interesting phenomenon is its marvelous coloring, being gorgeously hued at times with rose, lavender, and orange, the sun often forming a portion of the head, and when close to the rim of the cloud, radiating the prismatic colors thru its delicate tissues.

THE PEAK BIRD

MYSTIC fowl! Gigantic—vast and weird shape!
Yet airy formed of light and floating cloud.
Hovering, as the fabled Roc of old,
Billowing leagues of mountain to o'ershroud.

In early dawn, thy mighty mistlike wings
Rise dim and vasty from the vaped night.
And lofty soaring the star lamped world vault,
Greet, morn-bedewed, the Sun-god's golden light.

All day thy eidered bosom rides the sky,
Tranquil swimming turquoise seas of ether.
Below, the Continental ranges high
Lie veiled beneath thy luminous shadow.

You're brooding there, this afternoon, great Auk,
Of Nature's creation, what mystery?
To descend with the setting sun and hatch,
By night, what wondrous egg of alchemy?



THE WILD WHITE WILDERNESS

WHITE, funereal, spreads the winter night,
Under the pale moon's beam.
The pines, ghostly hooded with snows so white,
Nod in the silent bream.
Dark, unearthly—weird shadows shroud the sight;
And stars do coldly gleam
Their diamond sparks on frost-helmed, ice-mailed
heights
Stern wardering the scene.
'Twould seem that a soul born of holiness,
On wing to Paradise,
Were soft crossing the wild white wilderness,
To mount the silent skies.

I KNOW A PLACE

I KNOW a place where fairies throng,
In a sylvan, verdured grove;
Where thrushes pipe their vesper song,
And elves and wood nymphs rove.
I know a place where orchids grow,
And ferns most delicate and rare;
Where the wildest winds that ever blow
Ne'er reach this bosky dell so fair.
I know a place where a little fawn
Is hid by its mother deer;
And too, where speckled beauties spawn,
In a lakelet bright and clear.
I know a place where a boulder rests,
That conceals an ousel's nest;
And where a spruce so boughed and tall,
One there a home could neat install.

Yet of all the spots that I love best—
Of purest thoughts and sweetest rest,
It is my own unworthy soul,
Where Christ shines in His aureole.

THE TWIN SISTERS

FROM Longmont's green alfalfa plains
To Loveland's fields of rye,
A noble mountain rears its crest,
And fills the western sky.
Twin peaks of brown their heads upraise
Into a sky serene.
Between—a handsome saddle rests
On heights of shining green.

A plowman named these noble peaks,
As from the valley's depths
He stayed his steaming steeds anon,
And gazed up to the heights.
"Oh sweet repose," he sighed as oft
As from his toil he rested;
And gazed upon those summits grand,
Which seemed heav'nly invested.

And ever and afar it spread,
This plowman's inspiration.
"Oh sweet repose," the valleys cried—
Whole cities sang the anthem.
"Oh sweet repose," the maidens sing,
As up this mount they clamber;
Toward that gold and gleaming West
In which their fancy wanders.

"Oh sweet repose," the mother sighs,
And soft her babe caresses;
As into the rest and into the West,
The Twin Sisters sink their tresses.
"Oh sweet repose," cries all the soul,
As full weary of its labors,
It passes life—all, and letting it fall,
Sinks soft in the tender shadows.



THE WINGED REGIMENT

DIM discerned,
Thru the March eve's vap'rous dusk
Flies the wingèd regiment forward.
Led by the great gander in plumèd busk,
The troop in glory rushes northward.

Devoted flock—
Swift winging thus, thy Maker glorify.
Piercing, arrow-like,
In living point, the northern sky.
Fly ye on,
Exultant *honking* brood, to arctic tides!
And we below—
Viewing awesomely thy pinioned might—
Are first inspired
By the grandeur of the glorious sight,
Then sunk in deepest prayer
To Him who guides thy flight.

The wild goose of North America, in its spring and fall migrations, often feeds enroute, in the scores of reservoirs and lakes in the Great Plains region immediately adjacent to the foothills of the Rockies and eastward. Occasionally, however, a flock of these magnificent voyagers can be seen by the mountaineer, flying directly parallel with the Main Range at altitudes of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet.

THE CABIN

STOUT little roof and hearth of stone,
Resisting firm the winter storm;
Built of good logs from spruce-clad hills,
Floored with tough plank from brookside mills.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone,
Example true of sweetest home;
E'en tho it be but nest of mouse,
More freedom far than royal house.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone.
Many a strange guest here hath roamed—
Ye've sheltered snug and comfort warmed,
And sped away with pleasure charmed.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone,
I love ye best when we're alone,
Save for the angels who visit us,
Praising our Lord—His holiness.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone—
Not that we're selfish here alone,
But when so, the whole world is here—
Spirit's past—present, with their cheer.

Stout little roof and hearth of stone,
Stand long here after I am gone.
Stand for the truths we have confessed;
Stand for our God and Gospel blessed.

UP! UP—INTO THE BLUE

BELOW the clouds we stand, my Love and I,
High on the mountain's side, yet far to go;
To still attain the Great Peak's summit high,
That stands to us as Life's uncertain goal.

Up! Up—into the blue,
Dear Heart, with You.
Courage now, and forward true;
And towards the snowy peak, and God—
Our quest pursue.

Among the clouds we grope, my Love and I,
Lost—'mong the mists that thick our way bestrew.
No light, save our deathless trust, dear Lord, in You.
Blind, we foot the steep way and onward hew.

Up! Up—into the blue,
Dear Heart, with You.
Falter not, nor fear the view.
And towards the snowy peak, and God—
Our quest pursue.

Above the clouds we stand, my Love and I,
On the Great Peak's perilous summit we;
Prone—full spent with toil on the weary way,
Yet illumed—absolved, we kneel, adoring Thee.

Up! Up—into the blue,
Dear Lord, to You.
Forsake us not, and renew
Ever our faith in Thee, our God—
We humbly sue.



THE FLEECES

THE fleeces are crossing the Vale today,
Passing the range in white array.
Beautiful ships of sky are they,
Breasting the blue in serenity.

And I fancy the same of you, dear friend,
Who, like these beautiful ships of sky,
Have been wafted into my vale of life,
And your loveliness fair I glorify.

Warm red of your heart you have given me;
Snowy white of your soul you have brought.
And sweet reigns the spell of your purity,
In fragrant memory, action, and thought.

And whenever the fleeces are crossing,
As they will when you're far away,
I'll waft my love in their bosom,
Friend, to you, on that beautiful day.

Perhaps the most active builder in the middle *oberland* is the American beaver, *Castor canadensis*, who has long enjoyed the protection of the State. In Horseshoe, Moraine, and Bartholf Parks, Meeker Basin, Grand Lake, and other points, considerable colonies have long been established; and their workings, ancient and present, are very much in evidence on most of the snow brooks issuing from the glaciers. The usual aspect of a settlement is a series of ponds, formed by dams made of brush, small sticks, and the logs of aspen—felled by the sharp incisors of the beaver themselves—which these interesting workers erect at chosen points, successfully retarding the swift course of the stream to a sluggish flow sufficient to permit manipulation at the will of the worker. The ponds thus dammed and formed, are usually connected by the workers with a system of canals and waterways, allowing free water passage to all points, often penetrating to a considerable degree the bottom of a declivity or gully, which are used for the floating and rafting of those logs, which the animals have cut on the near hillside either for dam or food purposes, the latter consisting mostly of the bark of the aspen and willow. At the strategic point in their ponds, they erect log and mud houses with subaqueous entrances, which by reason of their being surrounded by water in the summer time and incased in ice in winter, protect them from predatory beasts. Both Miss Bird and Mr. Chapin, in their respective books, make considerable mention of beaver; and "Mountain Jim" Nugent trapped them in considerable numbers. Tradition indicates the presence of ancient trappers attracted to these parts by the beaver, and long before the times of the miners, when fur was the coveted spoil of the Western wilderness.

THE BEAVER

IN Winter's thrall, the ice-bound
And ponded beaver,
In hut of mud and sticks
Framed by his deft weaver,
Sleeps, seal-like, upon his shelf
Smoothly worn and low;
Or hungered, flops in his
'Neath hut pool of water,
And ent'ring canal of
Outer pond, seeks fodder:
Bark—stript from his stores
Of aspen poles and willow.

And if green soft succulence
He craves, and fresher,
He scours bottom of the pond
For roots and osier.
While, blue-arched, above his
Little world of water,
Vaults gleamed crystal span
Of ice—most noble harbor;
Which, in the outer world,
Forms white floor of winter;
Tread by howling coyote, wolf,
And ravened cougar;
Whose blood lust eyes, fierce
On devoted hut doth hunger;
Raging at the thought, that few
Feet or so, just under,
Their coveted prey, safe from cruel
Slaughter, soft slumbers.

By the bright sun, thru the
Icy roof impelling
Rays of purest gold;
By swift waters swelling,
The wise water-worker,
Castored beaver, peeping,
Knows that Winter's reign is past,
And Spring is bringing
Wealth of flashing waters bright,
And flood impending;
Which means to him labors fast
Of hut and dam mending.
With shiv'ring crash, the pond ice
Roof falls, and floating,
Sinks beneath the sun,
To sparkling aqua melting.
Released, the Castors, alert
For foe close lurking,
By night and day labor;
And the swift stream wending,
Is safe harnessed sure,
To the mere point of tending.

And presently the mother
Beaver, glad bearing,
Shows to her mate sleek pups;
Who, keen water sporting,
Splash and tumble tiny pond
In wavelets flashing;
And sledged canals and waterways,
With gay dashing.
Deep with greens of pregnant June
The dams are verdured.
The shining rippling ponds,
Of pure snow-melts filtered,
Brim, sapphire-sparkling, their
Grassy rims, flower lipped;
As bright nectar flowing
Cups of Oceanus,
Proff'ed to his uncle,
Purple arching Uranus.

Tall spruce and slender pines
Their reflections incline
Into these green edged mirrors,
Set in gold sunshine;
And summer moons, shimmering
In molten silver,
Flood the breezed soft-lapping
Pools in nocturne quiver.
While the star-coals,
Glowing in the ashes of Night,
Gleam—fire eyed, into these
Cisterns, with ruddy light.
And sweet—thru the 'luptuous
Season—germ, birth, growth—
The shy Castor's islèd
Castle and flooded moat
Resound with glad songs
Of nesting and brooding bird;
And oft the brimming ponds
With flashing fins are stirred.

Red mapling autumn at last
Appears, to quicken
Sun-languored Castor, to cut his
Crop of aspen;
And mid the blood-tingling
Frosts of night, he hastens,
Steel-keened incisors
And levered jaw to fasten,
'Gainst trembling trunk and stem,
In squat muscling action;
And quick felled to earth they are,
In toppling fashion.
Bough trimmed next—then severed
In short lengths for rafting.

Then, with every outlying
Guard in quick suspense,
Food hoarding Castor, with
True water-level sense,
Drags his timber to the nigh
Canal or main stream,
And rafts, water hid himself,
By bright moon-beam,
To yon isled castle in
The waters of his pool;
There to pile his storehouse
With bark of aspen full.
Now come the first faint quaverings
Of Winter's fleecy snow;
The ice forms, and wise Castor
Gloats within his hut below.



UNDER THE SNOWS

UNDER the snows Val Elkanah soft lies—
Under the arch of the silent skies.
White is her bosom—closed are her eyes.
She sleeps on her couch as a northern queen,
Breathing the balse of the spruces green.

Oh, soften thy murmur, ye ice fringed stream.
Ye birds of the forest, intrude not her dream.
Oh, winds of the winter, blow softly and low,
For fair Val Elkanah sleeps under the snow.

From above peer the mountains blear and bleak,
Thru the deep passes from peak to peak:
Sentinels stern, that move not nor speak;
Guarding the loved One in slumber below,
Kissed by the lips of the alpenglow.

Ye rude bold tempest, be still on the height.
Ye far world, enter not in her sight.
For fair Val Elkanah, clad in white—
Under the high stars and suns of the night—
Sleeps beneath the dim beams of their light.

How can ye ask me, to leave one so fair—
She in her beauty sleeping there,
Apart from the world—its pain and care!
Ne'er will I leave her, so pure and sweet.
Together, we'll the bright springtime greet.

Oh, soften thy murmur, ye ice fringed stream.
Ye birds of the forest, intrude not her dream.
Oh, winds of the winter, blow softly and low,
For fair Val Elkanah sleeps under the snow.

The white-tailed ptarmigan, like the botany of the upper heights of the Front Range of the Rockies, suggests the far north of arctic wilds. It is the southern-most representative of a bird family whose members furnished sport for Lord Dufferin's yacht crew on the Isle of Spitzbergen, and whose proud cock in distant Labrador inspired Audubon to one of his finest bird paintings. Their plumage changes with the seasons and in winter is pure white. Protected by law, they inhabit the rock slopes above timber-line in considerable numbers, feeding upon the buds of the alpine willows and birches. In winters of unusual snow-fall, which completely cover their usual feeding grounds, they are forced to the lower valleys to feed in the willow, birch, and alder copses.

WINTER FLIGHT OF PTARMIGAN

WILDEST—most exquisite sight,
Seen in these alpine lands,
Is the flight of ptarmigan
O'er Winter's snow-grained sands.
Startled—they rise in spectral flight
From the valley floor;
And with wild cries wing ghostly
The icy meadows o'er.
Wheeling, curving pinions spotless,
In descending night—
Dim seen in the pall of blinding
Snows, they speed their flight,
Toward the gashed, gorge-rent, gale-swept
Summits of pallored peaks,
Which yet the winter sun enfeebled,
Mantles with pale rose streaks.

Oh, wondrous, snow plumèd fowl
Of far, drear alpine height;
Thy flight suggests the winging
Of holy angels bright.
Seeming a brood so unearthly,
Alabaster white;
As if pure seraphic spirits,
Speeding infinite
O'er arctic ice-gleaming wastes
'Tween earth and heaven laid,
Had, from the gold paved, spiraled
Holy Way, swift flight made,

To meet One, who, divinely favored,
Had brought his dead—
Changed from cold clay into living
Dove-like form instead—
And from the utmost seas, in
His bosom soft carried
The exquisite shape; and amid this
Desolation dread,
Had met like wingèd shapes of
Innocence from Edened calms,
And loosed his dead, to fly
With them to heavenly realms.



ASPEN DAYS ARE DAYS OF GOLD

ASPEN days are days of gold,
Whisp'ring to lovers—"Sweet unfold;"
As all the brown crags,
And all the green groves,
And all the far hills
Their shining bright tresses gild.
And the heart beats blissful,
As tho its love
Embraced it close,
And all its tender longing filled.

Aspen days are autumn days
Of cobwebbed skies,
And sun-warmed, balsam
Scented, nooks and glades;
The heart, in Indian summer
Warmth, revives;
And love embraces love,
In gold leafed shades.

As if approving Summer's
Last fond love,
The birch in reddest scarlet
Crowns the heights above;
And sighing, love-panting,
Soft, odorous breeze of South
Imparts to everything of kiss
Its rosy mouth.

Aspen days are days of gold,
Whisp'ring to lovers—"Sweet unfold;"
As all the brown crags,
And all the green groves,
And all the far hills
Their shining bright tresses gild.
And the heart beats blissful,
As tho its love
Embraced it close,
And all its tender longing filled.

VIRGIN PEAKS

YE!
Milk-white breasts of Virgin Peaks,
Pink teated—swelling—
With fragrant, warm, intoxicant
Purple hollows 'tween dwelling!

Ye!
Vast Alpine Maids! Molten sired
By the red fires of love clutched elements;
Lying, ripened, lily bulbed—recumbent—
In chastity sweet florulent!

Who?
'Mong the starred youth of the orb isled
Streams of Night dispersed,
Shall lead ye, mist veiled,
To the marriage bed of Universe?



THE MAID O' COW-BELL HILL

THERE is a spot near Allens Park,
A rugged, wind-swept hill:
I ne'er can pass its grassy slopes
Without a poignant thrill.
A pine wood, once most beautiful,
Swept from its base to top;
But fierce and wind-fanned forest fires
Felled charred its virgin crop.
Since then a native grass has claimed
Its wide and open green;
And cattle from the village there
Feed daily on the scene.
And because of distant cow-bells
In evening clear and still,
Softly tinkling from the hillside,
People call it Cow-bell Hill.

And the stars they twinkle-twinkle,
O'er the mountains, glen, and stream.
And the bells they *tinkle-tinkle*,
As the cows graze on the green.
And as the notes waft to me,
In the evening clear and still,
I'm dreaming of the maiden
That I met on Cow-bell Hill.

One day to glance the landscape o'er—
Its view is famous far—
From lights of fair Elkanah's Vale
To Green Mountain's fire scar—
I sat me down upon a ledge
Beneath a cloudless sky,
And drank Wild Basin's beauty in
And Meeker's vastness high.
A west wind, soft as woman's touch,
Pressed light my sweated brow,
And perfume of the heather sweet
Swept upward to me now.

And—did I dream? It seemed not that;
It was so true and real:
A vision of a maiden fair
Did sudden now reveal.

I had oft wished for woman's love,
The perfect of my dream,
But years of 'quiteless longing had
Subdued my youthful theme.
So courteous only I arose
And gave a friendly bow,
And asked her if the view also
Had led her to the high hill's brow.
She answered not a word to me,
But stood with downcast eyes:
A being most transcendent like,
Not heeding my surprise.
Amazed, my thoughts in wonder flashed,
Be she mortal maid or saint!
And as I stood there wondering,
She ceased thus her restraint.

"In that fair land of spirit ken
And known as Paradise,
I too, have dreamed of love, as you,
And thus traversed the skies.
You've heard, I deem, the truth of life,
That heav'nly love is this:
Bright angels are not one—but *two*,
Joined thus in perfect bliss.
No one in all this world for me,
But you, whom I adore.
So give not up your thoughts of love,
But seek me more and more.
I'm waiting 'mong that wingèd throng
For you, and you alone.
So falter not nor cease your thoughts
Of me in that sweet home."

I reeled! My thoughts came thick and fast;
My heart beat as a boy.
I strived to know this wondrous thing
That made me mad with joy.
I could not speak nor voice a word;
My senses left me quite.
I feared to make a sound or note
Lest she should rise in flight.
At last I felt the speech of thought,
And gazed into her eyes,
The clutch of that lost love of mine
The years had held in ties.
With outstretched arms I staggered forth,
Thus heaven 'lowed me clasp—
And for one moment's perfect joy
I held her in my grasp.

Oh, wondrous are the mysteries
Of solitary lives.
We see them come and go withal,
But do not know their skies.
A silent love burns brightly, and
We may not see its flame;
But oft within the hidden heart
It's burning just the same.
Tho mortal faith is weak and frail—
A vision's light as air—
Yet the call of that fair maiden
I ne'er but will declare.
She loves me, and she's waiting there—
Beyond the starry skies.
And when my spirit flies from hence
We'll meet in Paradise.

And the stars they twinkle-twinkle,
O'er the mountains, glen, and stream.
And the bells they *tinkle-tinkle*,
As the cows graze on the green.
And as the notes waft to me,
In the evening clear and still,
I'm dreaming of the maiden
That I met on Cow-bell Hill.

PURPLES

EMERGING from the forest dark,
With night-log of resinous pine,
I beheld a marvel—
Beautiful—divine.

'Twas deep evening, and by the
Alpenglow I had cut the pine,
As the West glowed golden
In the Sun's decline.

The winter snows lay deep, and all
The Vale in marble chastity
Was draped by Nature's
Frost-cryst'ling alchemy.

I looked—and on the crusted snow
Cast my log with sharp wonder cry,
Gazing worshipful
Upon the eastern sky.

The great east Mountain of our God-loved Vale
Smoked in shim'ring purples,
The nuptial bed drape
Of empassioned couples.

Not more glorious was pearl-eyed
Venus, panting in the throes of love,
Than this tow'ring Mountain,
Quivering above.

I saw the Groom—transcendent Star,
Pressing on the Mountain's heaving breast
His orb'd kiss, flaming
In glances rubiest.

Like search-light beams, the Groom, mid the
Canopied purples, flashed fire eyes;
Then rose at last—in flame—
From the Mountain's sighs.

They embraced there—the Mountain and
The Star, in Hymen's sweetest swoon;
Then deep hid from view,
By veil of 'proaching Moon.

I waited till the Queen of Night
Had cleared the east rim of the Vale,
And by her light, shouldered log,
And sought the trail.

THERE IS NO BORDER TO THE WEST

THERE is no border to the West.
That's why I love it best.
It travels with the setting sun,
On Freedom's high wave crest.

It has no pampered royalty
To check the flow of liberty;
But warmest hospitality,
To purge the soul of tyranny.

All kings will fade. Republics rule
The coming years of Hist'ry's school.
Like the air of our golden West,
All men in liberty breathe best.

There is no border to the West.
That's why I love it best.
It travels with the setting sun,
On Freedom's high wave crest.



The Vale of Elkanah is famous for its many wonderful cloud and atmospheric effects, but none are more remarkable than the beautiful alpenglows of autumn and early winter. For many moments, in some instances, after the sun has gone down, orange and rose radiances so glow from the western sky, as to tinge and communicate their colors to the first snows of winter.

THE ALPENGLOW

THE alpenglow is the parting glance
Of a perfect, cloudless day.
Cast as a dying maiden's gaze
Falls on her lover unearthly bright,
As her soul takes wing on the heavenly way,
And leaves him alone in the deepening night,
To murmur her name and pray—and pray.

Suffusing the burnished peaks of glacier
And boss of gleaming snow—
Submerging the topmost crags and heights,
It holds the mountains in its fold;
Sifting and rippling its pink blushing tender glow,
Thru the deep wind-hollowed passes drear and old,
And down to the Vale below—below.

And it lights my soul as it shines from the skies,
And mantling the peaks,
Pours into the Vale its deathless glance,
Filling my sight with vistas fair;
Pressing its rose blush to my uplifted cheeks,
And lifting mine eyes to those sweet visions rare,
That my thought ever seeks—ever seeks.

THE QUAKER'S BONNY BONNETS

In the vernacular of the Rockies, the quaking asps or aspens, are known as Quakers.

THE drear sight I saw this morning, dear,
 'Deed, it sorter made me sad.
 Altho I s'pose the winter time
 Has right much to make us glad.
Yet the frost is keen and biting
 To the greens of summer, dear;
And to me there's something mournful
 In the autumn of the year.
Now these Quakers, you remember,
 In the springtime's rosy cheer;
How they leaved so green, divinely,
 On the sunny hill right here.
How in glee they shook in summer
 And soft rustled in the breeze.
And now it nearly breaks my heart
 That I must part with these.

Oh, the Quaker's bonny bonnets
 Are a-turning on the hill.
 Their leaves are silent falling
 In the ripples of the rill.
The frost has nipped their dainty heads.
 They're silent now and still.
 Oh, can't ye cuddle closer, love,
 To drive away the chill!

But there's hope, I guess, in falling leaves,
 As in other things that die,
Just as there is resurrection
 In the things we crucify.
So we'll watch the dead leaves falling
 As the winter wind blows cold.
We will see their yellow tresses
 Sink to Mother Earth and mould.
We will see the trees stript naked
 Of their bright green summer dress.
And watch the drifting snow enfold
 Their poor shivering distress.

But bright we'll keep the winter fires
Till the springtime comes again;
And then we'll see the Quakers, love,
Leaf in the warm spring rain.

Oh, the Quaker's bonny bonnets
Are a-turning on the hill.
Their leaves are silent falling
In the ripples of the rill.
The frost has nipped their dainty heads.
They're silent now and still.
Oh, can't ye cuddle closer, love,
To drive away the chill!

SOME HOLY DAY

THE slender crescent of the maiden Moon
Gleams soft o'er our sacred Peak;
And lustrous Venus Aphrodite, bright
Conjunctive glows, at her shining feet.
Close west-horizoned, shines a rosy alpenglow,
Which with cupid clouds is wreathed;
And I—adoring, stand expectant, suppliant—
Bright angels fair to meet.

I feel, I know, I shall—some Holy Day,
As these peerless planets repeat,
With God-like grace, this glorious scene,
Fade—and with them sink, in azure sweet.

All that peerless wilderness of snowy alp and shaggy wood on the headwaters of the North St. Vrain west of Copeland Lake, on the State road between Allens and Estes Parks, has long been known as Wild Basin. It is a magnificently watered and wooded country, slightly touched, many years ago, by fire on the north rim. The Continental Divide forms a solid rampart on the west; the Longs Peak spur range rims the north, and the Mt. Caroline ridge, extending southeasterly from Mt. Cooper on the Front Range, rims it on the south. Altho visited and explored more or less by numerous parties in recent years, and often prospected by miners, it was never accurately mapped nor its minor peaks named, until Messrs. Cooper and Babcock accomplished the task in 1908-09; and its upper heights still offer unexplored fastnesses to the daring.

WILD BASIN

WILD BASIN!
Torrent roaring gorge of June!
The gathered snows of winter
Melt—froth descending—
In seaward swoon.
High the river, swelling,
With the loosed mad snows impelling,
Rears its crest, flood fills
Its banks, and sets the land atune.

Wild Basin!
Snow frescoed corridor!
The orb studded dome of Night
Its snow bastioned heights
High arching o'er:
Reflecting her red lamps
In its emerald rippling tarns;
And sifting soft moon-beams
O'er its green, moss-cushioned floor.

Wild Basin!
Deep—squirrel haunted wood!
Spruce columned—and balsamed sweet;
Green aspen edged, pined,
And brown willowed.
Dogwood twined—fruited red,
With rasp and strawberry's ripe heads;
Clematised—junipered;
And, nigh snow, dwarfed pines soft brood.

Wild Basin!

Bird flitting realm of song!

Joy chorused, myriad winged;

Full throated, piping,

Melodious throng.

Ousel—songed water-fowl;

Humming-birds, with swift whirring wings;

Solitaires, and other

Songsters, sing the woods among.

Wild Basin!

Sweet scented land of green!

Alpine gardened, next the snow,

With marsh marigold.

And next the stream,

With primroses red, blue

Mertensia, and adder's tongue;

And banked with laurel pink,

And rare orchids, oft unseen.

Wild Basin!

Land of trout teeming pools!

A full thousand white cascades,

Coursing forest glades

In leafy cools;

Shining with speckled beauties,

Which—finning foamed, bud-kissed riffles—

Tempting lurk 'neath deep banks,

Slow snuffling sun-gleamed globules.

Wild Basin!

Cragged abyss of azure!

Cloud fleeced, with rainbows arching

Sunlit waterfalls

And fountains pure.

Distant storms, echoing

Their thunders, and lightnings flashing.

Hail, rain—tempests lashing;

Then sun-glints from skies unobscured.

Wild Basin!

Protean Enchantress!

Dissolved to tears—flushed—angered;

Then gay smiling bright

In tenderness.

Piqued—withdrawing her smiles,
Yet ever beautiful;
Then revealing, ne'er shamed,
All her charms in wantonness.

Wild Basin!

Bowed in autumnal hush!

Streams low murmuring and shrunk
To gold sanded rills;
And founts cease gush.

Winds low wailing. Deep woods
Whisp'ring—sore dreading coming snows.
Crimsoned sunsets flicker,
And ling'ring birds swift southward rush.

Wild Basin!

Gleamed in desolate snows!

From ice stilled streams to peak tips;
And forest, snow-drooped
In silent rows.

Moons, ghostly and mist-veiled,
Peer monthly at the deep'ning drifts.
Suns, feeble, rise and set;
And the wild wind ever blows.



The Mist Dragon is a vast fleece-like mist that is often observed in the Vale of Elkanah, issuing in stealthy, undulating, serpentine movement, from the lower gorges of the North St. Vrain and creeping along the base of the Twin Sisters and up into Lamb's Notch, the hydrographic divide between the waters of the Big Thompson and the St. Vrain; where it is usually dispersed and dissipated by conflicting air currents from Estes Park. This cloud formation is gleaming white and is often miles in length; and by reason of its insidious, reptile motion and uniform python-like body, suggests a dragon. Occasionally it retreats and withdraws itself to the gorges whence it came, with the same motion of its advance.

THE MIST DRAGON

OUT from the deep gorge
The mist-stoled reptile sweeps,
Gripping each confronting peak,
It stealthy thieves,
As a worm extends itself
And slowly creeps,
Bridging, arch-like,
The op'd space from leaf to leaf.
Valeward, from the river's course,
It twists its huge constricting shape;
And floats—a dirigible vast—
Its snow-white sinuous tape
The mid heights of the Sisters past,
And on to the pine clad Notch;
Where unseen warders of the air—
Who its silent course have watched—
Attack, with desp'rate fury,
The intruding aerialite.
Now deadly and mid-air conflict
Rages on that sky-ward height;
Until, dismayed, the beast
Retires to its cave in shattered plight;
Or dissolves invisible,
And unseen of man, maintains the fight.
Thus, the aerial,
Vap'rous world of cloud—
As doth the sphered,
Sunward rolling globe of man—
Teems with commingling life,
Monster-like and mad,
In perfect 'lotment
With God's unfathomed plan.

Thunder Lake, where the following poem was written, lies at the upper end of Wild Basin under the magnificent thousand foot precipices of Mt. Kirkwood. From the east shore of the lake, two beautiful waterfalls can be seen, pitching in whitest foam over gorge rims 500 feet above the lake level. Directly to the west, above a wilderness of flashing snowfields, is the low col of the Continental Divide between Mts. Alice and Kirkwood—the Boulder-Grand Pass. The lake was named by Harry Cole, an early settler, on account of the deep reverberations of thunder which roll grandly from Kirkwood's mighty slopes, and boom tempestuously across the lake.

SPRUCES AND STARS

THE white-crowned sparrow's
Song is hushed—
The pipit's voice is still.
The sound of stream that day-bright rushed
Has sunk to tinkling rill.
The last bright ray of
Setting sun
Cross the tarn its fire has flung,
Merging with leaping flame crimson,
Of campfire, pot o' erhung.
The meal is done,
And Night's deep gloom
Enfolds the mountain land.
The charred red coals of campfire bloom
Are dying on the sand.
Then stars descend
'Mong dark spruce boughs,
And dance to sleepy eyes;
Till their spell induces deep sleep drowse,
And alp wind breathes in sighs.

Spruces and stars
Are the campfire cars,
Wheeling souls to pleasant dreams:
As on my back,
In the blanket pack,
I gaze on the bright orb gleams;
Shining, mellow soft,
From skies aloft,
Thru the spruce boughs' latticed seams.

The midnight chill
Of the alpine night
Awakens me with start.
I shiver—brushing hoar frost white,
From where the blankets part.
Then gath'ring full
• The whole bed pack,
I snuggle deep inside;
And peer soft thru the spruce roof crack,
At the planets circling wide.
Endless train
Of chariots bright,
Tracking the Milky Way—
I cannot sleep till starry Night
Dim passengers the Day.
The balsamed boughs
That arbor roof,
The cov'rings of my pack,
Bend soft in mothering sweet droop,
As swift the planets track.

Spruces and stars
Are the campfire cars,
Wheeling souls to pleasant dreams;
As on my back,
In the blanket pack,
I gaze on the bright orb gleams;
Shining, mellow soft,
From skies aloft,
Thru the spruce boughs' latticed seams.

The dark trees
With their cuddlings mute,
Again deep sleep instill;
In spite of thought in dream dispute,
I'd sleep not till Morn's thrill.
Oh! What soft light
Is that I see,
That dims these starry eyes?
It is—It is the mystery
Of Morning's glad sunrise.

I lie now
Till the lovely eyes
Of soft and tender Night
Grow dim and pale in ghostly guise,
And spruces stand in light.
Oh, Night,
Sweet dusky mother deep—
Farewell, till Day once more
Sinks in Thine arms in tired sleep,
And I with Thee drowsed o'er.

Spruces and stars
Are the campfire cars,
Wheeling souls to pleasant dreams;
As on my back,
In the blanket pack,
I gaze on the bright orb gleams;
Shining, mellow soft,
From skies aloft,
Thru the spruce boughs' latticed seams.



SONG OF THE GLOW-WORM

The glow-worm is found on the summit of Old Man and Lily Mountains and other points in the middle *oberland*, in June and early summer. It is about an inch long, appearing somewhat like a caterpillar, and emitting a shining green light; which glows steadily, not at intervals, as the fire-fly's does. It is only the female which is thus phosphorescent, the male resembling an ordinary flying beetle; which, flying about in the night, is attracted to the female by her light.

WHERE art thou, my pretty mate,
Ling'ring in the warm glade late?
My form is fair illuminate,
And I, my love, impatient wait.

On the rock—'neath the moon—
I soft incandescent bloom.
Gleaming bright to captivate
My own—my pretty downy mate.

Soft he comes, my pretty down,
Ambling o'er the lichens brown;
Attracted by my shining form,
Which he'll embrace till dewy morn.

On the rock—'neath the moon—
I soft incandescent bloom.
Gleaming bright to captivate
My own—my pretty downy mate.

Mt. Ypsilon, a prominent peak of the Mummy Range northwest of Horseshoe Park, received its name from Mrs. Frederick H. Chapin, who in company with her husband, visited Estes Park in 1887; and the following, quoted from Mr. Chapin's book, "*Mountainneering in Colorado*," will explain:

"One great peak with a steep wall facing east, and a long reclining ridge leading toward the southwest, especially interested us. A large snow-field lay on the eastern face; two glittering bands of ice extended skyward to the ridge of the mountain, forming a perfect Y. My wife said to me, 'Its name shall be Ypsilon (the Greek name for the letter Y) Peak.' So it went forth, and the name was accepted by the dwellers in the valley, and by the visitors at the ranches."

In the summer of 1905, Mr. Louis Raymond Levings, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Levings of Chicago, in attempting to cross the east face of the mountain, suddenly fell to depths below and was instantly killed. His body was entombed in concrete near the point where it lodged.

LOUIS

O N the slopes of Ypsilon,
Where the flying eagle soars—
Where the snows of winter linger,
And the gleaming granite lures—
There a Sleeper lies a-dreaming
In the hollow of the steep,
Where the winds of tempests bellow,
And the storm mists wreathe and creep.

Across the glist'ning snow-fields
There comes the rosy flush of Morn;
The heights in golden sunshine glitter—
The beaming Day is born.
Then Evening with its shadows—
Let thru the Twilight's bars—
And dusky Night in glory
Spreads her beauteous robe of stars.

Yet the Sleeper lies a-dreaming,
And the suns they cycle on.
The seasons their set courses run,
And the years pass swift anon.
We loved Him!
Ah! Need say we more!
Our loved One—slumber on;
As the Ages chant their measures
On the slopes of Ypsilon.

The Spring with alpine daisies fair
Decks bright the Sleeper's cot;
The summer with its primroses,
And sweet for-get-me-not;
The Autumn with its lusty winds,
And gorgeous alpenglows;
The Winter with its winding sheet
Of chaste and purest snows.

The silent Mountain glistens
In the heat of summer noon.
Its snowy wings gleam brightly
'Neath the winter's midnight moon.
Its crest is stud with star gems—
Its pure fountains sparkle clear;
And all its alpine beauty
Is revealed each passing year.

Yet the Sleeper lies a-dreaming,
And the suns they cycle on.
The seasons their set courses run,
And the years pass swift anon.
We loved Him!
Ah! Need say we more!
Our loved One—slumber on;
As the Ages chant their measures
On the slopes of Ypsilon.

BACK TO THE HEARTH OF MY HUT

ONCE more I've met the monster face to face—
 Spoil-mad World and the battling Race.
 Striped of my goods, sore wounded, scarce alive,
I gain my hut—a fugitive.

Fled from the world and its misery—
Safe from the arms of the enemy—
Back to the hearth of my hut, Oh God, with Thee!

Quick, then, put the big back log in its space,
 And pitch-neededled boughs of pine put in place.
A handful of shavings—blaze of the match—
 Ah, now the bright fires of my hearth do catch.

The pot soon is singing its roundelay.
 My dog is curled up on his wisp of hay.
The Muses have come for the evening's tale,
 And now surges strong the fierce winter gale.

Red, now, the flames of my hearth render cheer.
 My friends gather round me, lovely and dear.
Both angels and men here need have no fear.
 We're safe in our hut from the outside drear.

Fled from the world and its misery—
Safe from the arms of the enemy—
Back to the hearth of my hut, Oh God, with Thee!

Helen Hyde, that inimitable sketcher of Japanese child and folk life, being impressed with the picturesqueness in Japan of the flitting of the innumerable lighted paper lanterns on the hill and mountain sides which the natives carry as they visit each other or gather at social functions at night, introduced the same charming custom in Elkanah Valley, by presenting to each of her friends a handsome Japanese lantern inscribed with the monogram of the local club, and which are used as above—the lighted lantern being symbolized as signifying the warmest fellowship and hospitality.

LIGHTS OF THE VALE

LIGHTS of the Vale
Are flitting the trails,
To lighten each one to the hall;
Where maidens most fair
And gallants of air
Will linger long in the spell of the ball.

Oh! Beautiful lights!
Oh! Lanterns so bright!
Glowing far in the evergreen dale:
What brightness is thine
Of sweet friendship divine—
Soft, shining lights of the Vale!

Lights of the Vale
Are flitting the trails,
To lighten each one to his home;
And each lantern bright
Gleams soft in the night,
As beaming stars in the heaven orb'd dome.

Oh! Beautiful lights!
Oh! Lanterns so bright!
Glowing far in the evergreen dale:
What tales could ye tell
As love treads yonder dell—
Soft, shining lights of the Vale!

Roused from their slumber, joy awakened,
Quick springing, and bleating,
The flocks of the peak world
Their loved Shepherd give greeting.
"Up—up! And be off," says he;
"To the sheepfolds be fleeing,
Ere the dread wolf of the Sun
Thy snowy fluffs be seeking."

Thus thru the long night,
With swift scamper and scurrying rush,
O'er the cabin roof and eaves
They rustle, jostle, and brush;
With ever the weird song
Of their Shepherd, and softest sough
Of his wonderful staff
Directing stragglers straight and true.

Now safe in the gorges, the gulches,
And sheltered north slopes,
The flocks have been driven
Ere the Sun his golden eye opes.
And if thru the day, the Shepherd
Yet drives fleeces that stray,
He still with his song and staff
Keeps the dread wolf away.

Now list ye, honest worker
Of farm, of orchard, and crop:
When loud sounds the wind-horn of Shepherd
From high mountain top,
Do not curse that wild note,
But cheerily bend to its blast,
And bless all the bright waters
The pure snow fleeces send past.

Clad in his airy raiment—
Wielding his souging staff,
The White Shepherd of the mountains
Seeks swift the fleecy band.
And o'er the wintry ledges—
Across the dizzy crags,
He drives them safe to the sheep folds,
In the heart of the Oberland.

The hermit-thrush is one of the true thrushes of North America. It is one of the late spring arrivals in the Rockies, nests on the ground, and lays four or five pale-bluish eggs. Nearly every swamp or marsh in the upper valleys of the *oberland* is inhabited by a pair of these beautiful songsters in the nesting and brooding season, who almost invariably perch on a favorite dead snag or stump when in the throes of ecstatic melody. Settlers and other home makers in our alpine valleys, are quite prone to cut and remove such unsightly objects as an old dead snag or tree standing full or part length among its green boughed fellows or in a meadow. These, however, are the real bird trees, balconies, and perches of the wild songsters; and to those who have learned and know, are as precious for this reason, as the finest spruce in the glade.

THE HERMIT-THRUSH

THERE dwells a little hermit dear
In the deep and tangled wood.
You ne'er can see him come or go,
For company or food.
His little coat is modest quite,
And every summer day
He sits amid the forest deep,
And sings his little heart away.

He does not like to sit upon
A green and leafy tree;
But rather on an old dead snag
He lifts his melody.
He sounds his peep in early morn—
In dim and breaking day;
But evening is the solemn hour
That hears his sweetest roundelay.

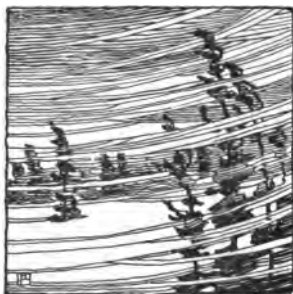
It would not do for me to tell
How matchless is his song.
It pipes of all the beauteous things
That Nature lives among.
It sings of rain, and dew, and sky;
Of sun, and flower nod.
It lifts the soul to mansions high,
And breathes the sacred name of God.

A MOUNTAIN MORNING GRAY AND I TO WORK

THE early dawn—gray, ghostly in the east;
An old moon, dying, low hung in the west;
The cabin clutched in the mell of wild wind-hound,
Seeking a deep sunk vacuum never found;
Impelling blasts of sand on window-pane,
And sifting thru fine snow, the hurricane,
From dirt-grimed, graveled drifts athwart the Vale—
Wind bleached skeletons of deep watered gale.

The sun, low down, deep burdened, weary strains;
Staggering unwieldy o'er distant plains,
Peers once with blood-shot eye into the Vale,
And viewing wild the surge of howling gale,
Refuge finds in a gray and leaden sky,
And lets the vacuum-seeking hounds go by.
And they, afoam, despairing of their prey,
Yell madly on the Continental way.

Amid the rout of wind and weather drear
The breakfast lends a momentary cheer.
Rich buttermilk pancakes—a slice of ham—
A little fruit—fill full the inner man.
A tight buttoned coat, warm cap, mittened hand,
And eyes set 'gainst the glint of snow and sand—
We're off, the dog and I, with axe and saw,
Up the steep slope full in the wild wind's maw.



We cross the glassy roof of iced stream's course,
Low, deep gurgling thru the airholes hoarse.
The meadow grass—mauled, frayed to brassy brown—
Seems scarce to keep root hold in the ground.
The smaller trees about us bend and groan;
The large ones stiff receive the shock, and moan.
No life to bid the dog's attention gay:
Bird, squirrel, rabbit—all have fled the day.

The mountain crests sharp in defiance stand,
Tossing off the mad wind-hounds that glut the land,
From horns whose keen thrusts loud the beasts make
howl,
And drive them sore on lesser heights to prowl.
Now to the deep protecting forest we,
In whose thick pungent depths from mad gales free,
We cut and gather fallen spruce and pine,
For cottage fires and deepest winter time.



From the Vale of Elkanah, distant about forty-five miles, as the crow flies, and from an altitude of 9,000 feet, can be seen the lights of Denver, as they are reflected from the low clouds that frequently hover over the city at night. The upper slopes of the Vale itself, at altitudes of 10,000 feet and upward, are plainly visible with the naked eye from the view points and parks in the above named city.

CITY LIGHTS SEEN FROM THE WILDERNESS

O FT, as from my hut at night
I scan the low hung southeastern sky,
I can, reflected on the clouds,
The lights of a great city spy.
In fancy, I see its thronged streets
Of pleasure rife and worldly life,
As tho I myself were there,
Submerged, my soul, in its carnal strife.
Yet tell me, thou thence-from speeding wind,
Who of all that motley throng,
Illumed by the glory of his God,
As I, on this lone hill, lifts song
Of that love divine, which in Earth
And Heaven, sweet fills thirsting soul,
And alone, shorn of goods and gold,
Wafts Life's voyager to his sure goal.
Yet I doubt not, and loud rejoice,
That thousands of those city souls
Are pure and fair as angels';
Tho deep submerged they are, in close folds
Of that fevered life and endless care,
As I would be if I were there.
Submerged!
Aye—and by themselves, and why?
Part of the Perfect Plan—is this.
For e'en the stars, the nebulae,
Swarm as bees in Night's abyss.
Shine on!
Beacons of yon city bright,
And flare your clust'ring candles skyward!
While I, 'neath these sparkling stars of night,
Pray earnest upward,
That yon myriad swarming souls
Wing ever truest Godward.

YE BRIGHT FOAMING WATERS OF BOUNDING
ST. VRAIN

A SWIFT rushing river
Breaks 'cross a pebb'ed strand.
'Tis one of the waters
Of lofty sky-land,
Which gathers the fountains
Of pure melting snow,
And carries them swiftly
To depths far below.
'Tis a mad rushing flood,
That none can restrain—
The bright foaming waters
Of bounding St. Vrain.

Ye were ever thus mad,
Oh, leaping St. Vrain.
In thine eternal rush
I've called ye in vain.
Your sparkling blue lakelets
And pools without name
All seaward are streaming
With sluicings and drain—
To form your wild water,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.

Yet there's one lovely spot,
Ye know of, St. Vrain;
When I called ye, ye stopped,
And strove not in vain.
'Twas high on the mountains
Where snow glaciers reign;
Your trickling blue fountain
I quaffed in its vein,
As fast as it melted,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.

By that happy instance,
Oh, laughing St. Vrain—
Like lover who's tasted—

Tho not vile profane;
I stroll oft beside ye,
As seaward ye train,
In refreshing fond love,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.

Roll on then, bright water,
And verdure the plain.
Roll on to the ocean,
With wild mountain strain.
Ye've plunged from the prec'pice—
Ye've sprung from the cloud;
Ye've leaped from the gorge rim,
Which gray mists enshroud.
So roar ye, wild water,
And splash your white mane—
I love you—I love you,
Oh, bounding St. Vrain.



For several years, it was the manifestly unjust and fatally discriminatory law in Colorado, that only deer *with horns* could be slain in the legal game season beginning October 1st; which soon resulted—from danger of total extinction—of a law wholly closing for a period of years, the slaughter of deer of any kind.

THE GUILT OF BEARING PROUD ANTLERED CREST

THERE is a law that dooms
In autumn of each year
To hunter's ruthless gun,
The proudest of the deer.

The stag is he, whose lordly horns
Proclaim the lawful prey;
And I fancy, as Death speeds the ball,
His mournful lay:

"Fly on, my lovèd doe, and live,
Our beauteous offspring to thrive.
While I, guilty of bearing proud
Antlered crest, must bleeding die."

YE GREEN PINES AND TALL SPRUCES OF WIND RIVER TRAIL

OF in sorrow I've wandered
In grief from our Vale,
Footing wilds dim remote
'Neath the moon's misty veil;
To wake in sweet transport
At the stream's limpid tale,
As I walked the green windings
Of Wind River Trail.

Oh, green pines and tall spruces
Of Wind River Trail!
How soft is thy murmur
As I tread your loved dale.
Mating birds sing their songs—
Flowers fragrance exhale,
As I walk your leafed pathways,
Oh, Wind River Trail.

There's no grief that Nature
Cannot sweetly assuage.
There's no sorrow so deep
But a song will avail.
And I feel and I know,
As I there pilgrimage,
I'll find joy and sweet peace
On the Wind River Trail.

Oh, green pines and tall spruces
Of Wind River Trail!
How soft is thy murmur
As I tread your loved dale.
Mating birds sing their songs—
Flowers fragrance exhale,
As I walk your leafed pathways,
Oh, Wind River Trail.

IN THE VALLEY OF ELKANAH—
THERE IS LOVE

THERE lies a lovely valley
In the mountains far away,
Where people often wander
And rapt lovers softly stray.
And oft they sweetly wonder
Why this valley green and fair
Seems fairer than their fondest dreams—
So free from sin and care.
As thus they gently marvel
And the meadows fresh they rove,
They hear the thrushes singing
In the deep and verdured grove.
And the song they always sing,
As they make the woodlands ring,
Is—In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.

In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.
Oh! Hear the thrushes
Singing in the grove;
Of the grace that God has sent
To this vale of sweet content;
In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.

In this flower smiling valley
'Neath the mountain's lofty brow,
The dews of summer sparkle
And the night wind whispers low.
The green and tasseled spruces
Murmur wood songs from the hills;
And the alpine cascades falling,
Babble wild notes in their rills.
Yet sweeter melody is wafted
By the thrushes in the grove,
As tho Heaven's fairest Angels
Joined in chorus from Above.

And the song they always sing,
As they make the woodlands ring,
Is—In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.

In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.
Oh! Hear the thrushes
Singing in the grove;
Of the grace that God has sent
To this vale of sweet content;
In the Valley of Elkanah—
There is Love.



'TIS MOONLIGHT ON THE SISTERS

T'IS moonlight on the Sisters!
The Queen of Night in glory rims
The mount in lunar splendors,
And full the Vale with silver brims.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
The alp world in beauty shines.
The voice of Nature whispers
To the green and glossy pines.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
The wild stag beside his mate
Scents keen with nostril quivers
The soft breeze that stirs the lake.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
And all living things are moved
To fond caress their lovers,
In the shadow of the wood.

'Tis moonlight on the Sisters!
Come forth, my love, to me.
We'll sweet appease Love's hunger
'Neath the quaking aspen tree.

As seen from Park Hill, and many other view points in the vast amphitheatre of Estes Park, the ebony wooded depths of the Black Cañon, with its beautiful forested ruffings and verdure fluted rim-mings, forms one of the most magnificent cañon slashings to be observed in the region.

Down this deep and gloomy corridor and far across the Park and on toward the Great Plains, Hagues stupendous storm-hatching mass sends tempest after tempest in summer; and in winter, fills its spruce-clad depths with booming blizzards. Hagues is the restless plotting Macbeth of the *oberland*; and the Black Cañon, its *witch's cauldron*.

A beautiful trail leads up the cañon to Lawn Lake and the Hallett Glacier, past the ranch of Donald MacGregor, the pioneer of those parts. The limpid stream that issues from the cool pungent deeps of this glorious forest aisle supplies Estes village with water; and close to the intake, precipitates itself in a handsome fall.

A THUNDER-CLOUD ISSUING FROM THE BLACK CAÑON

THE Thunder Cloud
In vap'rous grandeur—aerial battleship,
Loosed from its alp cliffed moorings
Among the gorges high,
Manoeuvres for the cañoned channel
Deep, mid the dark dusked headlands
Of the gloomed forest aisle;
And at each promontory—belches
Its forked flashing petard bolt
As on it stately plies.
Blinding—the flash, and thund'ring—the roar,
And loud the boomings 'verberate
The spruced gulches o'er and o'er.

Swift gliding now with white bone in teeth
The monster heaves its beaked prow
Of slanting pelting hail.
And all splashed, the shaggy hills and steeps
Are cool rain submerged, and laved
In its mist-flecked swashed trail.
Straight aimed for the wide op'ed sea of Park
The stormy galleon sweeps
With battle smokes dim veiled;
And vapor fleeced and gray canopied,
Its lofty tops and turrets
Lead sombered are—and hid.

At full speed from the shagg'd umbered strait
It bursts in fury on the
Park, with smothering rain;
And dripping, the drenched cañon emerges
From the mists; and bright the sun
Gleams on the peaks again.
Mid way o'er the sunny sea of Park
The Cloudship spies Olympus,
High upreared o'er the plain;
And with cruiser flight and dead ahead
The Rainer with foamed wake bears
That peak upon, most dread.

Shot after shot, the great guns roaring,
Hurl full on the crag massed fort;
And leaping—crimson fall
Adown the Mountain's grassy glades,
And sweep its wide wooded slopes
With fire's red cardinal.
Torpedo lightnings now, vivid—with
Sharp hiss of whirring motor,
Flash bright horizontal.
Fearful too, with strained utmost speed
And engines clanking slaughter,
The Craft to ram proceeds.

With terrific shock it projectiles,
And tho firm the Mountain stands,
Yet trees and stones are hurled
From their foundations; and rattling loud
Chaotic the storm swept heights,
Boughs down the steeps are whirled.
Deep murked—mist streaming, Olympus stands,
As the Battler's beak is plunged,
Storm steeled and whirlwind curled,
Full at the Mountain's rock armored ribs;
And then the swart Peak's head, dim,
Thru the shred Storm Cloud nibs.

Rent and shattered now, the Thunderer
Past the Mountain speeds; and flees
Onward with tempest spleen;
And cool the parched valley floor is drenched
By flood of rain jet-spurting

From streaming wounds unseen.
Triumphant now, 'mong the mist wreckage
And the sun's gold glory beam,
The Mountain lifts its head;
And 'cross the douched reaches of the Park
A bright bow is shining flung—
Glad symbol of the Ark.

MOUNTAIN MAID

O H, wild is the wind
On the mountain's brow;
And wild is the heart of the wood.
Wild and white is
The glacier's snow;
And wild the torrent's flood.
Yet wilder still—vast virginal—
With maiden depths unwooded,
Is the witching glance
Of the Mountain Maid,
In vestal flow'ring mood.

No pool dim hid 'neath leafy bower—
No deep tarn so rippling bright,
Or sun enamoured sky;
No bud of heath or satined flower
Can match Thy soul-windowed light—
Thy soft empassioned eye.
No mountain head, o'er its breast of snow,
Can more chaste or nobler rise,
Than head of Thine and brow,
Uplifted o'er a bosom pure
As fleece in azure skies.

What swift stream arun down mossy glade,
With lipped banks of flower rows,
Can match the freshness dewed
Of Thy cheeks in flaming beauty 'rayed—
Fair, out-blushing alpine rose
In deepest color hued!

The quivering depths of dusky Night,
With star-smould'ring passion fires,
Are cold beside the flames,
Which Thy casual, clear, askant,
Yet melting, glance inspires.

Thy hair is like silken glossy rye,
That radiant 'neath the sun
Shines rich as rippling gold.
Thy breath is like blossom laden sky,
That herds deep breathe in June,
And bees with sweets enfold.
Thy leap is like the far-bounding doe,
Who swift flies beside the stag;
And drinks in grateful quaff
Of pulsing joy, 'mid mountain wilds
And high ascending crag.

Oh, Mountain Maid! Thy wild beauty reigns
Supreme, in many a heart
That yearns but never tells
Its love to Thee in fear of rude pains—
And which Thy pure guileless art
To sweetest silence quells.
Reign on, then, Thou fair Diana soul,
'Mong Thy native sylvan haunts;
Till suitor bolder vaunts
His taut bow in sure control—
Piercing Thee with Cupid's dart.

Oh, wild is the wind
On the mountain's brow;
And wild is the heart of the wood.
Wild and white is
The glacier's snow;
And wild the torrent's flood.
Yet wilder still—vast virginal—
With maiden depths unwooded,
Is the witching glance
Of the Mountain Maid,
In vestal flow'ring mood.

LOVE

O H, Heart! Oh, Heart!
I bury me, in the pit
Of Thy purple core;
And find in mine arms
The fragrant flesh
Of the love-mate I adore.

Oh, Soul! Oh, Soul!
We ruby Thee, with the
Red blood-drip of desire;
And find in our breasts
The altar flames
Of divine celestial fire.

Oh, Joy! Oh, Joy!
What sweet ecstasy
Is the glory of this love;
Sent—man and woman,
To the Earth—
And sacred conjugate by them,
Pure generates
Beatitudes of holiness
On nuptial stem;
Which, to Heaven rises
'Brosial, to lave
The heart of Him above.

Oh, God! Oh, God!
We, mated, kneel to Thee,
Naked as ancient sires.
In innocence we dwell,
And 'joy the pure desires.
In spirit and truth
We worship Thee—
Accept our holy prayers;
For none can rise
But the affinity
Of Thy accepted pairs.



'TIS EVENING IN THE VALLEY OF ELKANAH

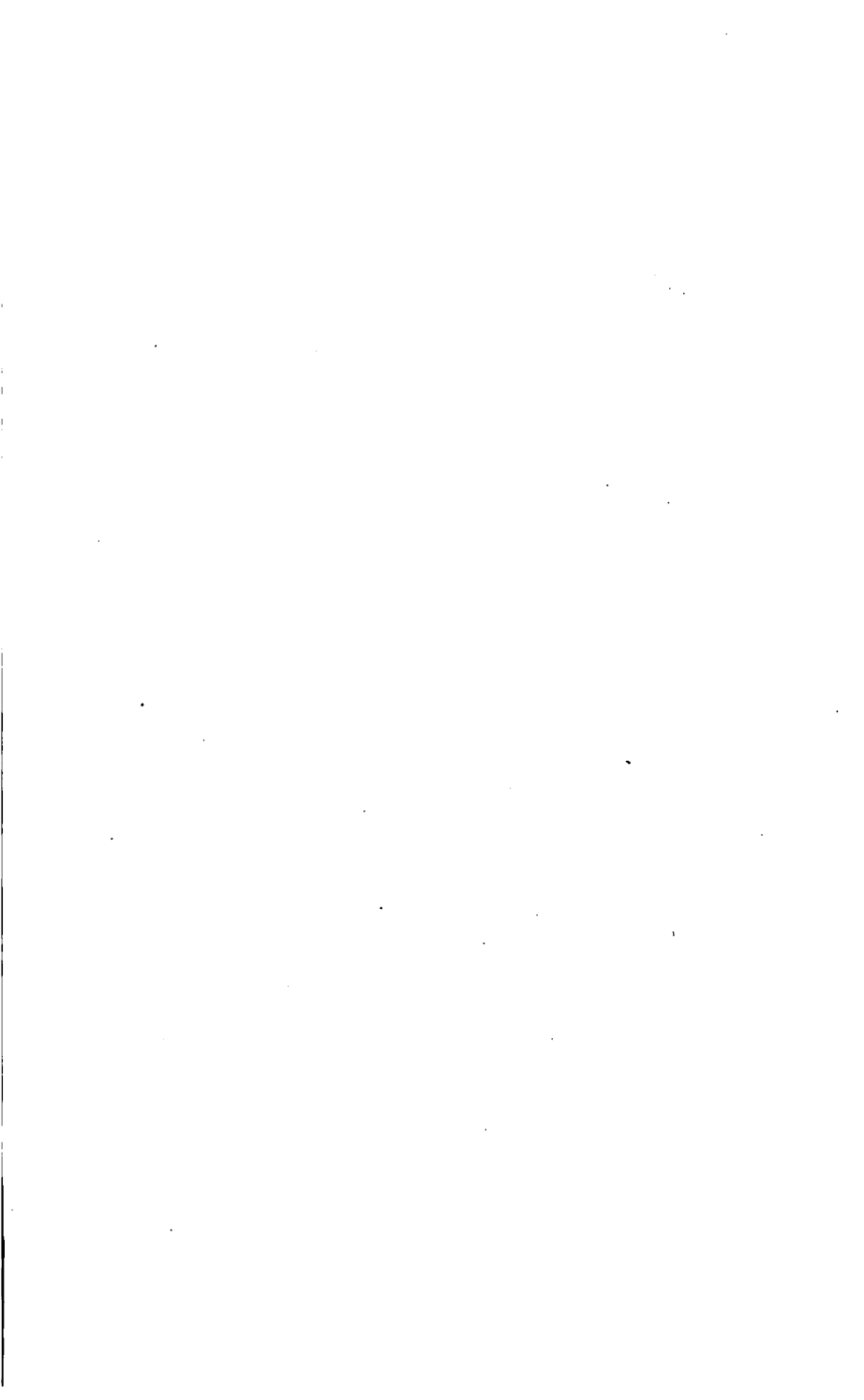
ONE cloud aloft in bright glory hung,
Ablush in the arms of the setting sun.
One star agleam in the misty West,
A jewel aflame on the twilight's breast.
One moon afull on the mountain's crest,
Glittering in splendor—in silver drest.
'Tis evening in the Valley of Elkanah.

One song of brook and its murm'ring rill,
From the deep brooding forest on the hill.
One cry of bird as it seeks its nest,
To cuddle the brood thru the long night's rest.
One stir of wind in the aspen boughs,
As the shadows fall of the still eve's drowse.
'Tis evening in the Valley of Elkanah.

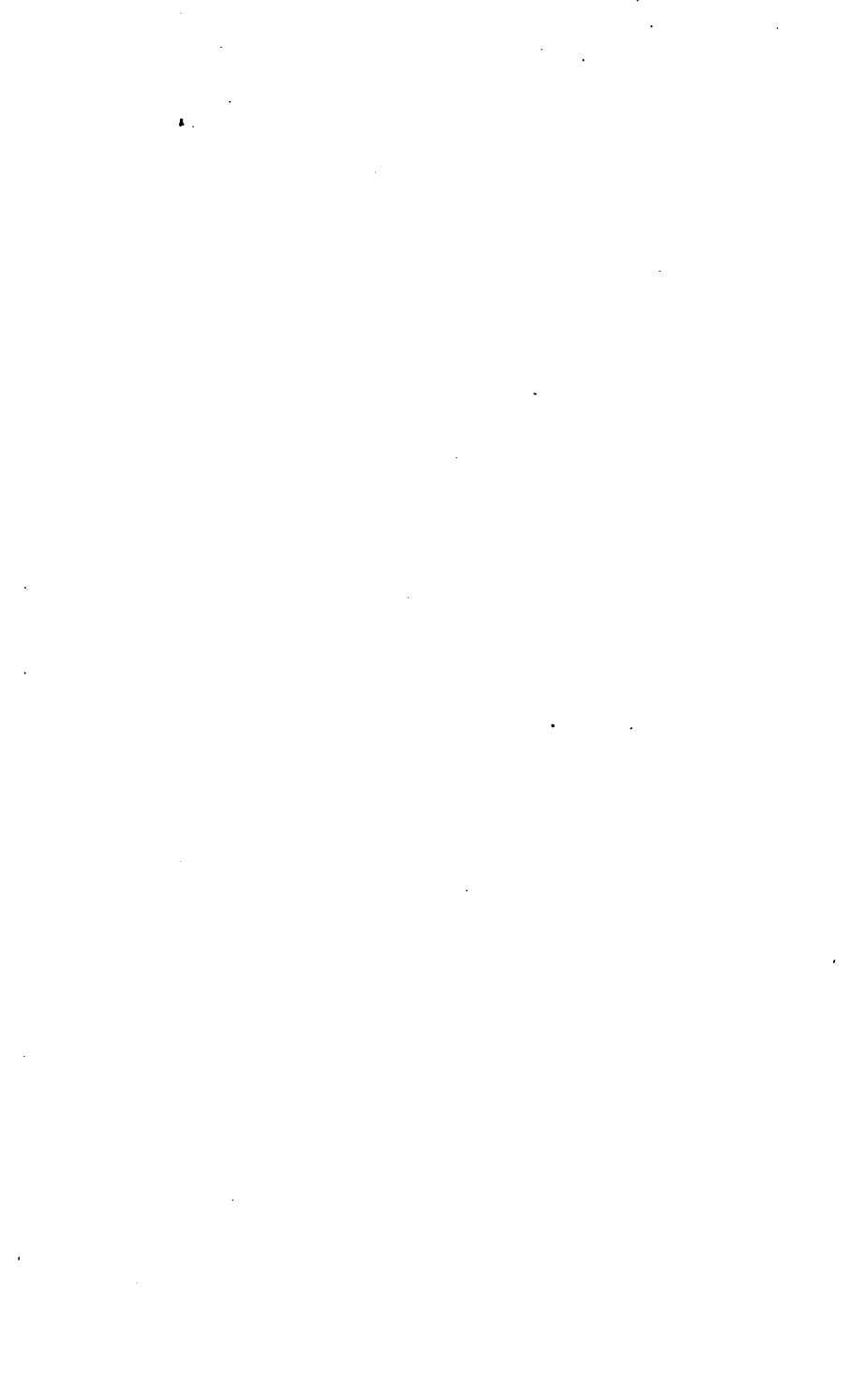
One sigh of joy for a sweet day passed
In honest toil and labor's sweated cast.
One throb of heart for the supper's cheer,
And a greeting of those I love so dear.
One love in soul for the sons of men;
A prayer to God, and a chastened Amen!
'Tis evening in the Valley of Elkanah.

**"Sing me songs of Brotherhood
And I will sing with Thee."**

Stephen Tregemba







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